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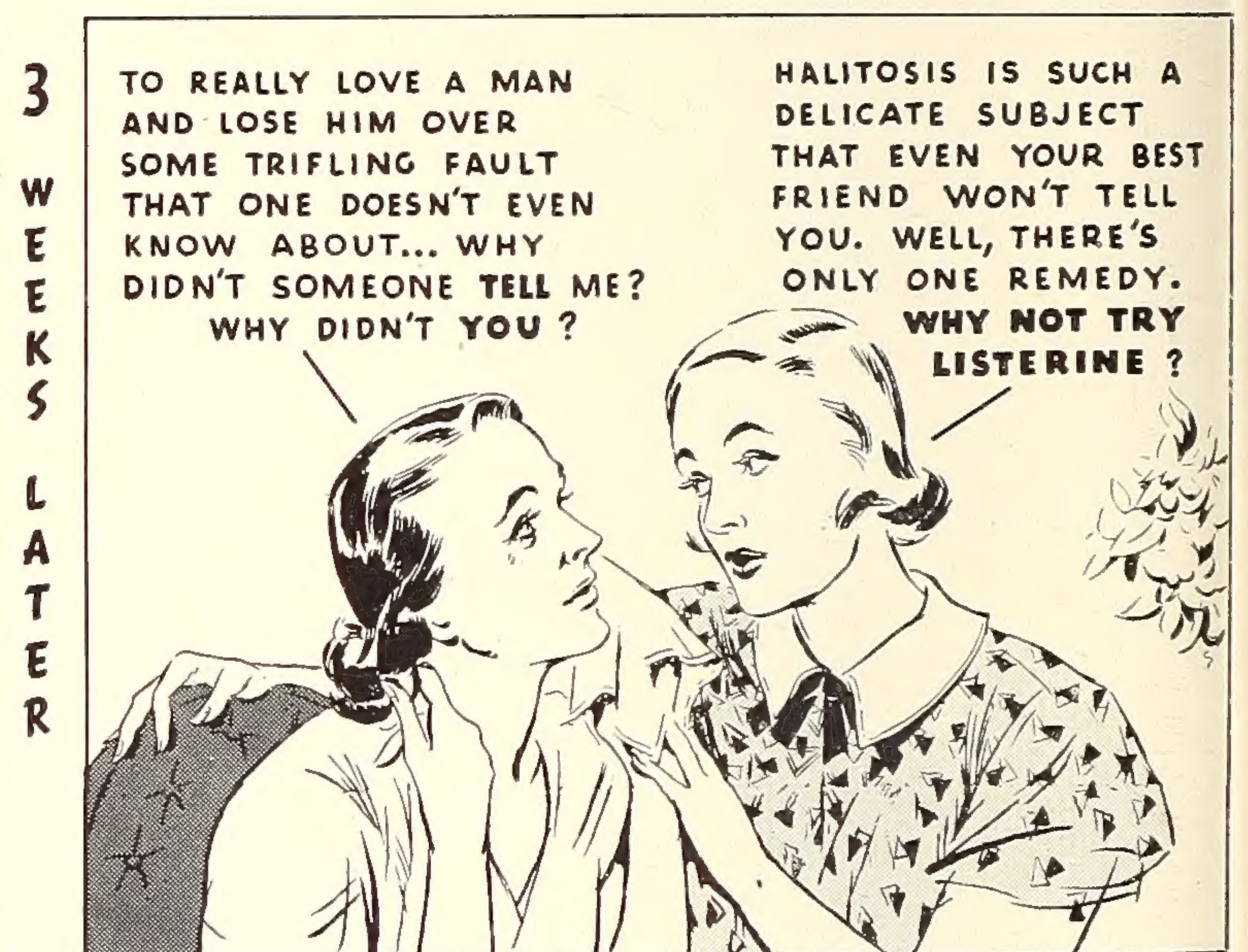
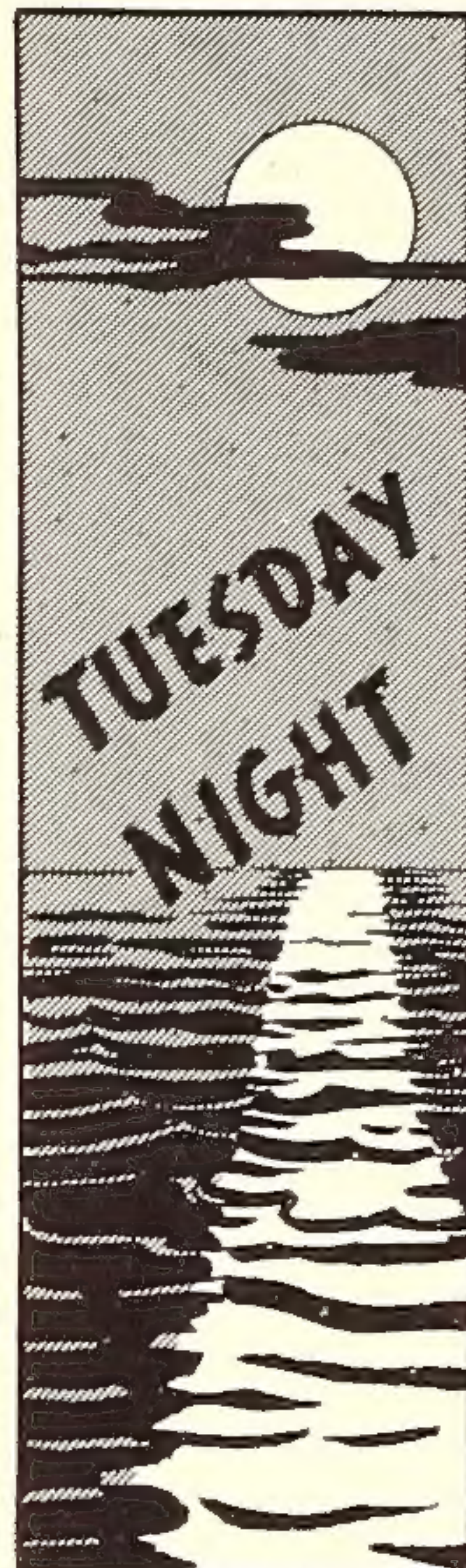
SCREENLAND★

July



A Real Day with Tyrone Power
Carnival Nights in Hollywood
Greatest Sports Thrills of the Stars

SO OFTEN
ROMANCE
HANGS BY A THREAD



Beauty Experts say:

"NEVER TAKE A CHANCE"

You never know when you have halitosis, but others do and pass you up. Why run the certain risk of offending when all you need do to make your breath fresher, sweeter, more agreeable is to use Listerine Antiseptic. A major cause of bad breath is the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has missed.



THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW KEEP THEIR BREATH SWEET WITH LISTERINE

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)



Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums

—ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the

care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of “pink” upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook “Pink Tooth Brush”

When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—*go at once to your dentist*. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, “chewier” foods—and often the stimulating help

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

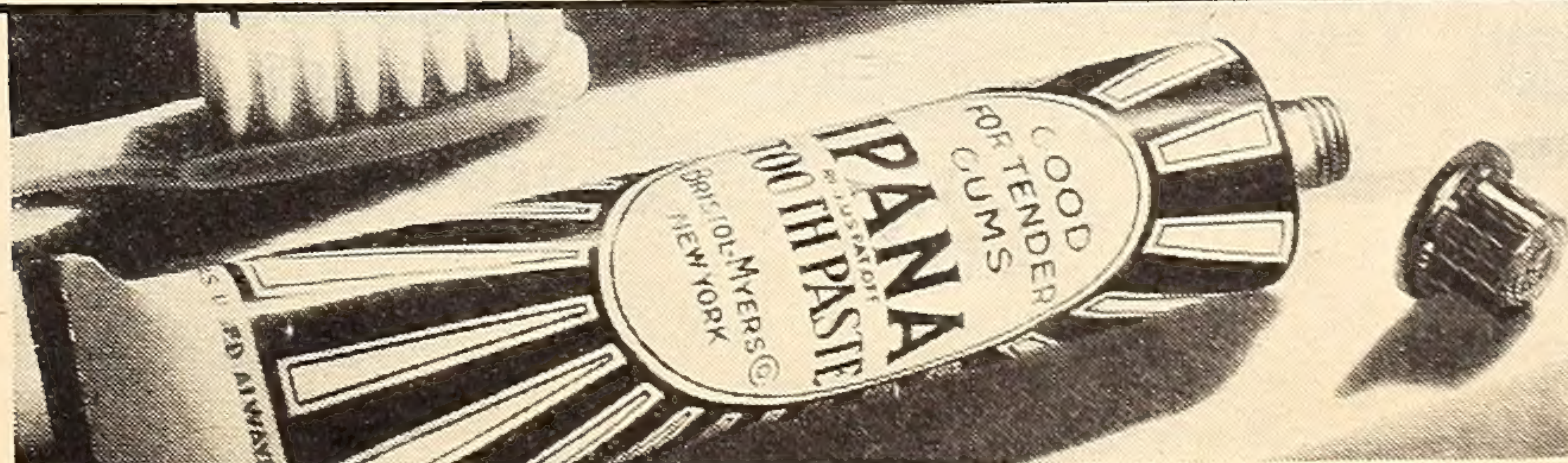
For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of “pink tooth brush.” Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually *firmer, sounder, healthier*.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

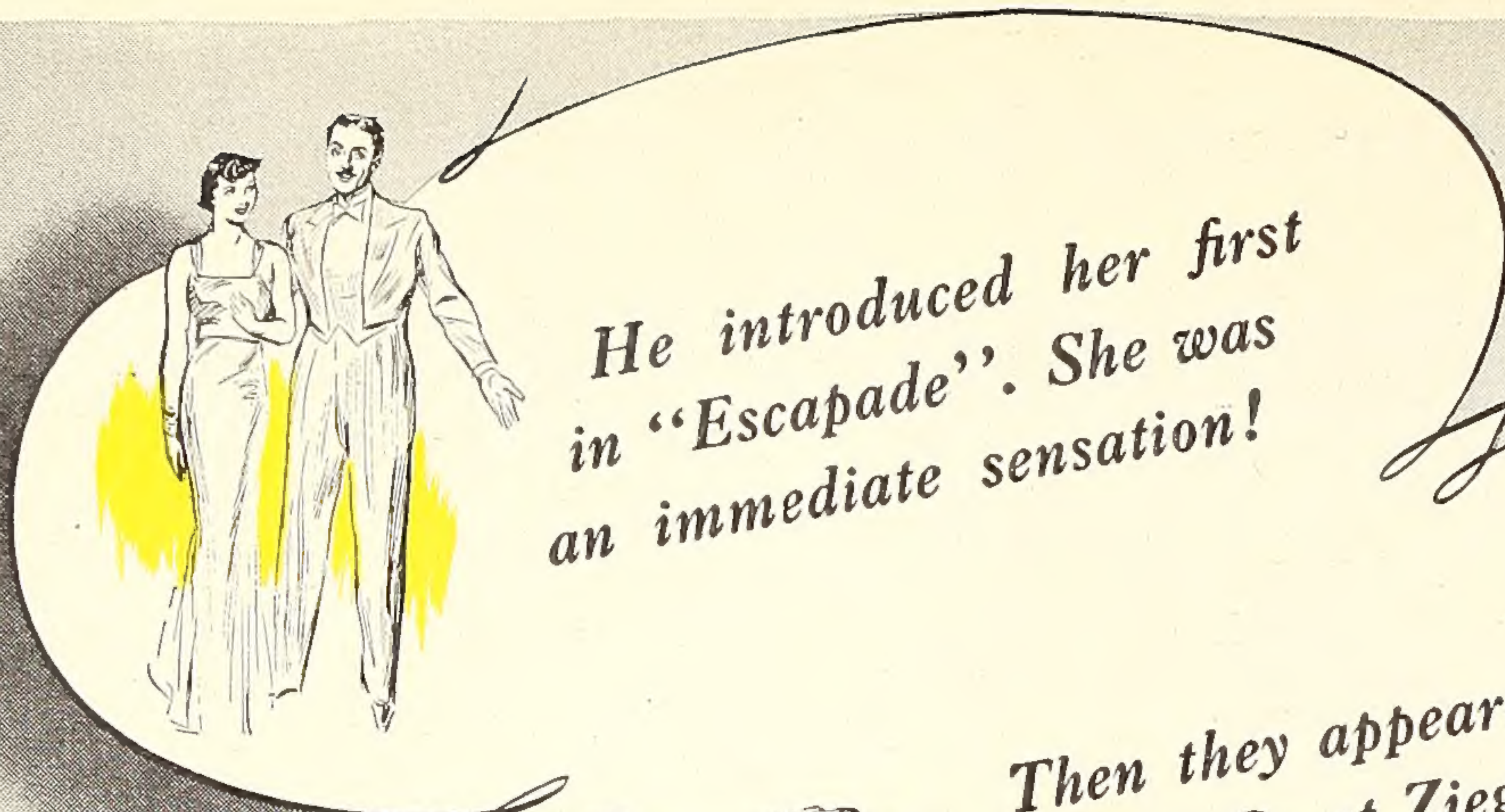
LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday night, over N.B.C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



IPANA
Tooth Paste



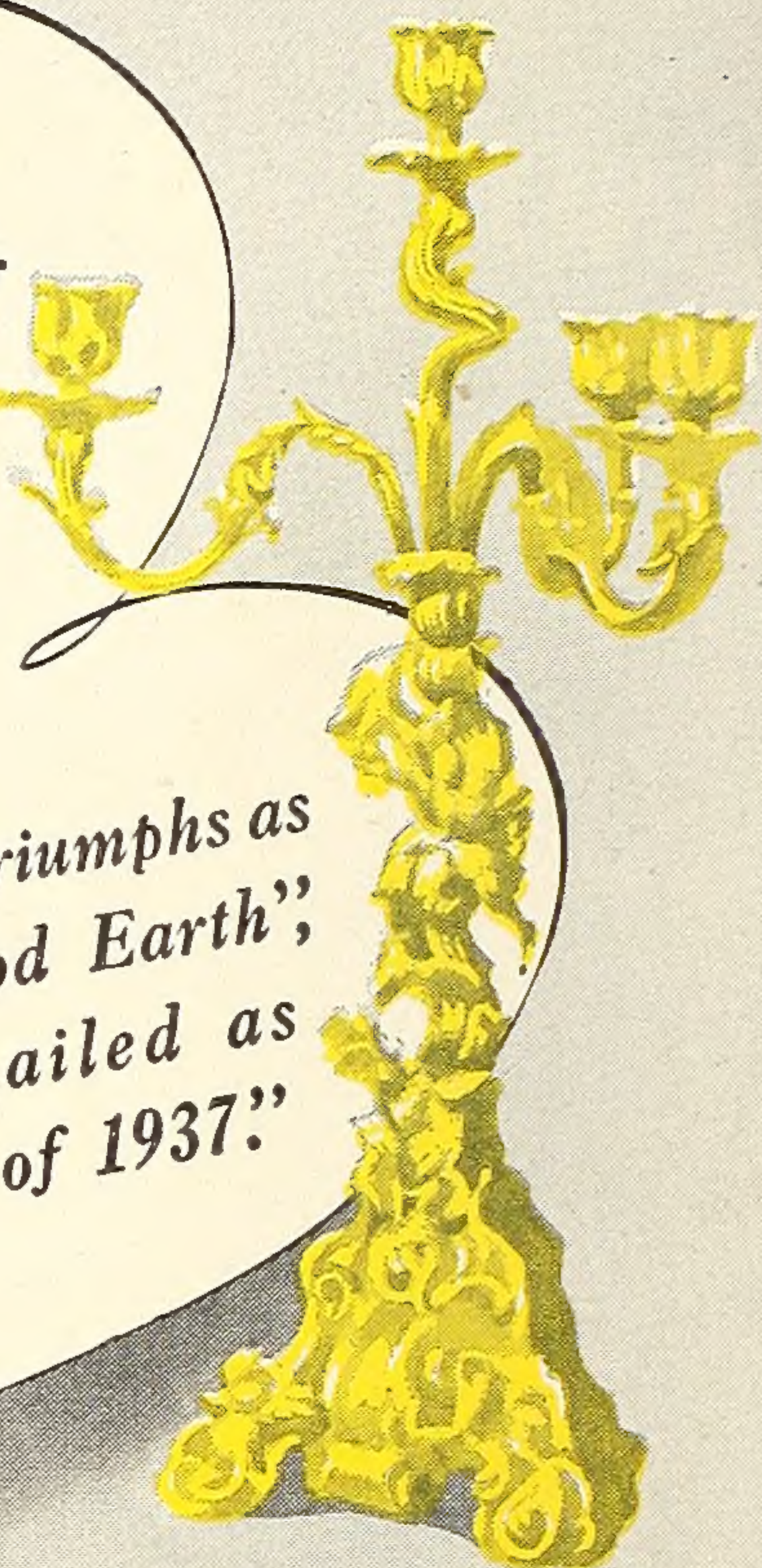
He introduced her first
in "Escapade". She was
an immediate sensation!



Then they appeared together
in "The Great Ziegfeld". You
know how wonderful they were!



Then she won new triumphs as
O-lan in "The Good Earth",
which is being hailed as
"The Best Picture of 1937."



You will be thrilled
to see them together
again now in the most
exciting romantic
drama since "Mata
Hari" and directed by
the man who made it!

William
POWELL • RAINER
Luise
The Emperor's Candlesticks

with **ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by **GEORGE FITZMAURICE** • Produced by **JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.**



SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

"GREAT LOVER"

Thrilling Title!

Famous Author—

VICKI BAUM!SCREENLAND's latest and
greatest serial begins
in the August issue!

Vicki Baum, noted author of "Grand Hotel" and many other popular romances, has now written what we consider her most unusual story, which she has called "Great Lover." It is the heart-warming—and at times almost heartbreakingly poignant—novel of an ingratiating young actor adrift in today's Hollywood. Because this young actor is such a very real person, as genuine, unspoiled, and likeable as, say, Tyrone Power, he wins your sympathy from the start and holds it through all his believable adventures, in the four instalments of this new serial.

SCREENLAND is proud to present this absorbing serial by Vicki Baum, beginning in the next, the August issue, which goes on sale July 2nd. You will wish to reserve your copy both because of the new novel by Miss Baum and the feast of other features which will make this a truly notable number.

July, 1937

Vol. XXXV. No. 3

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Surprise Star of the Month. Kay Francis. Not Too Candid, Please! Matron into Minx. Frances Dee. "My Man McCrea." In Work. Call it chic, call it charm, call it high style, verve or vogue—Hollywood has it! A Day in the Life of a Boy Wonder. Freddie Bartholomew. Actress of the Hour. Luise Rainer. While waiting for "Gone with the Wind" We're doing all right, thank you! All Good Dancers Depend on Hollywood. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Tyrone Power by Marland Stone.

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. V. G. Heimbucher, President, J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$2.10 in Canada; foreign \$2.50. Changes of address must reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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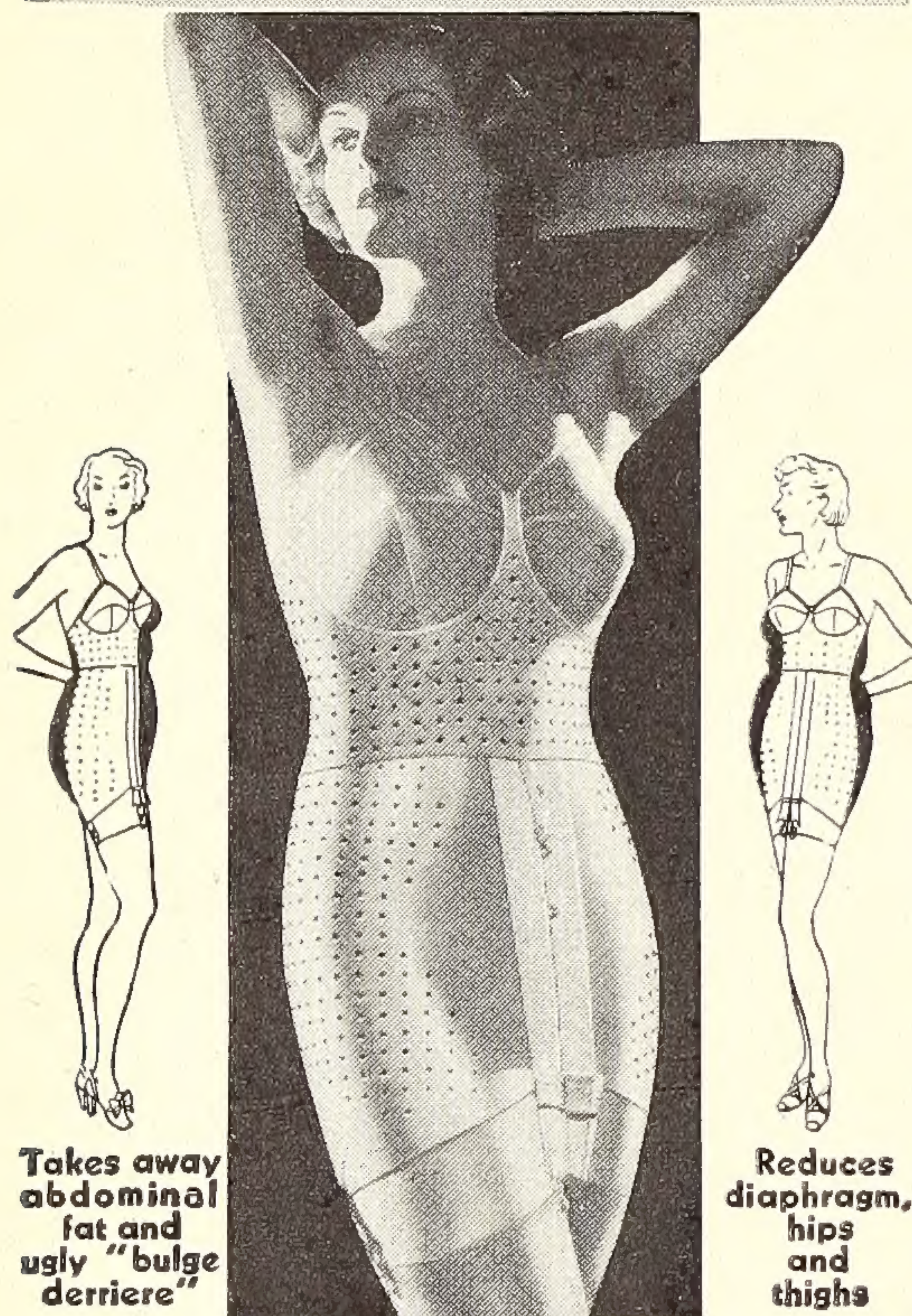
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4

FIGURE FAULTS

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abdominal
fat and
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Reduces
diaphragm,
hips
and
thighs

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Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52 and 53

Love
From a
Stranger

United
Artists



If it's suspense you crave, here's your show! Ann Harding has chances to "run the gamut," and delivers some of the best acting you can find. Basil Rathbone also is impressive as the Bluebeard who wins Ann by charm and plans to make away with her. Very deliberately it builds to a climax which, though taking an unconscionable time to arrive, pulses with excitement, and makes your heart palpitate.

The
Woman
I Love

RKO-
Radio



Love triangle at and behind the front in the late war, with Miriam Hopkins as wife of a French air ace falling in love with a young officer and friend of her husband. Paul Muni has less to do than is usual for him, and Louis Hayward, with the most substantial part, registers as outstanding in this offering. It is a finely directed and produced film, holds interest, but story somehow lacks the vital spark.

Good
Old
Soak

M-G-M



Wallace Beery doing a good job impersonating the Don Marquis character who can't work and find liquor too when prohibition comes in, so he quits work. He redeems himself when he makes a skin-flint, who took advantage of his boy, pay up on stock pilfered from his mother, who blames the Old Soak. Ted Healy, Una Merkel, Eric Linden, Lynn Carver, Janet Beecher and others furnish support.



Woman
Chases
Man

United
Artists

Sam Goldwyn produces a farce and the fun flames through a dizzy succession of hilariously balmy episodes until well on toward the finish, when things suddenly slow down and go boom with a dull thud. Miriam Hopkins as the lady architect in pursuit of Joel McCrea with his money-bags as backing for a building project she wants to design, is top-notch, and so is Joel. It's a scream while the fun lasts.



Make
Way for
Tomorrow

Paramount

1937 version of "Over the Hill," and you had better take along a spare hanky, for you'll be needing it. Victor Moore is splendid as the doddering old father, and Beulah Bondi is superb as the old mother—both of whom are shunted about from the homes of one to another of their five children. Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Porter Hall, Barbara Read, Minna Gombell are effective. Strong family appeal.



As
Good As
Married

Universal

A playboy marries his secretary for business reasons, then finds she's really in love with him and has plans of her own. John Boles and Doris Nolan as the principals are very good, but we prefer John to sing a bit and Miss Nolan to have more dramatic parts. Alan Mowbray and Katherine Alexander score in the more important supporting rôles. The comedy note predominates. Light but amusing.



Internes
Can't
Take
Money

Paramount

Splendidly directed, well-cast, excellently presented story of a young doctor involved with gangsters from whom he refuses to accept money to help his girl find her baby. Barbara Stanwyck as the girl is at her best, and Joel McCrea turns in a grand performance. Lloyd Nolan is outstanding. Stanley Ridges, Irving Bacon, Fay Holden and the others in the cast are notably fine. Very good entertainment.

King of Gamblers

Paramount



Wherein that fine actor, Akim Tamiroff, appears effectively as a ruthless gambler, (in control of a slot machine racket), who murders a flock of people by herding them into an elevator shaft, and is eventually killed by his own device. Lloyd Nolan as a reporter, and Claire Trevor as a night club singer offer the love interest. Others in the cast are Larry Crabbe, Porter Hall and the late Helen Burgess.

Talk of the Devil

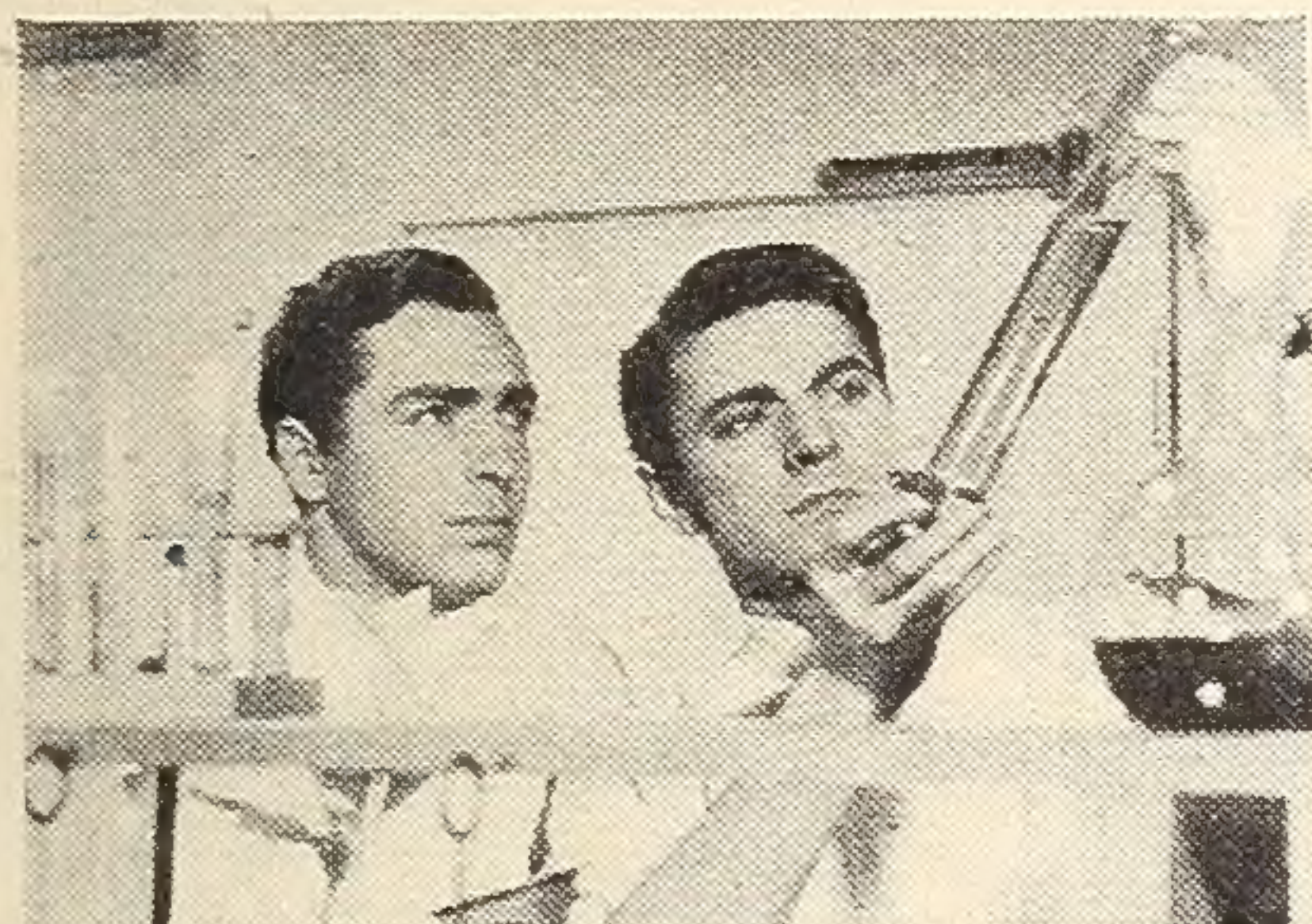
Gaumont-British



Because it's unpretentious about the whole plotty business, this very unconvincing but very vigorous melodrama holds your interest. It is a British-made film with Sally Eilers and Ricardo Cortez in the romantic rôles, and Basil Sydney as a terribly villainous fellow who causes disgrace for Sally's foster-father, and would leave Sally to face murder charges were it not for Cortez. Good but routine stuff.

Let Them Live

Universal



Powerful, well-sustained melodrama of a young doctor waging war on political ring to curb spread of disease in slums. There is a sincere, telling performance by John Howard as the doctor. Nan Grey and Judith Barrett shine brightly, and Edward Ellis, Robert Wilcox, Bennie Bartlett and Henry Kolker make up a substantial supporting cast. Very well written, nicely directed, this is lusty drama.

The Tenth Man

Gaumont-British



A curious mixture of good, bad and indifferent melodrama imported from Britain, chiefly we daresay, because John Lodge is in the main rôle—and does a very good job, too. He's an English chap who has great drive and ambition, wins a lovely wife, success in business, and later politics. He's not very honest about his business dealings, and eventually he loses out. Antoinette Cellier is the nice love interest.

MY CLOTHES WOULD LAST MUCH LONGER IF I KNEW OF A REALLY SAFE DEODORANT.

WHY, MY DEAR - I THOUGHT EVERY SMART WOMAN KNEW AND USED NONSPI.

NONSPI OFFERS YOU THESE FOUR ESSENTIALS OF PERFECT PROTECTION AGAINST UNDER-ARM MOISTURE.

1. Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.
2. Nonspi may be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.
4. Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.



Spare your clothes—and your nerves. Use Nonspi, the safe anti-perspirant and deodorant that is non-irritating to sensitive skin. No under-arm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. One application protects you from two to five days. Drug and department stores everywhere carry Nonspi. 35¢ and 60¢. Slightly more in Canada. Try it—today.

Safe **NONSPI**

Pronounced "Non-spy"... Means "The Safe Deodorant"

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Thackeray said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, has the charm within her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's psychology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood". Sent in plain wrapper. **PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 86-G, St. Louis, Mo.**

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APPROVED WAY TO TINT



GRAY HAIR

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SAFELY . . . QUICKLY
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Lose 12 pounds in 4 weeks
. . . or it costs nothing!

No drugs, limited diets or exercises. Excess fat ruins your looks and endangers health. Take a doctor's advice and get rid of superficial fat this safe way that does not disturb the body functions. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife . . . then friends begged for it . . . now it is available to YOU!

PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!
"I have lost 47 pounds and think your cream wonderful." L. P., No. Carolina.
"Have had wonderful results . . . lost 30 pounds." Mrs. O. R. S., Penna.
"Searched for years for some safe, quick means of reduction. Have lost 26 pounds and feel and look like a new person." S. C. F., New York.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! ACT TODAY!
If you do not lose at least 12 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded at once! Write today for full half-pound jar of **Dr. Hatch's Formula Massage Cream**. \$1.00
Send Cash, or Money Order or sent C.O.D., plus postage.
YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INSTITUTE, Dept. SU-10
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SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Janet Gaynor is a star reborn in "A Star is Born," achieving once more the dizzy heights of Hollywood greatness



IT IS somehow the most heartwarming news of the screen season, this artistic rebirth of little Janet Gaynor—once a silent movie sensation in "Seventh Heaven," then a first-rank cinema celebrity for almost a decade—whose lustre gradually dimmed until she seemed in danger of becoming a pale and pleasant memory. It was a daring thing for David Selznick to do, to select Janet to play the heroine of his important all-color production, the story of a young girl crashing the hard gates of Hollywood; but Mr. Selznick is noted for his astuteness, and his latest picture bids fair to be as big a success as his "Little Women" and "David Copperfield." Not the least of the credits for the achievement belongs to Janet Gaynor—who, ironically enough, after years of film fame and fortune, plays with a poignancy possible to no other movie actress the appealing rôle she herself played, in part, when a wistful big-eyed mite she gallantly stormed those same Hollywood gates, and succeeded beyond her own wildest dreams. Janet is a great star again!

Best performance of the month is Janet Gaynor's in "A Star is Born," as a movie-struck girl who becomes a famous film star. On our Honor Page you see Janet, top, as the heroine after she wins through; with Adolphe Menjou in the rôle of a big producer; and, right, with Fredric March, who also scores as a waning movie idol whom Janet loves.



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Joc. The leading players in "One Night of Love" were Grace Moore, Tullio Carminati, Lyle Talbot, Mona Barrie, Jessie Ralph, Luis Alberni, Andres De Seguro, Rosemary Glosz, Nydia Westman. In "It Happened One Night," Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Jameson Thomas, Alan Hale.

Betty H. Irene Hervey was born in Los Angeles, California. She appeared in her first screen rôle in "Stranger's Return," with Lionel Barrymore. Her favorite sport is swimming; she is also an expert tennis player. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 114 pounds, has brown hair and



Marlene Dietrich in a merry mood, with her make-up artist, left, and hairdresser, on the "Angel" set.

hazel eyes. Her real name is Irene Herwick. Now, of course, she is Mrs. Allan Jones. In 1934, Wera Engels played in "Fugitive Road," and in 1935, in "Sweep-Stake Annie," "The Great Impersonation," and "Hong Kong Nights."

Carol. Address your letter to Eddie Cantor, Twentieth-Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, California. Paramount Studio, Hollywood, for Bing Crosby and Jack Benny. Be sure to mark your letter "personal."

M. L. C. You wonder if "Margo" has a real name? Do you want it *all*? Well, here it is! Marie Margarita Guadalupe Balado Castilla. No wonder she changed it to "Margo." She was born in Mexico City, nineteen years ago. She has been a dancer since she was 12 years old. She appeared in "Winterset" on the stage; also played an important part in the screen version of the play. She has a long-term contract with Samuel Goldwyn, so you'll be seeing her—her first film for Mr. Goldwyn will be "Hurricane."

Selwyn. The music in "Camille" was under the direction of Herbert Stothart. Sorry, I have not been able to discover just which theme you refer to, as they were not specifically titled.

Alfred G. Marian Marsh was born in Trinidad, in British West Indies, October 17, 1913. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 102 pounds, and has blonde hair and gray eyes.

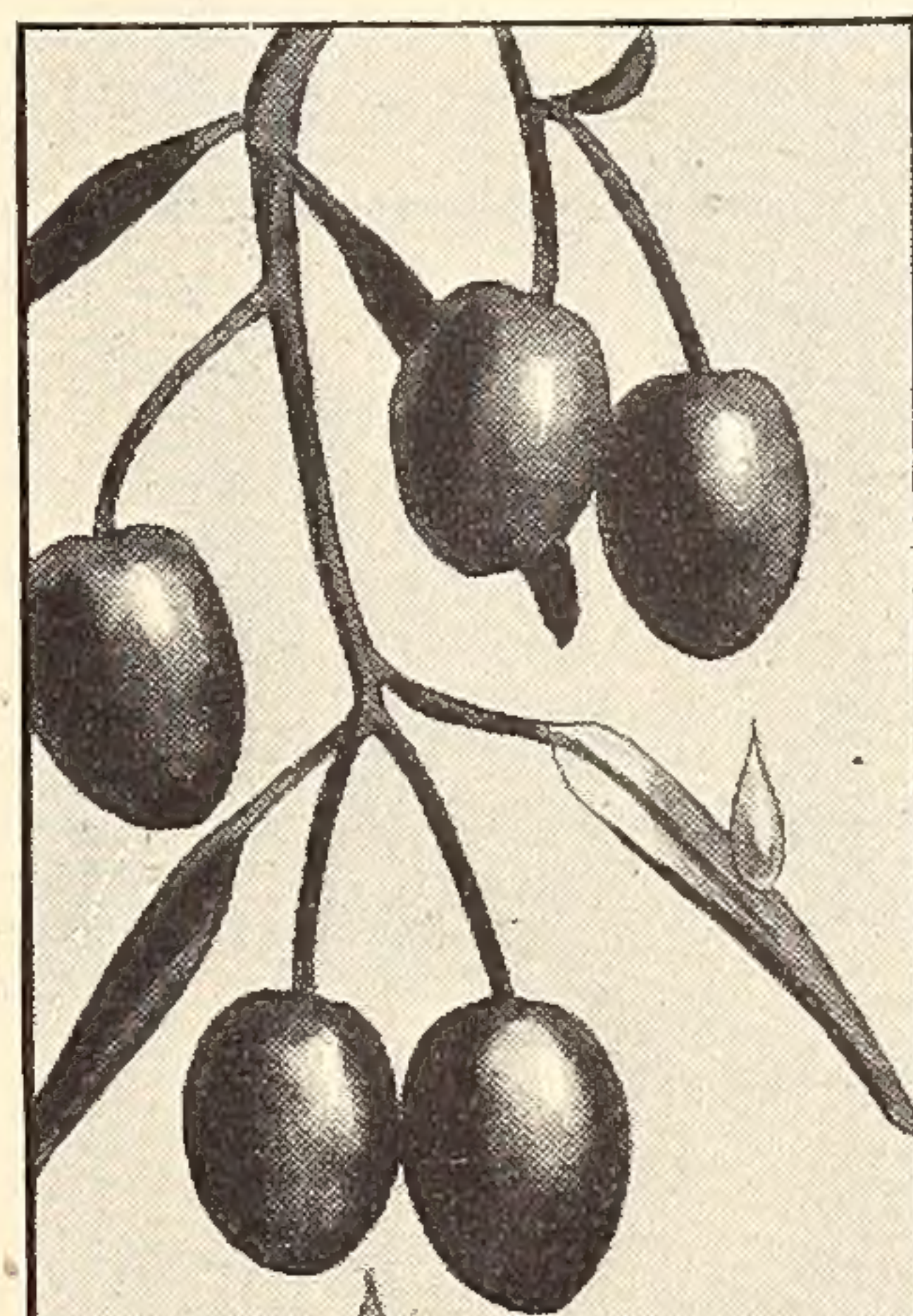
Elizabeth A. Neither Lillian Gish nor Ramon Novarro is in pictures just now. Ramon and his sister Carmen returned from Europe, where they had been vaca-

(Please turn to page 11)

Thirst!



Don't let your face become a desert!...prevent destructive "skin-thirst" with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection



Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost....

In this same way, nature's beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry—the charm of youth begins to fade.

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For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!

Telegram

FOR
Miss Burnside!



TELEGRAM

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SUNBURN TORTURE UNNECESSARY USE COOLING
SOOTHING MENTHOLATUM FOR QUICK RELIEF

MENTHOLATUM COMPANY

To Quickly Relieve Sunburn

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MENTHOLATUM

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Amazing new LOTION makes you LOSE FAT

without one
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in your diet!



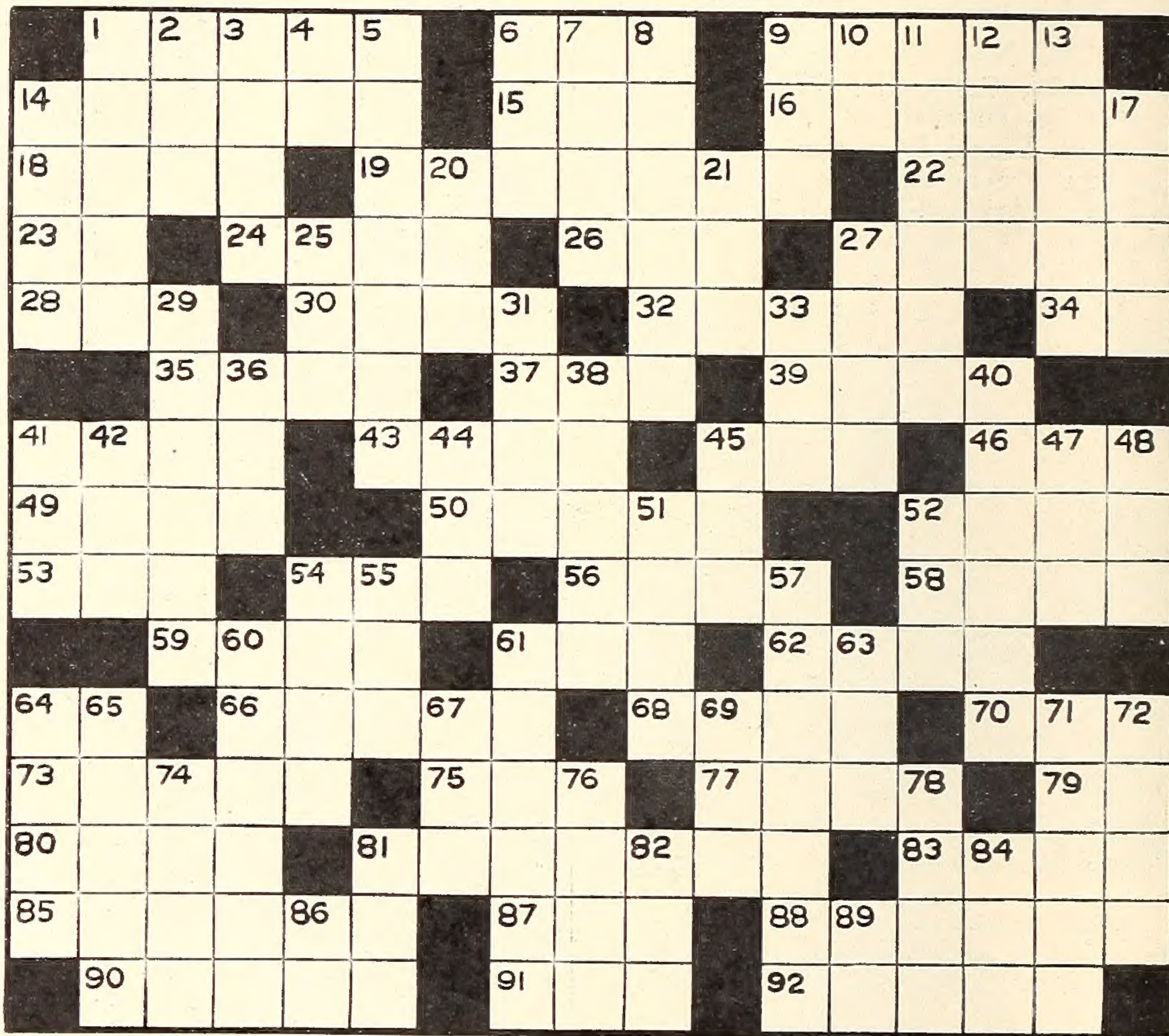
Just Rub It On!
The Inches Go Like Magic
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Avoid Dangerous Diets,
Irritating Exercises—Be-
ware of Harmful Drugs
and Laxatives—yet lose from
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(due to no glandular or other systemic cause) off hips, abdomen, bust, neck, arms, thighs, calves and ankles! Modern science at last has made an amazingly **SAFE** discovery, a remarkably delightful LOTION called **KREMAY**. Nothing to take internally. You just rub **KREMAY** on. Fat goes fast, full inches of it, yet leaves no wrinkles, no lines. Tightens flabby skin with perfect safety. Simple and Convenient. Send \$1 for full 10-day treatment. 40-DAY TREATMENT only \$3. **KREMAY LABS., 14 W. Washington St., Dept. 2-SC Chicago, Ill.**

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star of "Love Is News"
6. Star of "Go West, Young Man"
9. Stage star who appeared in film "Sin of Madeline Claudet"
14. Leading lady in "Sea Devils"
15. Ingenue in "Dangerous Number"
16. Co-star in "Love Is News"
18. Monkeys
19. Sisters Joan and Constance
22. "Boat", an Irene Dunne film
23. Roman numeral six
24. Victim
26. Before
27. Featured actor in "Outcast"
28. A shade tree
30. Extent
32. His new one is "Parnell"
34. Syllable of hesitation
35. Empty talk
37. "Time," with Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
39. Ventilates
41. Diplomacy
43. Aviation stars
45. Skill
46. Heroine of "Let's Get Married"
49. Monster
50. Fall flower
52. Matinee hero
53. Born
54. Stars diet to keep from getting this way
56. Raw metals
58. Poker stake
59. Dry
61. In favor of
62. Co-star of "Quality Street"
64. Like
66. To make a speech
68. Has looked at
70. What the heroine says at the end of a picture
73. Babies' beds
75. Large tree
77. Causes reverent wonder

79. Part of "Us"
80. Military officer's assistant
81. Co-star of "Love Is News"
83. On the ocean
85. She's Mrs. Cedric Gibbons
87. Boyer's pal in "History Is Made at Night"
88. Astaire's team mate
90. "Lynton", a Joan Crawford film
91. Mata Hari's occupation
92. Star in "Captains Courageous."

DOWN

1. Student
2. Open (poetic)
3. Small bundle of straw
4. Printers' measure
5. The first Astaire-Rogers film
6. Male
7. Ingenue in "Too Many Wives"
8. Pep
9. Head covering
10. Exist
11. Yesterday (poetic)
12. Reverberate
13. Gleaned
14. Bathe
17. Pitcher
20. What you see a movie with
21. A favorite English drink
25. Hurried
27. Narrow opening
29. Star of "Internes Can't Take Money"
31. The ex-Mrs. Bruce Cabot
33. Rod
36. Dined
38. Her diary was sensational
40. Star of "You Only Live Once"
41. Measure of weight
42. The length of time you've lived

44. House pet
45. Part of to be
47. Period
48. Malt drink
51. God of love
52. His new one is "Call It a Day"
54. Evergreen trees
55. Girl's name
57. Co-star of "Seventh Heaven"
60. Co-star of "Personal Property"
61. Precious jewels
63. "In a Million" (Sonja Henie film)
64. A fish
65. Bay window
67. Also
69. To take food
71. Grindstone
72. Oceans
74. Not working
76. Retain
78. Norse legend
81. Her new one is "Parnell"
82. Plaything
84. Dry (said of wine)
86. Pronoun
89. Either

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

C	A	R	Y	A	R	R	A	J	A	N	E			
C	A	N	O	E	V	I	O	L	A	O	L	A	N	D
L	U	N	G	L	O	M	B	A	R	D	O	N	T	O
A	S	E	R	I	N	E	N	D	U	R	E	E	N	
D	E	L	R	I	O	R	S	P	A	E	R	E		
I	S	N	O	R	T	H	E	M	I	L				
W	A	D	H	E	L	D	A	L	O	D	D	E	R	
A	N	J	U	L	I	E	M	Y	R	N	A	R	A	
S	T	O	O	D	N	R	P	L	E	A	F	A	Y	
L	E	S	S	S	H	E	E	P	L	A				
R	E	D	O	A	K	U	R	A	H	E	R	N	E	
A	R	I	N	S	E	T	S	D	I	E	S	I	V	
F	R	E	D	H	E	A	T	H	E	R	L	A	V	E
T	O	L	L	S	P	R	O	O	F	A	I	D	E	S
L	A	Y	S	A	N	D	Y	D	E	A	N			



International

Bride and groom in Hollywood. Ann Harding and Werner Janssen, above.

(Continued from page 9)

tioning, the middle of last summer. On their way back to Hollywood, they stopped in Chicago where they spent a week making personal appearances. I join you in hoping Novarro may return to the screen soon.

S. G. W. Thanks! After "Maytime," Nelson and Jeanette, the incomparable team, will be seen together in "Girl of the Golden West." Their previous pictures are: "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," and "Maytime." Mr. Eddy was born in Providence, R. I. He isn't married—but Miss MacDonald probably will be, to Gene Raymond, by the time you read this.

Sylvia G. Simone Simon is a 20th Century-Fox player; Anne Shirley, RKO; and Ruby Keeler, Warner Bros. Ruby is 5 feet 4 inches, Anne, 5 feet 2 inches; and Simone, 5 feet 3 inches.

Virginia W. Perhaps you will be able to figure out the puzzle as to who's who, if I tell you that Ray Milland played *Lord Michael Stuart* in "Three Smart Girls." John King was *Bill Evans*.

D. H. Craig Reynolds appeared in the following pictures in 1935 and 1936: "The Case of the Lucky Legs," "Man of Iron," "Ceiling Zero," and "Treachery Rides the Range." Robert Taylor will play opposite Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Shirley Temple is kept very busy on "Wee Willie Winkie." And here's about Tyrone Power, Jr. You know, of course, that he is the son of the famous Shakespearean actor of the same name. Before his appearance on the screen, one of his outstanding rôles on the stage was in "St. Joan," starring Katharine Cornell. He is a native of Cincinnati (I really couldn't give you his address there), and at present to his credit are "Girl's Dormitory," "Ladies in Love," "Lloyds of London," "Love is News," "Café Metropole."

Vivienne. In the April issue of Screenland there is a story, "The Heart of Garbo"; all of your queries are answered fully in that story.

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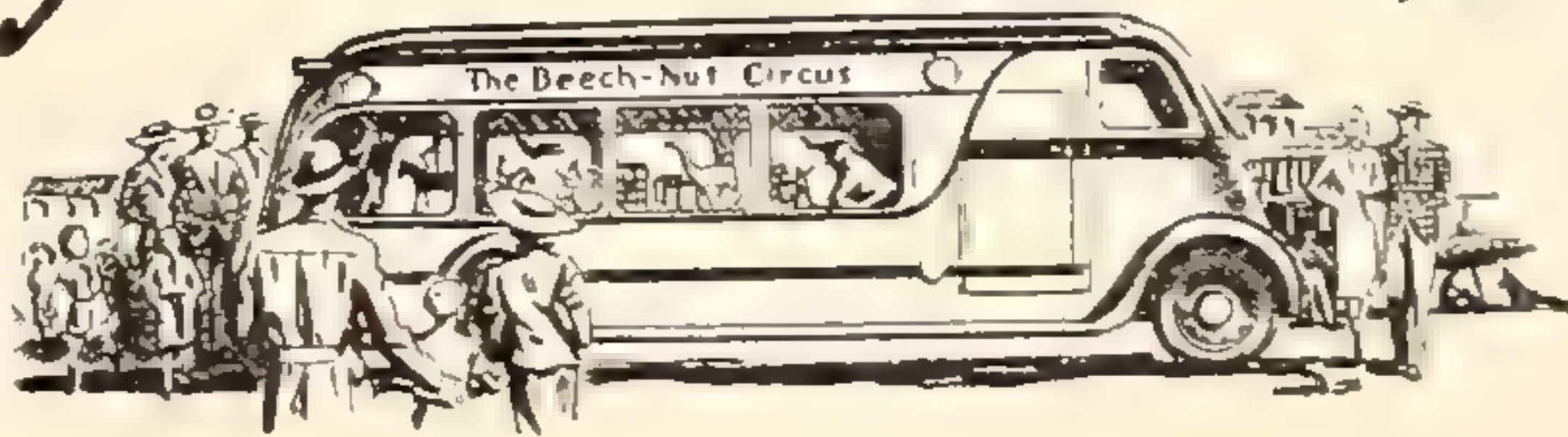
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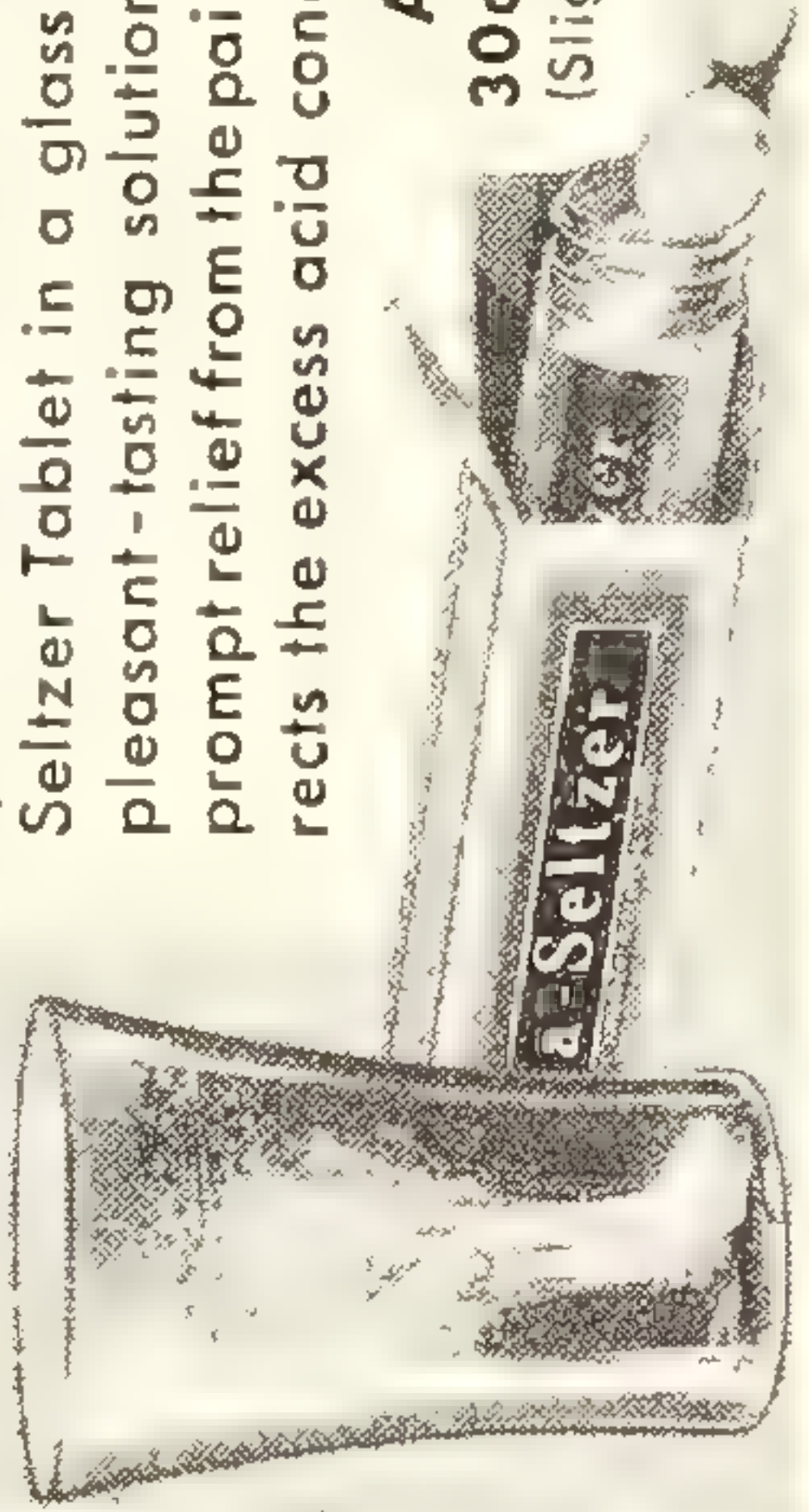
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You'll enjoy this article in our exclusive series because it brings you not only the famous dancer's favorite recipes, but also the essence of her gay, democratic personality. Our home photograph shows Eleanor about to sample her own, special "Strawberry Mousse."

Inside the Stars' Homes

AS I drove up to Eleanor Powell's Beverly Hills home, a florist's truck preceded me and parked at the curb. Before the driver could select two long boxes from his cargo, a messenger on a bicycle and a man on a motorcycle stopped behind him and rushed to the door, laden with floral offerings.

The English Monterey house was already filled with flowers—roses, red, pink, saffron, gold and white; tulips, daffodils, iris, pansies and heliotrope—so that the young star on the love-seat by her white fireplace looked like the Queen of Blossoms at some gala event.

"Aren't people nice?" she glowed, burying her face in a boxful of carnations. "I hurt my foot late yesterday and in less than twenty-four hours everyone I ever heard of has sent me something lovely!"

She wore an Alice-blue house-coat that touched the floor, a rosy scarf knotted at her neck, a color scheme that became her mightily.

"This is the nicest house for showing off flowers," she exulted, "this living-room with its white walls and timbered ceiling can take either dark or light blossoms, the dining-room and library are paneled in dark wood and white or yellow ones look gorgeous there; and the sun-room outside here with the green lawn beyond is a marvelous setting for any flower.

"It would be a grand place for a party, but I simply never have time to give one. Often I sit and plan what I'd do if I could have some of the girls and boys over—I mean a lot of them—but somehow my pictures always take so long to make,

Eleanor Powell likes to eat almost as much as she likes to dance — especially desserts! Read her pet recipes, told in her own sparkling style

By Betty Boone

and then I'm doing stills or rehearsing or working up numbers—I invent my own, you know—so I'm too tired or lazy or something to bother!

"But how I love to eat desserts! Fortunately I lose weight faster than I can put it on, so I never have to look at other girls and sigh: 'What are you eating? My dear, don't you know that's fattening?' It doesn't matter!

"We have the grandest cook. She has the idea that I'm her special charge and she must get down so many vitamins every day, the more the merrier, and she fixes the most fascinating dishes. I'm a fussy eater, but I fall for her food.

"In the morning, I usually have tomato juice or half a grapefruit, an egg cooked in some appetizing way, and crisp toast.

"For lunch, if I'm working, I have a big salad. I'm afraid to eat heavy food when I'm dancing, but I eat a lot of salad with biscuits—Cheese Thins or Crax Butter Wafers or RyKrisp. I like fish salads at noon. Did you ever try Shrimp Asparagus Salad? It's good!"

SHRIMP ASPARAGUS SALAD

Rub a cold bowl with a crushed clove of garlic and mix in it 2 cups of cold asparagus tips, 2 cups cooked and peeled shrimps, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon chopped green peppers, 1 tablespoon chopped pimento, 1 tablespoon chopped ripe olives and 2/3 cupful of French dressing.

Let stand 30 minutes on the ice, drain and mound on lettuce-covered plates, cover with Hellman's Mayonnaise dressing and sprinkle with chopped hard-boiled eggs and parsley.

"After that I usually have a sundae or something in the ice cream line.

"During the day, if I'm working late, Mother brings me a glass of milk or a dish of ice cream or something filling, and at night I have a real dinner. Abby, our cook, makes me eat two vegetables—last night it was spinach and carrots—soup, meat, salad and dessert. For dinner salad, my favorite is pineapple on lettuce covered with mayonnaise and shredded cocoanut. If you've never tried it, do! I'm crazy about mayonnaise; I even put it on my meat, if I can get away with it! Last night we had roast beef and I used mayonnaise instead of sauce, and it was delicious.

"Abby must give you some of her dessert recipes. She always has custard on hand for me as a pick-me-up. You know, I don't drink or smoke and I suppose that's why I crave sweets when I get that all-gone feeling. It supplies me with energy and takes away that slightly dizzy feeling that comes when you are exhausted. Abby's custard is made of eggs, cream, sugar and vanilla. (Burnett's), and she makes it soft, not solid.

"If you'd like a more elaborate custard recipe, Abby will let you have her Danish



In Eleanor Powell's home! "Ruggles" entertains with a trick or two.

Custard, which is delicious. But my favorite dessert is ice cream. Chocolate ice cream. Any kind of ice cream! Abby has a special mousse that's very good."

DANISH CUSTARD

2/3 cup sugar, caramelized
1/4 cup sugar
6 eggs
1 qt. milk

1/2 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla

Put 2/3 cup of sugar in pudding dish, place on hot part of the stove and stir constantly until sugar is melted and a syrup of light brown color is formed; then set the pan at once in a larger pan of cold water to stop cooking, and let stand about one minute, turning the pan to allow the caramel to coat the sides, as well as bottom. Beat eggs slightly, add plain sugar, milk, salt and vanilla and strain into pan lined with caramel. Set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm, which may be determined by running a silver knife through custard; if the knife comes out clean, the custard is done. During the baking, do not allow the water surrounding the mold to reach the boiling point, or the custard will whey. Chill and turn on a glass serving dish.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

1 pint rich cream
1 cup fruit pulp
Burnett's vanilla

Whip the cream and mix with it the pulp of the strawberries, drained free of juice and sprinkled well with powdered sugar. Add vanilla, mold, and pack in ice and salt for three hours or freeze in the trays of the mechanical refrigerator.

Eleanor's grandmother, who was fondly watching from a sunny window, remarked that Eleanor would have made a superb cook if she hadn't gone in for dancing.

"When she visited me back in New England, she was always at me to teach her how to make something," she remembered. "She got so she could make better doughnuts than mine, and her ice box cookies were something to brag on."

(Please turn to page 78)

"WHY CAN'T I MAKE ANY TIME WITH BILL?"

WHEN NOT FOUND OUT WHY, AND —

I KNOW BILL LIKED ME DOWN AT THE BEACH. SINCE WE'VE BEEN HOME — HE'S CHANGED

I THINK I KNOW WHY — WOULD YOU MIND IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL?

I'M GLAD SALLY GAVE ME THAT HINT ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS. ME FOR LUX! IT TAKES AWAY ODOR, SAVES COLORS, SALLY SAID

LUX

NOW BILL'S DEVOTED

GOSH, DOT, CAN'T YOU BREAK IT? A DAY'S TOO LONG IF I DON'T SEE YOU!

Avoid Offending...

—for undies

SOME GIRLS are always losing out on friendships—especially with men. Though attractive generally, they offend others in that one unforgivable way—through perspiration odor in underthings.

Popular girls never risk offending. Luxing underthings after each wearing whisks away every trace of perspiration odor.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps that may fade colors—wear things out. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.



This Rouge from Paris MAKES YOU LOVELIER

YOU'LL never see yourself at your best until you use Po-Go—the imported, hand-made French rouge. Once you try it, you'll know why it's preferred in Paris!

Po-Go is quite unlike hard, dry rouges. It is feathery-light in texture, and blends at a touch—for it's made *by hand*, without binder or heat. It stays on for hours because of its superb, lasting ingredients. It makes you lovelier because of its Paris-styled shades. *Yet it costs only 55¢, import duty and all, at any good toiletry counter. Meet Po-Go today!*

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Shades include famous Brique (naturelle)—as well as Ronce (raspberry), Saumon (for blondes) etc.

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER- UGLIER

UNLESS REMOVED ROOT & ALL

DRAW OUT ROOT AND ALL—this safe, gentle way

① When you pare a corn you only trim the surface—the root remains imbedded in your toe and the corn soon comes back bigger and uglier—more painful than before.

But when you use the new double-action Blue-Jay method the corn is gone for good. The tiny Blue-Jay medicated plaster, by removing pressure, at once relieves pain and in 3 short days the corn lifts out—Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Try this safe, easy Blue-Jay method today. 25¢ for 6—at all druggists.



*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Salutes and Snubs

Let Hollywood Hear From You!

Here's where the screen-goers talk back to the talkies! It's *your* opportunity to say what you think about Hollywood and the stars. And you needn't mince words when you have something to tell Hollywood and your fellow movie-goers! Write what you please, and send it in to this department. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

RÔLES THEY SHOULDN'T PLAY

Here is a list of stars in rôles I'd hate to see them play:

Boris Karloff as a society doctor. Greta Garbo as a comedienne. Dick Powell singing opera. Robert Taylor as a gangster. Jack Benny as *Armand*. Clark Gable and Katharine Hepburn as lovers. Loretta Young as a woman of poverty. Tyrone Power as a convict. James Stewart as a lawyer. Fred Allen as *Romeo*. Fred MacMurray as a judge. Nelson Eddy as a crooner.

Ruth Nelson,
10 Bolton Ave.,
White Plains, N. Y.

Loretta Young, girlish and glamorous as usual, plays a "command performance" in gracious response to the requests of letter writers this month.

YOUTH REJOICES

Shirley Temple! Jane Withers! Sybil Jason! That's about all we hear. Sure they are cute and sweet and smart for their years, but they're not for us, but for our little sisters and brothers. But now we have what we've been waiting for—Deanna Durbin, of course.

Johanna Lee Bony,
Utica, N. Y.

SING LORETTA'S PRAISES

A Salute to Mildred R. Trammell for her recent letter snubbing those who say that Loretta Young is just a beauty and not an accomplished actress! If there is a more sincere and talented actress in Hollywood I have missed seeing her on the screen. In "Love Is News" Loretta proves all over again that she is one of the most gifted and skilled screen stars, and here's hoping Darryl Zanuck gives Loretta the opportunity to soar to well-deserved heights.

C. J. Tabar,
Woodhaven, N. Y.

THEIR MAJESTIES OF MIRTH

As a lover of laughter, I want to send up the biggest possible Salute to my favorites, Bob Burns and Martha Raye. Martha can sing as well as be funny, and Master Robbin is delightful with his homespun humor. Long may they reign as King and Queen of Comedy.

Estelle Mayer,
Houston, Tex.

CALAMITY IN DEMILLEVILLE

DeMille's "Crusades" had me shouting cheers;

But oh, his "Plainsman" bored me to tears!

Carol Prince,
Alexandria, Va.

A CHEER FOR THE TEAM IDEA

I certainly agree with Audrey Hogan about casting Simone Simon and Robert Taylor as a team. Simone is so lovely and

The Enquirer's Page

An Open Letter to Billy and Bobby Mauch



DEAR TWINS:

I knew you when. Before you had your pictures on magazine covers, and interviews in the *N. Y. Times*; before "The Prince and the Pauper" made you the most famous twins in the world today, including the Siamese. In fact, now that you have become Cinema Immortals at the ripe old age of twelve years apiece, I think the time has come for me to Tell All. So let's see if you can take it.

(Aside to Dear Reader: in case you're about to say, "Why doesn't she pick on somebody her own size?" let me explain that the Mauch Twins, pronounced Mock-Mock, are brighter than any three adult motion picture stars that I could name, and will, if you urge me; keener than Eddie Cantor, cleverer than Gary Cooper and Clark Gable combined, probably better shots than Buck Jones, and more unspoiled than Hepburn—oh, much more. Yes, they can take it, all right; but the question is, can *I* take it? and the answer is No. The Mauchs are too smart for me. This Letter is the result of hectic meetings with Billy and Bobby, beginning with their visit to SCREENLAND'S offices, where they exhibited their skill at knife-throwing, newly acquired, since someone had kindly presented them with nice, shiny, wicked-looking knives; later a lunch during which Bobby illustrated as completely as possible with the limited equipment of salt, pepper, mustard, etc., at his disposal, several of his "secret formulae," fortunately stopping short of his favorite, the Mauch Special Rotten-egg Extract. Then there was that afternoon when I rashly attempted their entertainment with the tame aids of one dog, an archery game, two googly balls, plenty of chocolate ice cream, and an amateur magic set in case of rain. The Twins, it seems, have a real dog at home in Hollywood, appropriately, I'm sure, named Ginger, a big, fierce police dog; so they can't be expected to be more than ordinarily polite to any ordinary dog; and they outgrew all games years ago; they are practically in the professional class as parlor magicians; and it was a good thing that I remembered an old air rifle, which with the ice cream saved the day. Better never, Dear Reader, if you meet the Mauchs, turn the talk to literary topics, either, unless you've looked at your Five-Foot Shelf lately, for they have read everything, including "Man the Unknown," and are now concentrating on highly technical tomes on chemistry and also on the building of high-powered airplanes. Bobby has already selected the type plane to buy with his first \$40,000. Considering that the Mauchs already make

\$350 a week apiece, and will be making \$900 apiece in 1938, it looks as if Bobby will get his plane. Anyway, maybe you understand by this time why that child character actress in Hollywood who greets Billy and Bobby haughtily with: "Hello, little boys," had better watch out).

Well, Twins, the time has come to reveal the deception you have practiced on your family, friends, and the world at large since you were born in Peoria, Illinois, back in 1924. Your doubling act, I mean. Your own mother, wise, sympathetic, charming as she is, can't tell you apart, and often still awakens the wrong twin who obligingly goes off to work at the studio when the director really wanted the other twin—though what difference it makes is a mystery to me. Bobby, you may be more the Robert Taylor of the two, having met Shirley Temple and sent Olivia de Havilland a present; and Billy, you're more the intellectual type, like Fredric March, which was why you rather than Bobby were chosen to play young *Anthony Adverse*; but your directors might just as well have saved themselves the trouble of choosing, because you changed places whenever you felt like it, and still do. But it doesn't seem to matter to you who's *Prince* and who's *Pauper*, for you're in accord on almost everything except the girl question, both re-writing dialogue in scripts to make it sound more like boys talking; both wanting to play in a modern picture next to avoid having your hair curled; and you're going to college together, and probably won't want to keep on acting; and you still have the best times of all back home in Illinois on vacations, where the old gang doesn't care whether you're movie stars or not. And if you want my one-word description of you both, in your own word it's "Wow!"

Delight Swane

Greatest Sports Thrills of the Stars



FIVE knicker-clad boys knelt around a circle etched roughly in the soft, damp ground. It was the first day of spring many years ago in Beatrice, Nebraska, and the sharp tang in the air made one of the five, black-haired Spangler Brugh, dead sure he could fight and lick a lion.

"Remember, we're knucklin' for keeps," the biggest of the boys crouched around the circle warned, but not too forcefully.

"Sure, for keeps. I know," Spangler answered. Confidence rode high, for in his pockets jingled musically a fine collection of marbles fit for any battle of the ring. Aggies, glassies, dobies, steelies, megs, and one treasured bull's-eye. The pride and joy of his life, acquired by sacrificing many a Saturday nickel that might have bought jaw breakers or gum.

Half an hour later he rose from the ground, fighting desperately now to keep back the tears that welled in his eyes. Every last one of his marbles reposed in some other pants' pocket, probably "for keeps." Even the prize bull's-eye.

Disconsolately he pawed through his possessions packed in an old cigar box at home that night, seeking anything to take his mind from its sorrow. He came upon one dobie, lowest of the low in marbles, a breed utterly without caste. Its paint was chipped here and there and all in all, it was pretty bad, even for a dobie. But suddenly it seemed precious to the boy; it gave him

hope. With it, he had a chance. The chance he wanted.

Diligently, furiously he practised in the privacy of his own back yard until he could shoot that dobie from the ringside and make it do everything but jump through hoops. Then, with it in his pocket, he quietly awaited opportunity.

It came in a few days. Another game, and in it, the same boys who had pocketed his beauties. Into battle went the dobie, colors flying. By dinner-time, every one of the fine marbles were back in the pockets of their rightful owner, jingling the sweetest music in the world.

That black-haired Nebraska boy, Spangler Brugh, now of course is Robert Taylor, but even stardom, and such sports as riding and baseball he enjoys so much now, haven't given him a thrill to match that marble

Die-Hards

By
Liz Williams



Ruby Keeler, left, and Fred Astaire, left above, held out a long time against the lure of living and working in Hollywood; but today, they're natives and proud of it. Not so Sylvia Sydney, above—read all about this little rebel, in our gay story.

built a house, married a Los Angeles doctor, took off her hat and decided to stay. One crack out of you about Hollywood or California now and she'll smack you over the head with a vase of roses, hand-picked from her own garden. Across the street from Claudette lives Irene Dunne, who up until this past year spent far more time in New York than she did in Hollywood. Irene was sort of a Garbo-like character in those days for no one ever saw her in Hollywood after she took her make-up off. But the minute she finished her film she was off to New York on the next train and judging from the pictures in the metropolitan newspapers she was anything but a hermit in New York. Then all of a sudden Irene bought some property in Holmby Hills, built a home, (her first), personally planted the petunias, read up on termites, and

went neighbor Claudette one better—she adopted a baby.

Fred Astaire gloomily forsook Park Avenue and Southampton Society for one picture. For years every picture was going to be Fred's last. He's still here. He's built a home, has a baby, and seems to be getting on all right without the Southampton crowd. Franchot Tone belonged to New York's literati and just couldn't see Hollywood for a cloud of dust. He came out to collect a little cash before dashing back to his Beloved Theatre to give Art a break. But instead of dashing back he married the glamorous Joan Crawford, sits at the head of the biggest dinner table in Brentwood, and likes it.

Time was when Kay Francis who is chic right down to the tips of her jungle-red finger nails hastened off to Paris and European capitals as soon as her pictures were over. The third time the studio cabled her that production had started on her next epic she looked up sailing dates. But last winter when Kay went abroad she very abruptly cut her tour short and returned to Hollywood weeks and weeks before her picture started. Was Europe slipping—or was Kay Francis going Hollywood? Margaret Sullavan, who adored telling reporters what she thought of Hollywood, and what she thought wasn't for the ears of kiddies, has returned to the town of her scorn to have, of all things, a baby! Alice Faye, the darling of the New York night clubs, who used to get so homesick for New York that she made six trips back there during her first year in Hollywood, has now taken a house with a swimming pool, reads books at (*Please turn to page 93*)

The good Bob, "Dr. Jekyll," in the left half of our circle, turns himself into the bad Bob on right, all for "Night Must Fall."

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Montgomery

He's made the most sensational change in years in Hollywood! Hear Bob Montgomery's own reasons for playing a "killer" rôle

By
Charles Darnton

IN THIS cage, ladies and gentlemen, we have the wonder of the ages, the marvel of all times, the leopard who *can* change his spots!

Observing this adroit phenomenon closely, you are amazed to identify him as none other than Robert Montgomery. Before your staring eyes he undergoes the most sensational change of years in Hollywood. Without turning a hair he turns from a gamboling kid into a stalking killer. "Night Must Fall" finds him giving up his playful ways and going in for industrious murder.

It fairly slays you to think of it. For you can't forget that here is a debonair star who never before has pulled anything more deadly than a merry shaft or a darting wisecrack. Harmless as his quips, he has gone his smiling way. For that matter, he still smiles—when anyone's looking. But the grim look of him when he's alone with his dark thoughts and black deeds would chill the blood of his warmest admirer. Then the good Bob becomes the bad Robert. You wonder what can have brought this about. Why the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Montgomery?

"Why not?" he comes back at you. "I've got awfully

tired of having them hand me a script and saying: 'Now this fellow's name is George. We know he doesn't mean anything, but you can do something with him.' I've been doing that so long that I wanted to do something different."

Resting from his homicidal labors in his portable dressing-room, Mr. Montgomery sits back and comfortably draws at his well-seasoned pipe, leaving you to assume that he himself, and not the studio for once, had deliberately chosen the blood-stained wretch he is playing.

"Right," he laconically confirms. "It all dates back to my seeing the play in London three years ago. I determined then to get it for a picture if possible, and talked of nothing else when I got back to Hollywood. But the studio flatly refused to make it, afraid that audiences would take it too literally and that it would be bad for me. Now I think an audience knows the difference between personality and performance. But it took me more than two years to persuade the studio to my way of thinking. At last I have a part I like and I hope I'm saying goodbye to the kind I *don't* like. (Please turn to page 70)

She was "Discovered" Twice

Doris Nolan, only girl to turn up twice as a "new face" in Hollywood, makes no secret of early failure, nor fuss about current success

By Tom Kennedy

"AND so, after speaking two lines in one picture, being tried out but refused for parts in two others, my contract terminated and I was fired." Hard luck, to be sure. But wait. That's not the end, merely the beginning of an incredible true story that can be told by Doris Nolan, the only girl Hollywood "discovered" twice.

Today, of course, this twice-found candidate for screen glamor is surrounded by a gleaming aura of success as one of the brightest, most important "new faces" of the current cinema season.

Even so: "Playing leading parts in pictures is wonderful and all that, but just the same I'm glad I have a home in New Rochelle that I can come to if things turn the other way again."

So, a girl, not yet twenty-one, riding the crest of a popularity that came upon her over-night so to speak, knows the other side of the Hollywood picture—and doesn't forget its stark realities.

"It's just as well that I did get those knocks when I first went out there," admitted the girl with the very ready smile sitting across from us at a table in that café atop one of Radio City's sky-scraping spires—and over, also, tunes sung and played on a piano rendering songs nobody's mother ever taught them.

"I was immature," she continued, "not yet eighteen years old, and with only a year's stage experience. I was not ready to do good work. As a matter of fact, I had never even had to look for a job like most people seeking an acting career. But I found out what it is to look for a job when I was in Hollywood."

"Anyway, I did not want to go to Hollywood at that time. Like all girls who get into the theatre, my ambition was to become a second Katharine Cornell. But a talent scout came to me while I was playing in a theatre up-state. He arranged a screen test, and I was offered a film contract. It was too attractive to refuse, so out I went to the Fox studio, hopes high, but still not thoroughly convinced I had what the picture people wanted."

What? Could it be that thinking so herself, made others think likewise? Anyway there followed the experiences already related, and the loss of her job.

"I had a 'walk on' assignment in George White's 'Scanda's,' but whatever it was I did on the set, it came out in the cutting room I guess. (Please turn to page 90)

Within a year of her graduation from high school, Doris was established as a stage actress, and now, before she celebrates her twenty-first birthday, is in Hollywood for the second time—headed for the starring brackets.

Hollywood Glorifies the Goof

WHEN you saw Bill Powell (in "Libeled Lady") falling splat on his face in the trout stream, you probably thought it was a double. It wasn't. It was Bill, himself. Bill, the adept at light, sophisticated, subtle comedy, descending to what we commonly call slapstick stuff. I saw him working on this sequence for several days. When I finally saw the picture, and heard the roars of diaphragmatic laughter that this scene evoked, I became convinced that His Majesty the Goof has come into his kingdom.

Now, there's nothing very subtle in seeing Bill Powell, attired in the latest from Abercrombie and Fitch, apparently doing his darndest to drink a trout stream dry; neither is there anything very subtle in Jean Harlow's frantic cries of, "I wanna get married,—NOW!" in the same picture; nor in dainty Myrna Loy's succinct remark concerning a whiskey with a champagne chaser in "After the Thin Man;" nor in the ladylike Irene Dunn's giddy didoes in "Theodora Goes Wild;" nor in Jeanette McDonald's ludicrous fall in "San Francisco." The *virus*, goof, has infected even these, and other people, who are not, legitimately, goofs as we know them. And hasn't it made the box office bell ring? And doesn't it prove that the world loves to laugh? That the world loves its goofs? (Or is it plural, geef?)

Certainly, the past season has brought us its quota of "artistic," and, in some cases, extremely lugubrious pictures; but far more significant (and welcome), at least in my humble (and probably lowbrow) opinion, has been the general enthusiastic appreciation of The Goof.

I have become acutely goof-conscious. I remember that when Twentieth Century-Fox bought the rights to Wodehouse's *Jeeves* stories, you fans flooded that studio with demands that Arthur Treacher be cast in the rôle



If you think the screen jesters are funny in pictures, just meet them in person in this story. Arthur Treacher, for instance, in two poses at left, makes you chuckle without even trying. Martha Raye, above, is a study in versatility of expression.

of that pluperfect gentleman's gentleman. Which shows that you know your Wodehouse, and know your Treacher, in spite of the fact that you had seen very little of him. However, the studio bowed to your good judgment.

I thought that Treacher would be a good start for a story about The Goof.

I telephoned him.

"Would you mind," I enquired, mildly, "if I came 'round and talked to you about the trials and delights of being a goof?"

He said, "Haw!" (You've heard him.) "Haw! How awfully decent of you, old chap! Of course. Come 'round about cocktail time, what,—er—that is, I mean to say, you're not on the wagon, or anything, are you?" I reassured him on this point. "What a comfort," he boomed. "Haw! See you about five, then; ta-ta. Oh, say, you're sure you're not mistaking me for Joe Penner? Isn't he the goose man?"

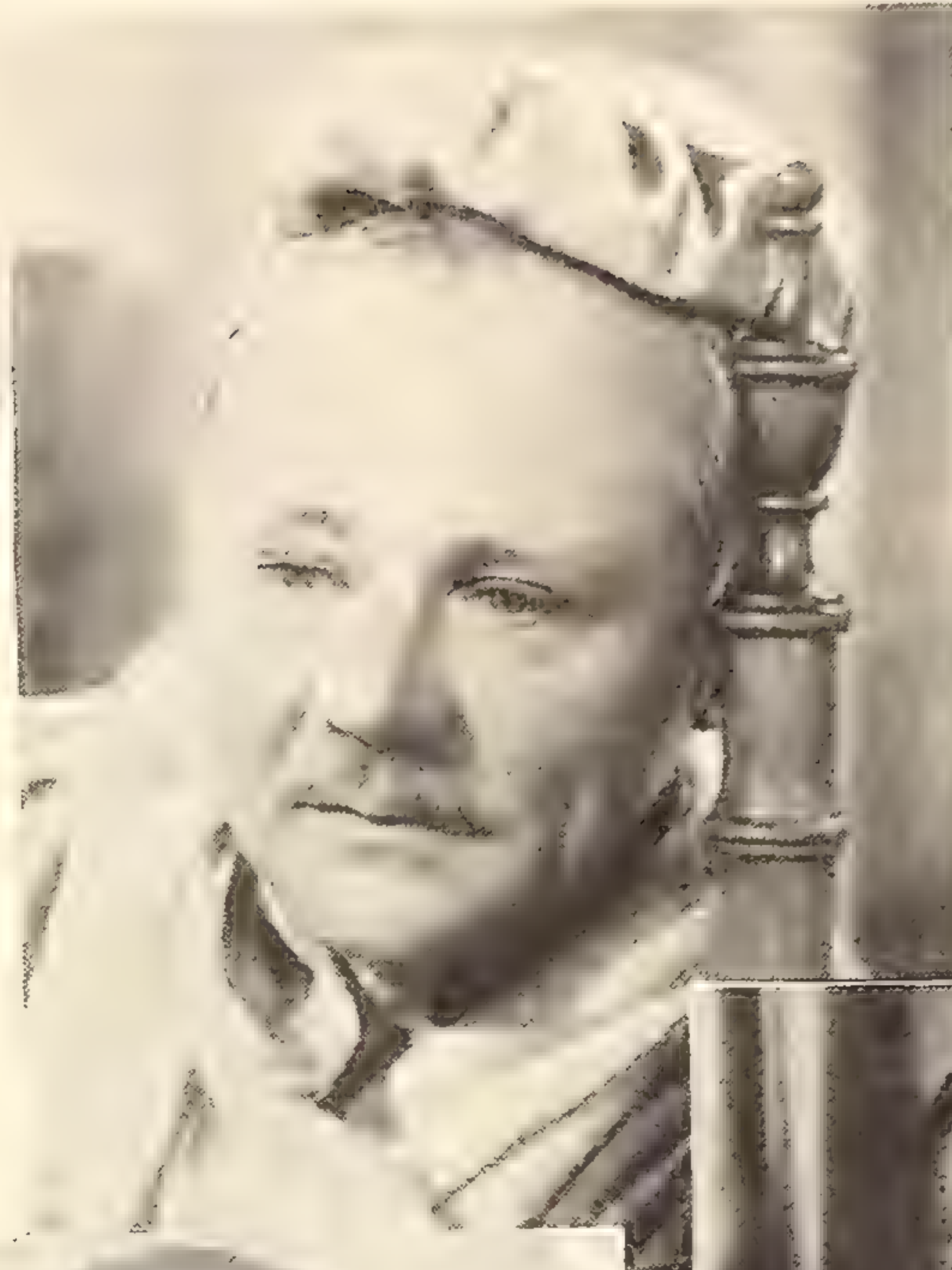
"I didn't say 'goose'," I explained patiently, "I said 'goof.' And Joe Penner's not a goose man; he's a duck

Daffy doings ring the box-office bell these days, so the funny fellows and giddy gals rate high position—and salaries—in filmdom

By Dick Pine



He evokes roars of laughter on the radio and in screen impersonations, but Charlie Butterworth, above, seems a very grave, rather sad, and very dignified man when you meet him face to face. But just try to feel sad when he talks about himself.



That delightful goof, Charlie Ruggles, has given us many a comically confused character in pictures, though personally he frowns on drink, and spends his goof-earned dollars building elaborate dog kennels. Below, Roland Young, artful goof, is shy, and says he doesn't like Hollywood. Pressed for the reason why, he answers mournfully: "There's no zoo."



man!" My patience and, I hope, politeness were rewarded.

"Haw! Yes, I believe he is, now I come to think of it. Well, trot around, old chap, and we'll talk turkey. Haw-haw-haw,—get the joke?" I "got" it. (And we're both British.)

Arthur is six feet four and one-half. As I entered his living room, he was stooping, to admire the view from his window. He turned to greet me.

"Haw! Awfully glad to see you. Sit down. You want to talk about geese. Well, let's talk about geese. Interesting bird is the goose. Or am I thinking about the pelican. Yes, it's the pelican. Listen:

An interesting bird is the pelican;
He takes more in his beak than . . ."

"Stop!" I commanded, abruptly. "I don't want to talk about geese, ducks, pelicans or humming birds."

He looked hurt. "I suppose I daren't ask you to have a cocktail. You seem to have an aversion to any illusion to birds, what?"

I assured him that my aversion to birds didn't extend to *l'histoire de la coq*, and we eased ourselves into comfortable chairs to discuss screen humor. I asked him

why he thought people thought he was funny, or if he, himself thought he was funny.

"Well, y'know, I really don't know. I don't know that I'm particularly funny. Do you?"

As a matter of fact, I did. I thought he was funny off the screen, as well as on. Looking at him at that moment, I wanted, uncontrollably, to giggle. But, after all, one doesn't giggle at one's host, even though he be a professional comedian.

Treacher is one of those fortunate creatures who seem to have been born funny. And this, in spite of the fact that his father was a staid, (Please turn to page 95)



Tonight's the night! Glamorous girls and good-looking men with but a single thought: a good time. Step out with famous stars in this first feature of a smart, sparkling new series

SOME years ago I cheerfully made up my mind, I was at the Trocadero bar at the time, that I wasn't going to amount to anything anyhow and might just as well face it—so I decided to dedicate what remained of my life to the enjoyment of fun. I worked out a system whereby one might spend a casual and pleasing lifetime of delightful doings with as little effort involved as possible. (I'm a perfect push-over for things that involve little effort. It's the *Miss Pitty Pat* in me.) In following this system one doesn't accumulate much wealth, one certainly doesn't but one accumulates many experiences and in time one becomes quite a connoisseur of high old times. (And Bay-bee, do I know fun!)

As a fun-lover of some distinction on the Coast I am often asked by people with long faces who have that dentist-chair look about them what I consider the most fun in Hollywood. An evening at Miriam Hopkins', I always answer glibly, unless of course it is on one of those occasions when I am not speaking to Miriam, you know how girls are, and then I say—Oh, never mind what I say. For those who love informality, and you must be an awful pain-in-the-neck if you don't, an evening at Miriam's is something to write home about, for informality reaches a new and breathless high. Now I don't mean to say that Miriam's informal evenings at home resemble Sanger's Circus—there're no screwballs or whimsey-poohs wandering about, heaven forbid—nor a Barnum and Bailey circus for that matter, with people in tights, or tight people if you wish, hanging from chandeliers. No, indeed; Miriam's kind of informality is chic and adult and 'way up town. Some people in Hollywood, probably your favorite movie stars, simply can't cope with the informal; it's

finger bowls, fish knives, and white tie to the bitter end for them; but these are not the people you meet at Miriam Hopkins—who-loves-Joel McCrea at the neighborhood theatre. (Ah, there, Mr. Goldwyn.) Also, Miriam Hopkins—who-loves-Paul Muni-but-isn't-in-love-with-him at the other neighborhood theatre. (And ah, there, to you too, Mr. RKO.) At Miriam Hopkins—who-loves-Anatole Litvak-today-but-may-not-tomorrow you eat caviar, but you sit on the floor. And that is that, and delightfully that.

And so the Spring morning when Miss Hopkins' French maid announced in ze verree bad Engleesh that Mees Hopkins would spik with me I couldn't have been more excited. "Why, honey," I said in very good Southern, though I have no desire to play *Scarlett O'Hara*, "I certainly am glad to hear your voice." "Dar-r-ling," said Miriam in equally good Southern, and Miriam would like to play *Scarlett O'Hara* but will tell you modestly that she hasn't been asked to, "I have a pig



Miriam Hopkins believes in enjoying life—that's why we've selected her as the star of our first "Carnival Nights in Hollywood" feature. Above, Miriam's home, scene of so many gay parties. Center, in a champagne mood! Far right, when the last guest has gone, the hostess dreams of the next party, more guests and more gaiety.

in Hollywood

By
Elizabeth Wilson



de resistance—her friends who are very intelligent or very gay or very both, and friends of her friends who have no home and no pig of their own. On Thanksgivings and Christmases Miriam gathers in along with her own personal friends the Lonely Hearts of Hollywood, and Leonard, her butler, doesn't even raise an eyebrow when a stranger appears at the door and mumbles in some kind of an accent, "I'm a friend of Mady Christians (or Grace Moore's or Charles Boyer's or Jean Negulesco's). I was told I could have dinner here tonight." Twenty minutes later, simply glowing with (*Please turn to page 68*)



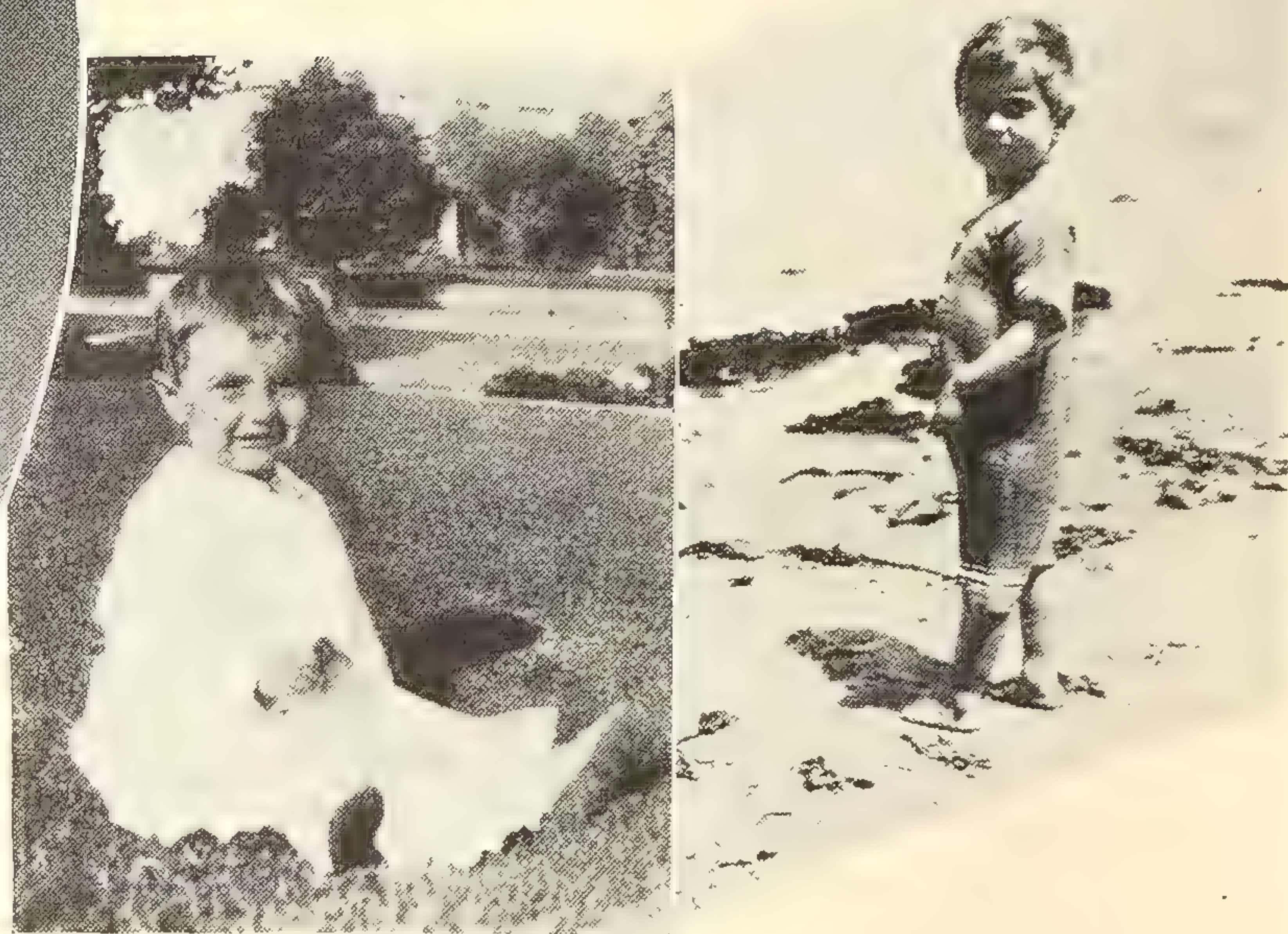
in the icebox and if Anna doesn't cook it soon it will walk away and so won't you come for dinner." Then we both forgot to be Southern Belles, which we are, and dished like mad.

Miriam, who has been adequately described as a glamor girl with a grin, can't bear turkey and tolerates chicken only in an emergency, but simply goes insane over pig, with an apple in its mouth. There are two kinds of people whom Miriam invites to partake of her pig





For the un-retouched truth about the crown prince of romance, spend a day as his pal and confidant!



A Real Day with Tyrone Power

By Ben Maddox

YOU want the un-retouched truth about Tyrone Power?

Then here it is!

I have just spent a whole day, a real day with the new man in Hollywood. I chanced to get to the runner-up to Gable and Taylor directly, at his own home. No studio people were around and he was frankly himself.

Success—a Grand Romance—doing for his mother at last—planning to move to Beverly Hills—adjusting himself to a steady, better income—having fun in the fashion he prefers—! That's what I found him plunging into.

Great luck was with me, you see. Late last night my telephone rang.

His "This is Tyrone" was entirely superfluous. That quality in his voice gives him away immediately. He's one young actor whose diction is that of a genuine gentleman.

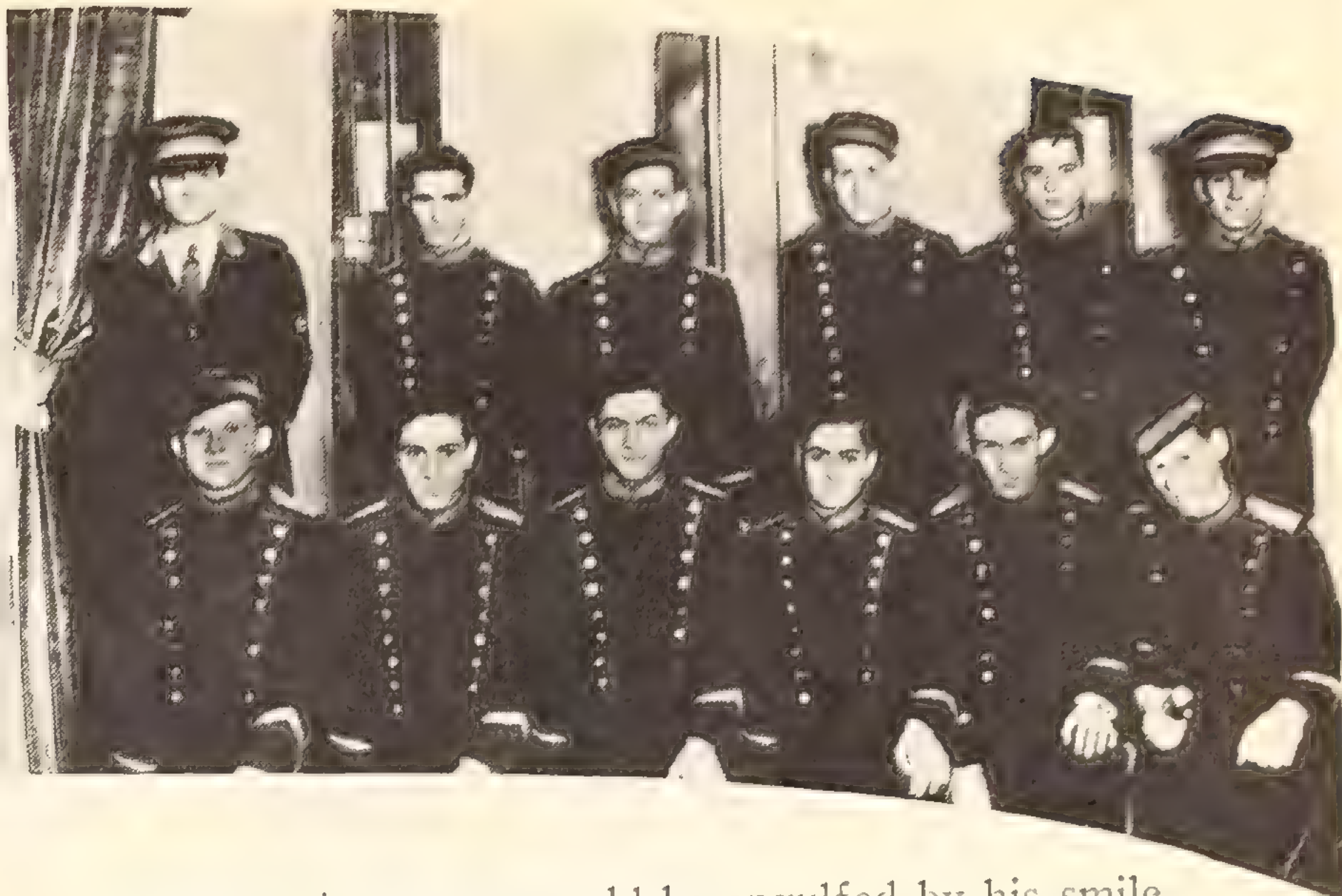
"Stop bothering with celebrities!" he exclaimed. "Let Gloria Glad think up her own excuse for falling in love again. We got in an hour ago from Mount Rainier and I want to know what's been going on while we've been battling through snowdrifts. Come to breakfast at 9,

For a real exhilarating time in Hollywood follow Tyrone for a full day. From left to right below: in his new car, he's very proud of it; readying for a special date—and you'll note two pictures of Tyrone with Sonja Henie on dresser and wall of his bedroom; he steps out with his favorite person, Sonja; at home with his mother; a final smoke before "calling it a day."





Chapters in the life of a boy who grew up to be a sensation-ally popular star. Across page to left, snapshots of Tyrone when he was very young; with his father (whose name and talent he inherited), his mother and sister; growing up, Tyrone and his sister; in his first job, fourth from left, front row, as a motion picture theatre usher.



can't you? And be ready to tell me what's been going on."

He'd been away on location for a week, with Sonja Henie and the "Thin Ice" troupe that went North for ski shots. But weeks are seasons to Tyrone now—they're so crammed with climaxes.

You may be sure I recognized Opportunity thundering at me. I'd been to Tyrone's once for a formal luncheon interview; since then I'd become acquainted with him at 20th Century-Fox where he's rushed into one rôle after another. He'd seemed to deserve being the overnight runner-up to Gable and Taylor. He'd seemed too wise to be blasé, too remindful of disappointing yesterdays to be a fool. By joining him casually like this I could discover how accurately I'd judged him. I could catch him off-guard.

He rents a low, white cottage in the central Hollywood district where houses are comfortable rather than spectacular. The architecture and furnishings are pleasant, instead of period. Because he's in the block below the swanky Sunset Tower apartments and is emphatically dwarfed by that fashionable building, he facetiously tags his place Power's Towers.

A maid quietly let me in. Tyrone emerged from behind

a newspaper. A woman would be engulfed by his smile, would find his eyes the warmest of browns. To me he's handsome and I let his looks go at that. He has remarkable poise, no inhibitions and a refreshing enthusiasm. He reacts strongly, emotionally to every situation.

"I must read my paper through every morning," he grinned. "Of course, until I have my coffee I'm not waked-up so I don't digest the news very intelligently!"

His mother, beautiful and gracious, came forward from the sun room adjoining the living room. "I'm involved with clippings," she declared, laying down scissors and a magazine. "The minute Tyrone was back he went to the corner drugstore for the new magazines and so I'm merrily clipping and pasting away."

Tyrone doesn't pretend this success he's having is merely what he expected. He dreamt of it, longed for it, struggled for it so passionately (*Please turn to page 71*)



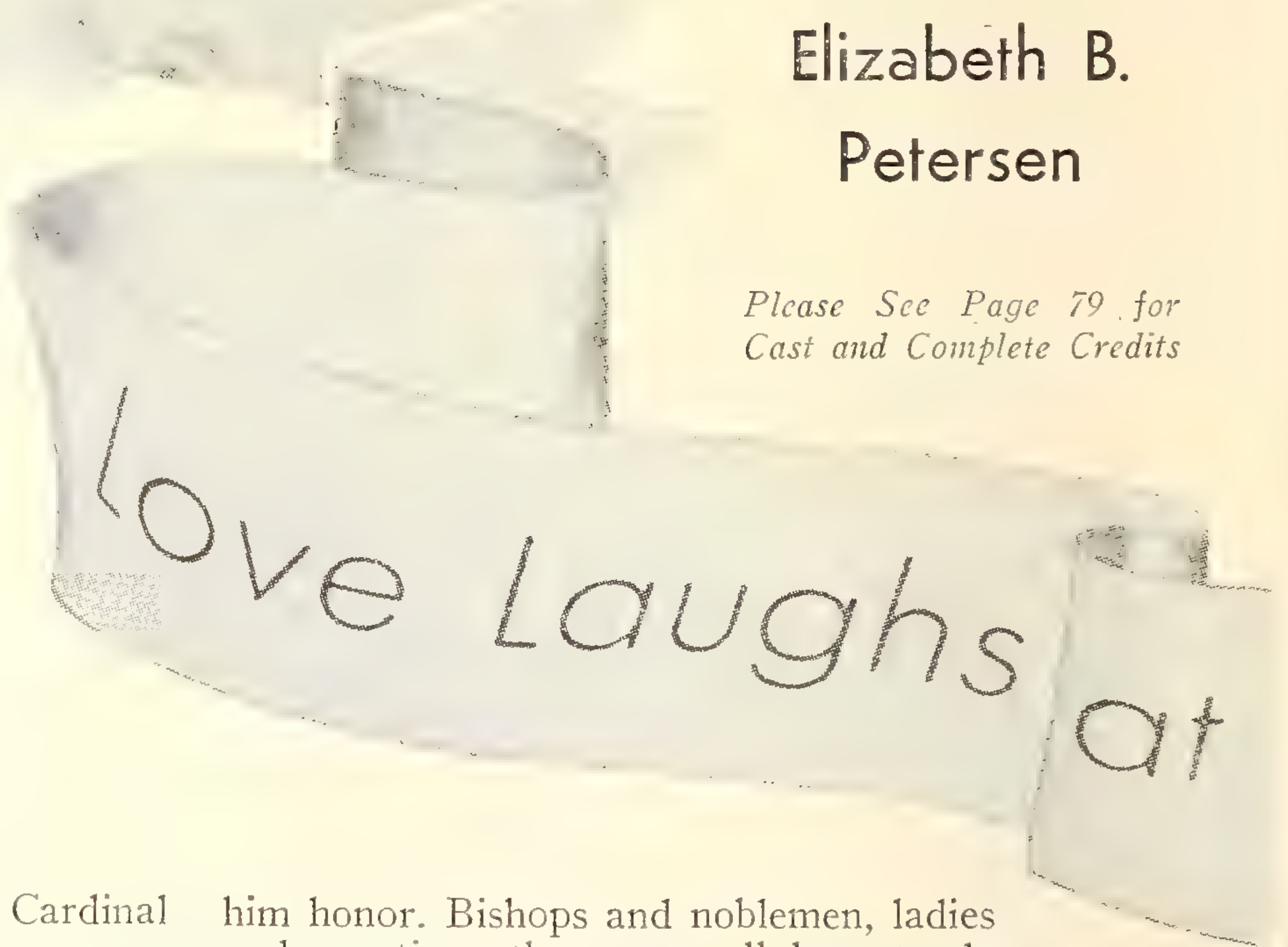


All the world enjoys rousing, daredevil, historical romance! That's why we're giving you this stirring story of high adventure at the French Court in Cardinal Richelieu's time—the fictionization of "Under The Red Robe," spectacular screen presentation of the famous stage play, starring Annabella and Conrad Veidt

Fictionized by

**Elizabeth B.
Petersen**

*Please See Page 79 for
Cast and Complete Credits*



THERE were no hazards when Gil de Berault rode. Hedges or pools or rock piles, his horse flew over them and never did the hand holding the reins tighten and never did that break-neck speed lessen. So he had ridden through the night and so he was riding through the morning.

For all the mud covering the long length of him, for all the tears slashing his sleeves and tunic and breeches, Gil was still the swaggerer. This was life as he lived it, this fighting with man and nature, this frenzied waking up of a quiet countryside, this worsting of that last bramble thicket he had fought through to save those few minutes of time. For it was on Richelieu's business that he rode and the Cardinal was ever impatient.

In that they were alike these two, Richelieu and the man who did his bidding. Alike in their ruthlessness too and in their fearlessness. Only in this measure was Gil's courage the greater, that it was his arm that thrust the sword while it was the Cardinal's brain who ordered it. But that was to Gil's liking too, for in all of France there was none who handled the sword as well as he. The horse swerved and reared as Gil pulled on the reins before the churchman's palace and threw them over the arm of one of the soldiers standing on guard.

Even that early in the day the Cardinal's reception room was alive with the brilliant company come to do

him honor. Bishops and noblemen, ladies and courtiers, they were all here to do homage to the powerful Richelieu. Sunlight slanted through the windows and awakened the deepest fires in ladies' jewels and ladies' eyes; fans moved languorously in small hands and there was a quick flash of color as plumed hats swept the floor and laughter was more stilled and voices came quieter even than at Versailles where they awaited the king's coming with lesser awe than they awaited the Cardinal.

He stood out in this company, did Gil de Berault. Not alone because he only of all of them dared to show himself torn and mud bespattered. There was that tallness of him and that carelessness to turn all the others



Memorable highlights of "Under The Red Robe." Left, across page, Annabella, noted European star, as Lady MARGUERITE, whose beauty turns the enmity of GIL DE BERAULT (Conrad Veidt) to ardent devotion. Ladies of the court throng about him, for his gallantry is a tradition in France. But GIL, above, undertakes the dangerous mission commanded by CARDINAL RICHELIEU (Raymond Massey). At right, reading from top: the adventurer and the lady meet; GIL plots his escape with his servant MARIUS (Romney Brent); MARGUERITE confides her suspicions that GIL is a spy to her sister, the DUCHESS; EDMOND, the DUKE, confronts GIL and MARGUERITE; and finally, the adventurer, tamed at last, pledges his sword to his lady.

into simpering puppets, and hating him because even they sensed the thing he did to them.

"Berault!" A lady's whisper reached him. "The Black Death!"

"I hope the Cardinal will have him hanged!" retorted the older woman who was with her.

"Oh, Madame!" Gil's smile could be beguiling too, when he chose. "Are you sure you wouldn't miss me?"

"Quite!" She tried to speak firmly but even as she spoke she trembled just a little and color flooded her cheeks and her companion laughed as she turned to Gil.

"I'm not!" Her eyes met his challengingly and her fan fluttered beneath a provocative chin.

"Then I'm hanged if I'll hang!" And he swept her a gay courtesy so that it seemed almost as if he were doing homage with the rest of them as the Cardinal swept into the room.

Between the long double row of those who had come to find his favor Richelieu passed, his red robe sweeping behind him, and he remained impassive until he reached Gil. Only then did he quicken his pace or his eyes show interest.

Gil was the only one chosen to have audience with the great man and even as he strode into the study his careless swagger was there.

"The papers!" The Cardinal could not control his eagerness as he waited that small moment before Gil took them from his pocket. And then as he pushed them toward the old priest who was his secretary to prepare for reading his words came easier. "Where did you find your Englishman?"

"I overtook him fifty miles from Calais. We had an excellent fight, Your Eminence."

(Please turn to page 79)



Royal Intrigue

How the Best Laughs Are Born



"RUMOR has it," said Warner Baxter, turning to Ronald Colman, "that you are in love. Is that sporting, keeping it a secret from your pals?"

"What, again!" quoth the startled Mister Colman. "You don't believe all you read in the newspapers, do you?"

"I remember once when everybody in Hollywood did," broke in William Powell, who completed the trio. "If you had been here at the time, you would have, too. Did you ever hear the story of Charley Fuhr?"

"Not Charley Fuhr, the big-game hunter?" Colman cut in.

"The very same," affirmed Powell, setting down his dish of tea. "Charley Fuhr, big-game hunter, world-traveller, nost of hosts, bon vivant and first-nighter. He was quite a lad, while he lasted."

"Wasn't he that fictitious character that everyone in the colony thought actually existed for two years or more?" Warner Baxter wanted to know.

"Right again," replied Powell, "but during those two years he became the most mysterious and talked-of per-

sonality in our midst. Also, he was the subject of the greatest hoax ever perpetrated upon Hollywood.

"Of course, Charley Fuhr was non-existent, a character born in the minds of a certain group of actors, press agents and reporters who used to dine nightly at the old Hoffman Café on Spring Street. He was originated as a gag, but soon became so well-known that his creators kept him before the public for several years.

"The morning after his birth, so to speak, an item appeared in one of the papers, announcing the arrival of the world-famous big-game hunter. One of his creators was the dramatic editor of the paper, so it was an easy matter to put the story through.

"Immediately, the paper was deluged with requests from some of the most famous stars in Hollywood, asking where they might locate Mr. Fuhr. They wanted to entertain in his honor.

"With this sudden interest in Charley, there remained only one thing to do. Charley was publicized as no personality before or since has been press-agented—he was made into a personage of world importance.

A good gag is priceless in picture circles. Read how the legendary practical jokes of Hollywood are created, in this novel feature

By Whitney Williams

Bill Powell and Warner Baxter, in oval at left, are regaling Jimmy Gleason with a droll account of a famous Hollywood "rib." You'll laugh with Mr. Powell when you look at that close-up of him, across the page at far left. Next, Ronald Colman and an appreciative audience. Ned Sparks, old frozen-face himself, who perpetrated a popular practical joke. Below, Arlen and Oakie, whose hobbies are gags and golf.



"Within a comparatively short time, he was quoted on every conceivable subject—not a day passed but that Charley Fuhr gave impressive dinners and intimate teas. A few of those in the know would explain to friends how generous and how thoughtful Charley could be. Hollywood went crazy, literally, trying to catch a glimpse of this celebrated individual, to win a bid to one of his parties.

"This went on for two years or more, with such people as Bill Hart, Tom Geraghty, Raymond Griffith, Scoop Conlon and several others, singing the praises of Charley Fuhr. He became the most noted name in Hollywood, yet not a soul had even seen him in the flesh.

"People would miss him by the skin of their teeth; he had always just left a moment before they entered: at the last minute he would be unable to attend an important function that he had promised faithfully to attend. Finally, the gag became known, and a small item appeared announcing that Charley Fuhr had sailed for India. He never returned."

"That reminds me of Ned Sparks' fur-bearing eel,

many believed him, and on numerous occasions friends dropped by to see the new pet. But like Charley Fuhr, Alcibiades had just gone out, down the outside drainpipe into the small pool in the patio, or a friend had borrowed him for the night. And when Ned would whistle for him, or her, I should say, for Ned declared Alcibiades was a lady eel, Alcibiades refused to answer. Ned explained that she was shy and didn't like strangers.

"A newspaper friend of Ned's played up the fur-bearing eel in his column, and I believe several professors of zoology corresponded with the writer, denying the existence of such a freak. Ned kept the gag circulating for several years."

"As long as we're on the subject of hoaxes and gags," spoke up Warner Baxter, "do you remember the hokus-pokus that Mack Sennett used to play on some of the theatre exhibitors and distributors who wanted a look-see at his comedies?"

"Whenever Sennett had a lemon—and he was a wise old bird who knew when a picture wasn't so hot—and had to show it to these men, (*Please turn to page 73*)

Alcibiades," Ronald Colman remarked. "Alcibiades didn't gain quite the fame and publicity that Charley Fuhr enjoyed, but among a certain set his name became a by-word for a time and even now certain parties aren't convinced he was purely a myth.

"One day at the club, Ned proclaimed he no longer was afflicted with bronchitis. When asked the reason, he explained that a friend of his, a Captain Slaughter of the Bering Sea, had sent him a fur-bearing eel that answered to the name of Alcibiades, and his new pet slept curled around his neck at night. With this protection from the chill night air, he was recovered from the ailment that had troubled him for years.

"Ned spoke of his eel so feelingly and with such enthusiasm that a good

"I've been called a man's woman, and perhaps I am." Myrna Loy, heavenly as a white angel smiling above the snowy furbelows of *Katie O'Shea*—dear to "Parnell" by grace and sideburns of Clark Gable—lets you light her cigarette, then raises a smoke screen by suggesting another, more realistic, side of the picture.

"It isn't that I dislike women. But I find men more comfortable. Except for a few friends I've made among girls and women I get along better with men. Maybe it's because I've always worked. I haven't had time to do as other women do. As a child I used to look at them with great scorn because of their bridge and luncheons and teas, and think, 'poor things, they haven't anything else to do!' Of course that was ridiculously childish of me. My only excuse is that nothing seemed to matter but work. Money was necessary. To get it I went in seriously for dancing. My mother, a very talented pianist, helped me. With the result that at fifteen I had a dancing class of more than thirty children. Then I danced at a movie theatre in Hollywood. It wasn't a high form of art, but it made money. I might still be at it if my health hadn't broken down. But it was all for the best, for it got me out of dancing into acting."

"Acting," the mere mention of it brings consideration of other, more pressing matters in the work-a-day world of a star. The star of today is conscious of the actress of those less glamorous yesterdays.

"It is utterly impossible for me now to be the perfect lady of the house," she heartlessly insists.

Memories—her own, more than yours—of a sinister cinematic past arise to haunt a much different present. The truth is that the title "perfect wife" bestowed upon her by a public breathless before the consummate artistry of impersonations in "The Thin Man" and a series of subsequent "perfect wives" in other pictures, was a terrifying reminder of an earlier day when as a dark-skinned siren she symbolized the enemy of all wives, perfect and otherwise.

Look at her, with her serene charm never turning a

A Man's Woman

Or, more specifically, Myrna Loy, star and woman, whom all the clever catch phrases couldn't explain in the vivid way this story does

By Charles Lancaster

burnished hair, and you'd think her starry career had never been disurbed by even the slightest error. But talk with her, admiringly aware of her well-ordered mind, and—well, that's another story.


"Hollywood is the easiest place in the world for anyone to make mistakes," grants Miss Loy. "One of the most dangerous is that of becoming 'typed.' That's what happened to me in my earlier years when I played the adventuress perhaps not too well, but certainly with great constancy."

She smiles indulgently, her calm gentility warmed by a Gulf Stream of humor. (Please turn to page 87)



Talk with Myrna Loy as the author of this article did, and you'll discover a story you never guessed could be told by the charmingly serene star you recognize at the right; and above, as *Katie O'Shea* in "Parnell," with Clark Gable as her co-star.





Kay Francis sings, dances,
goes gay in her new film

Kay Francis, with dull dignity! Bored with haughty rôles, Kay Francis stars in the romantic story of a mazarka dancer, in which she also sings for the first time. Our action reel is a preview of Kay as she will dance, sing, and act in "Consonance." Below, you'll find Kay with Basil Rathbone, who plays an orchestra conductor, and with Ian Hunter, her new leading man in this new filmplay of foreign flavor.

Surprise Star of the Month!

Not Too Candid, Please!



We caught W. C. Fields out for his first stroll since his long illness, left. He'll be back at work soon. Above, Patric Knowles makes the most fearful face, don't-cha-know, old things, but he also makes that jump, in fine form.



Just two working gals waiting to go to work, right: Kay Francis, star, and Jane Bryan, newcomer—Kay's made up for a sequence in "Confession." Around the curve, starting at left: Carol Ann Beery takes Wally to the circus, but Wally pays. Humphrey Bogart teaches a new dog old tricks; Randy Scott studies lines; Herbert Marshall and Marlene Dietrich meet again, with Lubitsch presiding.



No, we don't like our pictures too "candied," or posed; but frankly, we're tired of seeing our stars always at their worst. Our "candid" are "inty," but not ugly

Acme

If we ever saw two celebrities having a genuine, unposed good time, they're Tone and Joan, above, vacationing at the B-Bar-H Ranch at Palm Springs. Joan Bennett, right, just can't help it if she looks more like a subdeb than a cinema darling.



Claudette and two cavaliers warming up for the cameras, before filming a skating scene for "She Met Him in Paris." The Colbert escorts are Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas. Now read up, from right: Beverly Roberts and Olivia de Havilland snatch a mid-day snack at the studio—Olivia's kerchief keeps her curls in place. Clark Gable submits to—barber and manicurist. Shirley gives herself a workout at badminton; Miss Temple will be counting her calories next.

Matron into Minx!

Frances Dee McCrea
emerges from her
wife = and = mother
retirement to rival
her handsome young
husband as a screen
luminary



William
Walling

For a while we found ourselves identifying the former Frances Dee as "that sweet little Mrs. McCrea." But that's all changed, for Frances is sparkling in her own right, and light, as the heroine of "Souls at Sea," with Gary Cooper and George Raft fighting for her favors. At right and above, in costume for this big new film; at upper and far right, the fair lady herself, smooth and soignée, with new coiffure and distinction.





Coburn

"Woman Chases Man"—that's the name of McCrea's current picture, with Miriam Hopkins. "Woman Wins—and Holds—Man," is the permanent title of the Dee-McCrea romance. At left, hilarious moment in Samuel Goldwyn's goofiest comedy. Below, Joel and Frances at their ranch, between pictures. Next, you see Joel with Miss Hopkins in a deliberately silly scene. Home was never like this, Joel is thinking—and thank heaven for that.



"My Man McCrea"

Joel's pursued, or persecuted, by Miriam Hopkins in a gay, giddy new comedy; but he's still a hero to Frances Dee

In Work!



Out in Burbank, California, there's a gigantic bee-hive of make-believe! It's the Warner Bros. Studio, one of the two largest film factories in the world, which can, as often does, turn out a dozen pictures at once. Here are a few, exclusive candid shots of the work-in-progress of the various stages or "sets." Below, setting up the cameras for a courtroom scene with Paul Muni in center foreground and Donald Crisp and Grant Mitchell behind him, for "The Life of Emile Zola." Above, Dick Powell in a Chinese sequence for "Singing Marine."

Above, the travelling camera "boom" in action, catching Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone in a stair-case scene for "Confession." Below, the make-up man works on Joseph Schildkraut between scenes of "Zola," in which the actor plays Dreyfus. At bottom — "alone at last!" says Barton MacLane to Peggy Bates, as the crew takes scene for "Lady Luck."



Action photographs by
Homer Van Pelt, Bert
Sir, Mac Julian, Crail

Cross-section of a great studio with a
dozen dramas in the making. Watch
the wheels go 'round at Warners!



When you see the scene below on the screen, you'll
swear it happens in a freight-car. But it's really a studio
set, with the director atop the "parallel" to get the right
shot on the scene being played with Craig Reynolds and
Ann Sheridan for "Footloose Heiress." Above, director
Mervyn LeRoy coaches Gloria Dickson in a window
scene for "Deep South"—see microphone below her?
Upper right, Oriental drama in the making: John Farrow
(Maureen O'Sullivan's husband) directs Boris Karloff,
in Chinese garb, and Beverly Roberts for "War Lord."

It's a sort of super-sideshow, with glorified barkers
and high-class ballyhoo! A great motion picture
studio hums with excitement, bustles with activity.
The Dick Powell you see below is a serious young man
in a hard-working mood, as he rehearses his song
numbers for "Singing Marine." At bottom, an un-
usual camera "shot" of Basil Rathbone at the piano.



Call it chic, call it charm,
call it high style, verve or vogu

The beauties of Hollywood wear the smartest togs, and wear them first! Here is Betty Furness, introducing the new sailing coat created in black rubberized sateen with white sail-boats and nautical design. Betty, below, shows you her bathing suit, too, which is black-and-white, one-piece and, as the close-up at lower right shows, features a low-cut back and interesting trimming and strap design in black, tying in tailored bow. Betty Furness' outfit is by B. V. D.



"The Vogues of 1938" is an exciting new Technicolor production, and we show you highlights around the oval on these two pages. Beginning at top of oval, see Warner Baxter surrounded by beautiful models. Next, Baxter in his rôle of manly male dressmaker with Jerome Cowan; then with Helen Vinson; with Joan Bennett as a lovely model; and finally, a fitting-room scene. Gay picture—grand cast!



Hollywood has it!



Our beauties inside the oval are—you've guessed it—Rochelle Hudson and Joan Crawford, who set their own styles. Above and below, Shirley Ross dramatizes two gay new Summer outfits.



Durward Graybill

Since "David Copperfield" Master Bartholomew has been Number One Boy of Hollywood. Now, with his splendid performance in "Captains Courageous" also to his credit, he is decidedly News. So we follow Freddie from his early-morning canter through a romp with his dogs and finally to the barber's, where his famous boyish curls are clipped—though if Freddie had his way, he'd have his head shaved. How he hates those curls—but they're box-office.



Freddie Bartholomew may be the greatest child actor on the screen, but when he has a day off he spends it like any other boy—except for a "must" haircut!



A Day in the Life of a Boy Wonder





Winner of the Academy Award for her acting in "Great Ziegfeld," Lu Rainer proved herself with a magnificent performance. Now that she's sure we appreciate her art, she can afford to let her very genuine beauty and charm shine through, and in her forthcoming film she allows herself to glitter, look lovely—and keep right on acting! For the third time Luise co-stars with William Powell, with whom she is seen in two scenes on this page. You remember this team in "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld."



Actress of the Hour



When you speak of a screen beauty, you're probably referring to Dietrich; of a glamor girl, you're describing Crawford, or Lombard. But when you want to talk about a real actress, you mean Luise Rainer. Here she is in her new rôle

While waiting for "Gone with the Wind" We're doing all right, thank you!



Perhaps not Scarlett in the arms of Rhett, but just as efficient at arousing our tender emotions: Madeleine Carroll cuddling up to Ronald Colman, upper left—these two handsome people are playing Princess Flavia and King Rudolf in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Above, Virginia Field and Thomas Beck are in perfect accord while Jane Withers, left, is trying to listen in on Sally Blane and Robert Kent, new team



That lingering look that can be the prelude to love is illustrated, above, by Barbara Reid and Richard Cromwell, in "The Road Back." Right, the romantic quartet composed of Ray Milland, Wendy Barrie, Polly Rowles, William Gargan are air-and-love-minded in "Wings over Honolulu."



Well, maybe we are just a little tired of wondering who will play *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler*. Anyway, we'll accept these substitutes in our tireless search for new cinema Romance



Happy love" can be charming, if portrayed by two such nice youngsters as Marjorie Weaver and Kenneth Howell, above, in "Big Business," one of the Jones Family series. Light, pastel, pastoral passion in the good, old-fashioned movie manner, now reenacted by John Howard and Terry Walker in "Mountain Music." At upper right, see Gloria Stuart luring Michael Whalen—the film is called "Escape from Love," but it looks as if these two have a life sentence.



Just in case your minds are wandering back to casting "Gone with the Wind," we're giving you a sophisticated triangle to worry about, at left—Doris Nolan laughs at Walter Pidgeon's struggles in the toils of Elsa Christian. Young and wistful love, above: Robert Cummings, Luana Walters.

Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs, directly below, go to town in a "Jammin'" number in "Turn Off the Moon." These youngsters seem to dance for the joy of it, but there's technique and patience and experience back of every step and gesture. At bottom of page, the irrepressible Martha Raye puts her life in her partner's hands, for a burlesque adagio dance for "Mountain Music."



All Good Dancers Depend on Hollywood



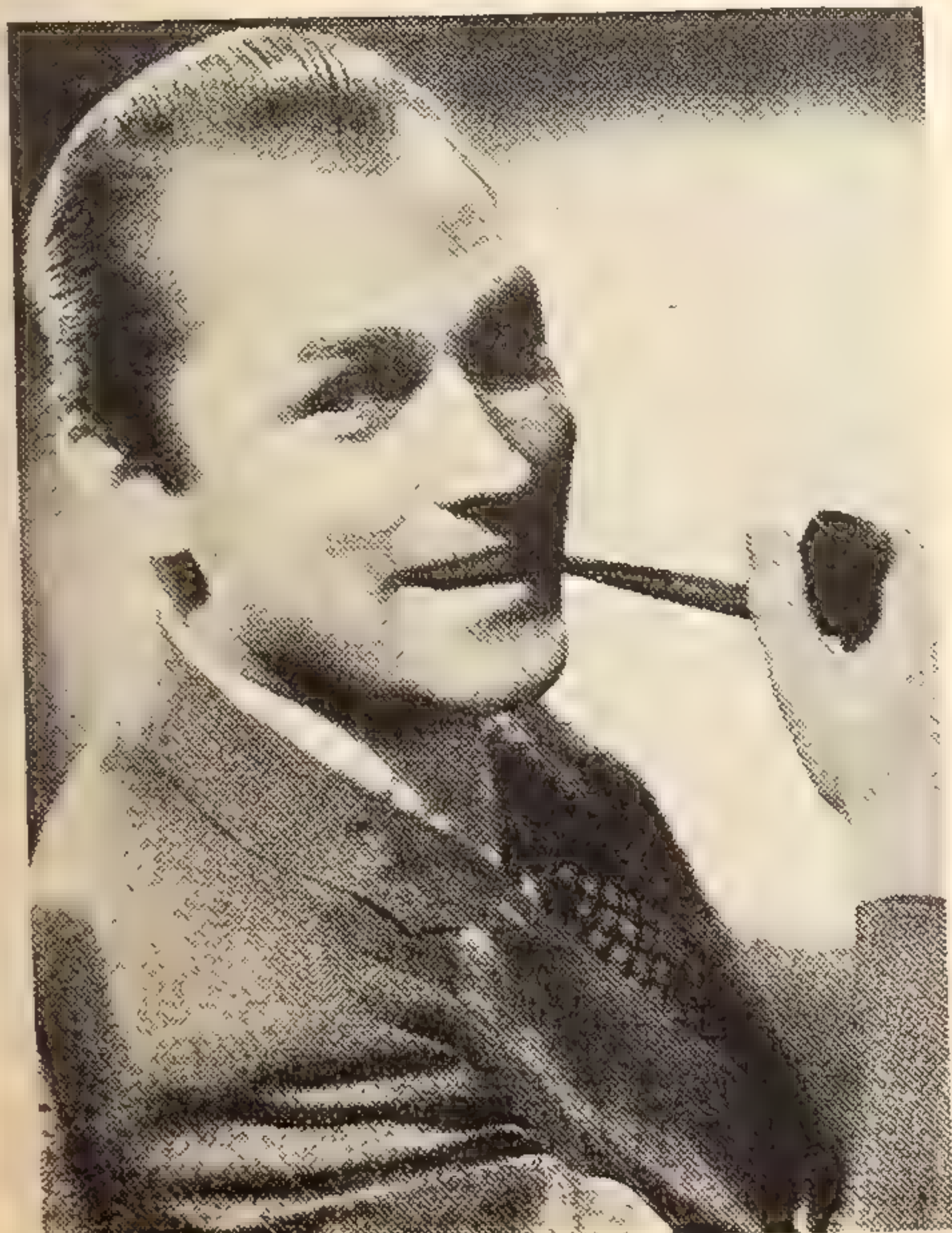
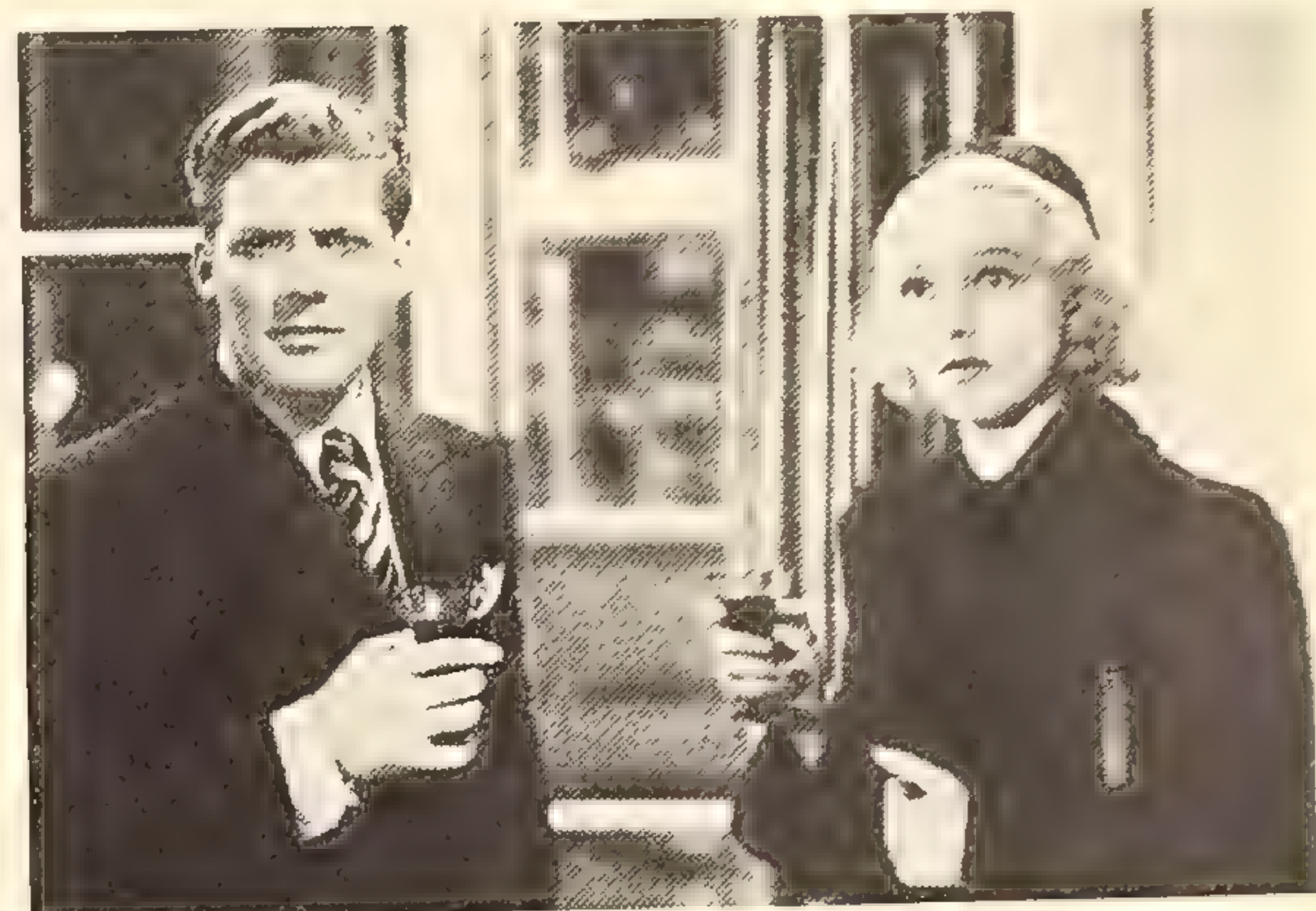
Snapshots of screen stars in
the gay Coronation whirl



London

By
Hettie Grimstead

Glenda Farrell and Clive Brook, left and right above, are seen where celebrities gather in London. Left, reading down: Tullio Carminati and Lilli Palmer in a new film; Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria; Brian Aherne, whose attentions to Merle Oberon are so faithful. Right, James Pirrie and Anna Lee, new screen team.



WHEN the golden Coronation banners gleam against the night sky and the crowds press round Buckingham Palace to see King George and Queen Elizabeth leaving for the Opera, that's the time the stars begin to twinkle at the London Casino.

Here in our smartest restaurant you can sit in a rose brocade armchair and watch all the famous and glamorous folk of Europe's Hollywood as they dine and dance and applaud the very daring floor-show. There's the debonair Tullio Carminati entertaining pretty little Lilli Palmer who plays with him in the New Herbert Wilcox film, "Sunset in Vienna." She wears filmy black net to enhance her delicate bloneness and one of the latest white china butterflies is poised on the top of her piled-up curls.

Ruth Chatterton has chosen a black gown too but set off by a soldier-style jacket of scarlet brocade—everything military is naturally highly fashionable this gay Royal season of ours! Irving Asher is escorting his wife Laura la Plante who's fast becoming London's snooker champion and regularly beats people who've been playing billiards for years though she only took up the game a few weeks ago. Now she pauses to exchange greetings with a gay party that includes Nils Asther and Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, in a white dress patriotically tied with a red, white and blue chiffon sash.

Otto Kruger was here last week and he'll be appearing again very soon, for Otto is a steady Atlantic commuter these days, one film in Hollywood and the next in London and then back to California for a spell before visiting us yet again. His British production this summer is based on one of Jack London's stories and—hold your breath, please!—Otto actually gets the girl in the final close-up.

Sitting near the stage you'll observe Clive Brook, recovered from his illness at long last and now back at the studios again. He is making a modern society drama at Denham called "Action for Slander," with beautiful Margaretta Scott, whom you'll remember as the passionate siren in "Things to Come." With his wife and two children, Clive has just moved into a lovely old Queen Anne house in North London, with a white-panelled drawing-room and a green and gold dining-room and a tennis-court on which Clive plays before breakfast every fine morning. He goes in for the popular ping-pong too and has many fierce duels across the table with his great friend John Loder.

That slim blue-eyed young man ordering his dinner so epicureanly is Director Kurt Bernhardt, descendant of the great Madame (*Please turn to page 86*)



SHALL WE DANCE—RKO-Radio



MOST sophisticated so far in the dazzling series of Astaire-Rogers romances, "Shall We Dance" signalizes a striking change of pace for the celebrated pair, slower, but smoother; slyer, and more suave. Whether you like the change will depend upon how you weather the leisurely start of this super-show—if your anticipatory excitement holds, you'll remain to rave about the rest, which is the utmost in elegant entertainment—elegant in every sense of the word. There are three sequences which have never been equalled, or even approached, in movie musicals: the dog-walking on deck of a luxury liner; the priceless practical joke perpetrated by Astaire on Edward Everett Horton; and the telephone tirade of Eric Blore. Here are the funniest scenes of this or any other month—inspired comedy, no less. The current Astaire-Rogers love affair is a melodious merger of ballet and swing, with Fred as a ballet dancer of the better sort, and Ginger as a musical comedy star. Fred's "swing ballet" style is superbly conceived and executed—his mechanistic dance is a high spot, as is his roller-skating dance with Ginger. You'll enjoy his Russian impersonation no end. Of course it is superlatively staged, danced, sung and directed.



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



KID GALAHAD—Warners



THE menace-drama of the month, with particular appeal to the men who can't be dragged to see "Café Metropole" but must have strong, gutsy entertainment. It's probably the best prize-fight story ever filmed, with positively no punches pulled. Edward G. Robinson—that man's here again; this must be Edward G. Robinson Month at the movies—has his best rôle in several years as the realistic fight promoter who makes a memorable find in the person of Wayne Morris, signs him up, and trains him for the championship fight. The human interest enters, at least to this observer, when boy meets girl and girl is the promoter's cherished kid sister, sheltered from the world of the squared circle. For revenge, Robinson turns on his own fighter; but Bette Davis, as the promoter's heart-interest steps in and saves the day—for the fighter and for his girl, but at the cost of Robinson's life and her own happiness. The fight itself provides excitement for fight-fans; the performance of Mr. Robinson is powerful and impressive; Miss Davis is splendid, and Humphrey Bogart, too; but my main interest was in Wayne Morris, who just may be the new Gary Cooper—or even the one, only, and original Wayne Morris. The boy is a real find in his rugged way.



NIGHT MUST FALL—M-G-M



JUST the entertainment for a warm evening, "Night Must Fall" will chill you completely without benefit of air-cooling. For this piece is a true horror film of the most hair-raising kind, for all its deceptively genteel settings, its dear old lady, its charmingly efficient young English gel and nice, obliging young man, and its background of the quiet countryside. Adapted from the play which scared London and New York audiences silly for a season or so, this murder melodrama is an acting triumph for Robert Montgomery, even though his own wife and child may never feel the same toward him again. I know I don't relish the thought of bumping into him in broad daylight, let alone in a darkened movie theatre, again; and therein lies the danger, I suppose, in Mr. Montgomery's brave act in demanding this rôle. At any rate, he definitely proves himself a distinguished performer, rather than a deftly nonchalant perennial juvenile; and he deserves all our applause—as well as our hisses here. You must see it yourself, for to delve into the plot would be to spoil the suspense; suffice to say that Dame May Whitty, as the dear old lady, is much too trusting; but then Mr. Montgomery does have a way with him—and us!

SUPERLATIVE:

"A Star is Born"

SHOCKERS:

"Night Must Fall"

"Love from a Stranger"

HE-MAN STUFF:

"Kid Galahad"

YOUNG ROMANCE:

"Café Metropole"

RHYTHM, JUST RHYTHM:

"Shall We Dance"

CHEERS FOR:

Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, Basil Rathbone, Ann Harding, Edward G. Robinson, Wayne Morris, Tyrone Power, Adolphe Menjou, Loretta Young, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Eric Blore, and—as usual—Edward Everett Horton



A STAR IS BORN—Selznick-United Artists



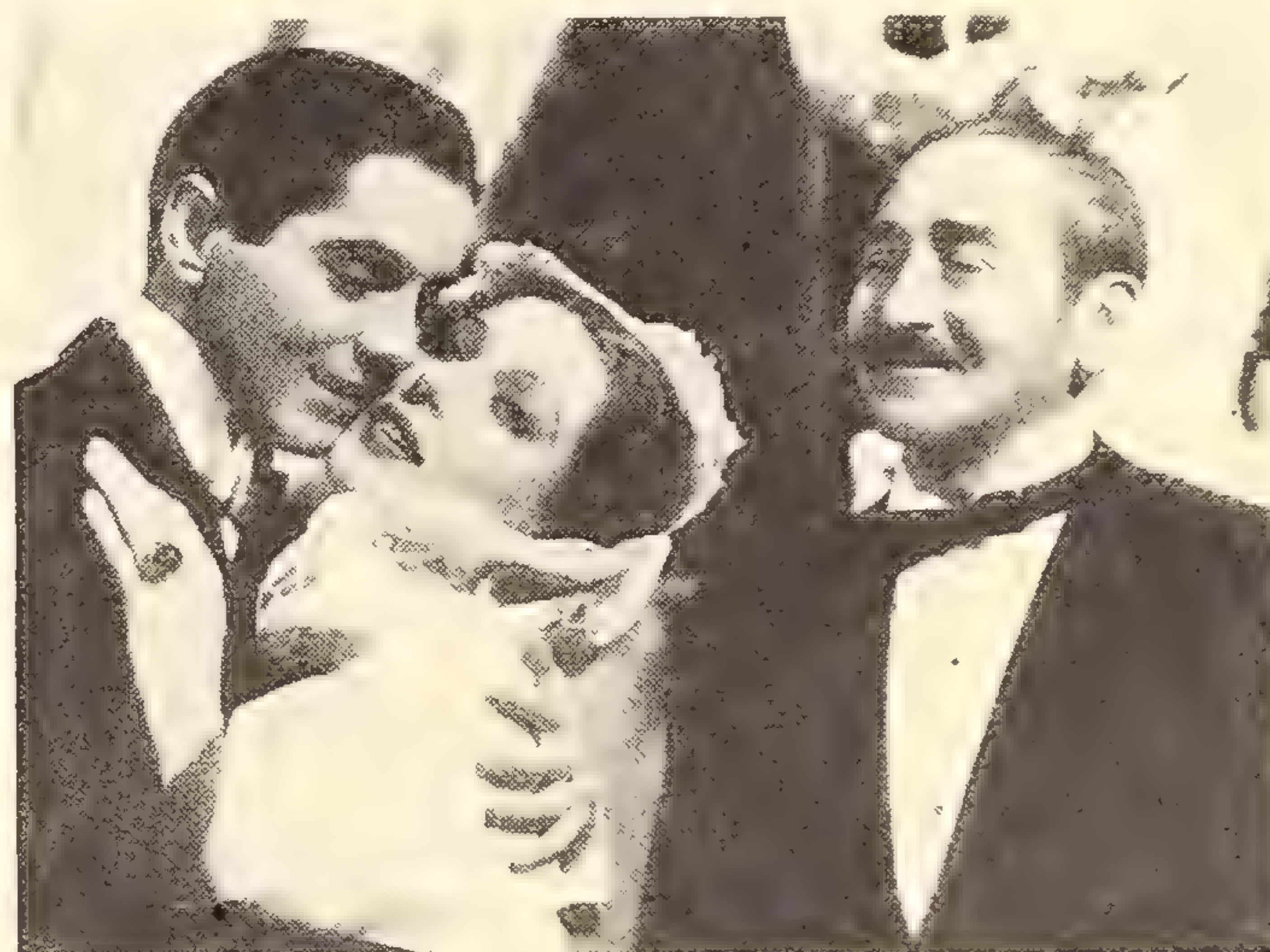
REFUTING two rockbound theories of picture-making—that Technicolor must only occur in costume dramas, and that stories about Hollywood are poison at the box-office, "A Star is Born" is the most distinguished production of the season—and for good measure smashes still another tradition: that no Hollywood star can ever really "come back." Here's splendid, satisfying entertainment, in natural colors which are really natural, and never cloying; here's a down-to-earth drama of Hollywood which comes closer to telling the truth about that fabulous city and its citizens than any other film has ever done; and here—cheers!—is an actual "come-back" to warm your heart, that of Janet Gaynor, who becomes for the second time a truly important star. "A Star is Born" is Janet's super-"Seventh Heaven," and she soars to new eminence as its heroine. Briefly, it's the story of the one girl in 100,000 who makes the grade in pictures; she falls in love with a fading star, magnificently played by Fredric March; she rises to the Hollywood heights while he descends; and the "final fadeout" gives you new faith in the integrity of the finer film-makers—it's a great ending to a grand picture. Direction, dialogue, cast, and the Technicolor—all are practically perfect.



THUNDER IN THE CITY—Columbia



PROVING the English can take it as well as dish it out, this satirical comedy records the experiences of an American go-getter in London, with Edward G. Robinson, in one of his more genial moods, in the leading rôle of the high-powered promoter. Somewhat in the same style as "The Ghost Goes West," this new film, also written by Robert Sherwood, has its amusing moments, thanks chiefly to the breezy performance of the star and the scintillating supporting cast, in which Nigel Bruce is particularly outstanding. In fact, I've never seen a more thoroughly enjoyable acting job than that contributed by the bluff and hearty Mr. Bruce as an English Duke who falls in with Robinson's wildest schemes because he is taken to the "fun-fair" and allowed to ride on the merry-go-round until dizzy. Constance Collier as his Duchess is also at her best; while a seductive newcomer, Luli Desti, plays their daughter in the Dietrich manner, with accent and all the trimmings. You may like Miss Deste; you may not; but at any rate she's a new face—and figure. Eddie Robinson's efforts to find his way around a historic castle provide the most fun in this movie. *Little Caesar's* ingratiating energy saves more than one scene, as well as the castle, from falling to pieces.



CAFÉ METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox



IF YOU liked "Love is News"—and if you didn't, I don't want to know you—don't fail to see "Café Metropole." We-e-ll, n-o-o-o, it isn't *quite* as good as that first co-starring film of Tyrone Power and Loretta Young; but it is still as good fun as you'll find on any screen right now, if you're still interested in love and such. And there's Adolphe Menjou, who practically guarantees the entertainment value of any picture lucky enough to have him in it. This time Adolphe plays *Cupid*—in the guise, of course, of a fascinatingly rascally café proprietor—to our young lovers, with Tyrone masquerading as a Russian princeling at Adolphe's command, and Loretta as the lovely American girl who sets her new Paris chapeau for him, but has to do considerable pursuing before Tyrone, and the plot, will permit her to catch up with him. Of course it is all frothy—a mere trifle, a light and airy bauble; but it's juggled with such charm and cleverness that nobody minds very much when the fun interferes with the plot. Young Mr. Power keeps up the pace he set himself for adroit comedy in "Love is News," even managing to hold his own in scenes with Menjou. And if Loretta isn't the prettiest girl in pictures, I wish you would kindly tell this department who is.

Hollywood Holiday

By Thyra Samter Winslow

The romance of a girl alone in Hollywood mirrors the incredible contrasts of life in the world of screen glamor

Please See Page 74 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

UNTIL the Hallett car arrived Marsha had the idea that maybe Old Man Hallett had had delusions of grandeur—maybe he wasn't Plummer Hallett's father at all. She powdered her nose a couple of times, looked out of the window a dozen times. Walked around her small room, wondering if she really had imagined the whole thing—or if the old man had imagined a part of it.

And then the car was there! A big, luxurious car, chauffeur driven. Marsha sank back into the soft seat of it. She was on her way! Going places! A little of the confidence she had had so long ago came back to her. Maybe she *was* going places, after all.

The Hallett home was elegant, in one of Hollywood's favorite forms of elegance—that is, a little too Spanish for Marsha's taste—she liked the interiors, on the sets, that were done in English style. But Hallett had spared no money in making his Spanish home the last word in Spanish homes. There were inset tiles galore and carved furniture gay with antique red velvet.

The Halletts were definitely pleasant people. Marsha never saw the side of them so many people dreaded, cold, a bit critical, a bit aloof. Plummer Hallett was tall, thin, grey-haired. Not at all the type of the average Hollywood producer. He rather fancied himself superior, talked with a pseudo-English accent and had a few mannerisms that seemed pretentious. Mrs. Hallett thought of herself as a "Society girl"—there are a lot of her in Hollywood. That is, she came from a family which had been nothing four generations before, rich a generation before and was now penniless but talked of past grandeur. At that, they were both pleasant and fairly literate. Plummer, himself, was entirely responsible for his own success, which had given him enormous self-possession and satisfaction.

Now, they both seemed exceedingly grateful to Marsha. The old man had given a rather garbled but prettily colored report of the affair and Marsha was a heroine. She had risked her life to save the life of an unknown old man. Wasn't it fortunate, Marsha told herself, that she had saved this particular old man's life? It still all seemed a little unbelievable.

It didn't get any more believable when they went in to dinner. The food was good. And real enough, certainly. The conversation didn't seem real at all.

For Marsha had told the old man a funny little story she had made up. And the old man had told it to his son. And it was exactly the story Hallett wanted for Betty Lawrence, his star.

"It's just the germ of an idea," he said. "But it's new. Novel. A good background. Now if you can work it up! Know anything about writing?"

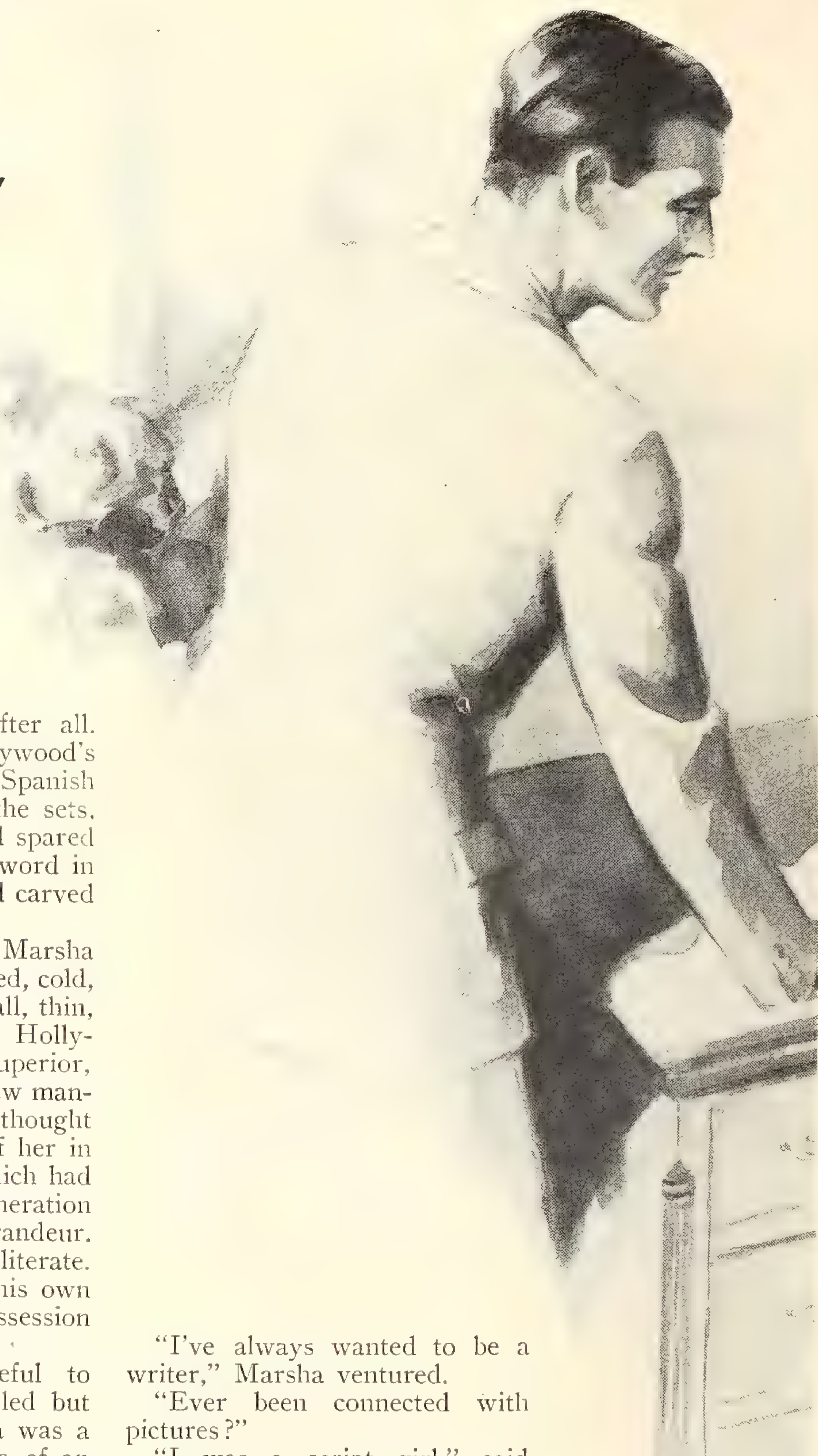
"I've always wanted to be a writer," Marsha ventured.

"Ever been connected with pictures?"

"I was a script girl," said Marsha, and told a little about that. All but the last chapter.

"That ought to have given you an idea of what it's all about," Hallett said. "What do you say to starting in on Monday with Greater Pictures? I can't give you much to start. What about a hundred and fifty a week for six weeks? Then, if you make good—"

Marsha's best salary per month hadn't been a great deal more than that. And lately— She gulped. Tried to say something. Words wouldn't come.



"I know that isn't a lot for a writer," Hallett went on. "But until you prove yourself it is the best I can do. Turn out one good original or one good adaptation and I can really talk terms with you. And you know I'll do all I can to help you. I'll put you with someone who really knows continuity—shots and things like that—until I find out what you can do."

Marsha had to smile at that—the way she had often smiled at the finished scripts of professional writers who were supposed to know shots—and put in shots that no director could possibly do anything with. That part of it didn't frighten her. It was the ideas, the story, itself,

that made her nervous. If she had only written something before—could feel a little sure of herself!

The rest of the evening was pleasant. More praise for Marsha's bravery in saving Old Man Hallett's life. A lot of gay, pleasant talk—the sort Marsha hadn't had in a long time. As she was driven home, the evening over, she tried to force herself into believing that this was all true—that lovely things were happening.

Until Monday she ate hot dogs and hamburgers at little stands—she had to make her money last until her first salary check came—and there was so pitifully little left. As if that mattered, now!

On Monday it began to look as if things really were happening. Hallett had not forgotten his conversation. Marsha was given a contract to sign—six weeks—three months if they wanted her to stay on—six months after that—and generous salary increases with each renewal.

If there were to be renewals, that is!

She had a small office, rather sketchily furnished, but sunny and comfortable enough. A perky little girl with big eyes and too much rouge was assigned to be her secretary. Marsha drew with a secretary!

She telephoned Eleanor Morton to tell her her good news. She'd been careful not to bother Eleanor for she knew how she was—friendly if things were smooth—but none too anxious to assume obligations if anyone needed anything. Before Marsha had a chance to tell anything to Eleanor, now,

Eleanor assumed one of her haughtier poses. So sorry she'd seen so little of Marsha—but Marsha *really* must forgive her. She was *too* busy to see *anything* excepting *just* the people she was thrown with every day. There had been so *many* cocktail parties and so *many* dinners and what could she do! She and Marsha *must* get together one day soon!

Then she hung up. That was that.

Marsha knew she ought to feel hurt at Eleanor. She couldn't feel hurt. She knew how Eleanor was—gay and friendly if you happened to be around and didn't want anything of her. Suspicious if she didn't see you all the time. A climber. Eager to get ahead. Oh, well!

She did wish there was someone she could go to with her good news. But she had cut herself off so completely from her old friends that there was no one. She had never written letters telling the real truth, so now her letters must necessarily be as vague as they had been before. Oh, well!

She worked hard. Very hard. She envied the nonchalance of the writers who came in late, spent two hours for lunch, another hour or two in friendly banter, who always had time for walks on the sets and who were able to leave early. But she noticed that even these writers spent many hours of very real labor at their typewriters or at dictation—and that the best of them carried their stories around with them even through their lunch hours and after they left the studio at night, milling over ideas, worrying about gags and big scenes.

It was fun, trying to be a writer. Sitting in a comfortable office and putting ideas on paper. It was fun, meeting other writers, going to lunch with them—after that first week of not knowing (*Please turn to page 74*)



"You're having dinner with me tonight," said Keith. "Why tonight?" Marsha asked, "the picture is finished." He looked at her a long time before answering: "I was conceited enough to believe that you thought something of me. I thought if you'd marry me"—his voice broke as he said it.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA
WARREN

Starving to Stardom

Gladys George tells of her lean years. A dramatically stark, but engagingly honest real-life story

By Martin Somers



Attractive, vividly youthful for her 32 years, Gladys George today shows no sign of her struggles. Above, with Spencer Tracy, and left, with Franchot Tone, in scenes from "They Gave Him a Gun."



picturegoers the country over surely must be asking. They may know she was a New York stage star in "Personal Appearance," but they have probably forgotten, if they ever remembered, that she once was in silent pictures. It is the purpose of these few lines to break the silence surrounding her.

Meanwhile you may be curious to catch a glimpse of the woman hidden in the actress. Having seen her in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie," in which she made a real personal hit, you'd never know her out of it. That is, in the flesh—or the lack of it. She is slender enough to hide behind her own screen image, just as she looks young enough to be her own daughter. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and gay as a lark, she likewise is prettier than a picture can, or does, make her.

Amazed when, light of step, she opened her Hollywood door to me, I could hardly believe my eyes.

"Thought you'd struck the wrong house, eh?" she laughed. "I don't wonder. But let me set you straight. As *Carrie* I did a Mae West. I'm a thirty-two, but I padded to a thirty-eight. I weigh a hundred and twelve, so I had to put on something. What I put on was a union suit. And what they put in it was plenty. It was all done in the interest of sex appeal. Anyway, that's how studio experts figured it. At solemn (*Please turn to page 98*)

SOMETIMES a star is made of hot air. She is blown up by publicity till she hangs in the heavens like a human balloon. Usually she comes down as fast as she went up. Then there's the kind who is propped up. She "has something," as the saying is, but she needs a lot more. Accordingly, a masculine celebrity with hefty box-office pull is rushed to her aid much like a coast guard from a life-saving station. Rarest of all is the self-sustaining star. She is, and always has been, on her own. No one has helped her climb to her place in the sky. But it has been a long, hard climb for Gladys George. How long?

"Ever since I was a pup," she told me.

Here is one of our outstanding new stars. But who is she? Where did she come from? What has she done? These are questions, no matter how unflattering, which



Camera-Wise Paul Kelly

He knows the tricks that make for good pictures, and tells how he gets results as well as fun out of his hobby

By Ruth Tildesley

Paul, in a new portrait at upper left, makes pictures of himself—with an auto-timer—as well of his wife, friends, and, of course, his polo ponies. Left, with his favorite mount, and, lower, with Mamacita and Muchacho. Below the Kelly pets; Mrs. Kelly and Ann Soihern; and making hay at his ranch.

ENTHUSIASM should be Paul Kelly's middle name. When he goes in for anything, it must be with all his heart.

When he plays polo, the sport is the only thing in the world to him; when he is at his new ranch, the problems of building and farming engross him; when he is taking pictures with any of his cameras, nothing else matters.

"Heaven save the camera fiend's wife!" laughed Mrs. Kelly. "Paul takes remarkable pictures, I think, but posing for him is no nice job. You stand in the sun until your tonsils freckle, waiting for him to be sure the light is just right, the background contrasty, the composition perfect, and the shadows where they belong. When you are practically fainting, a cloud comes along and he can't take the picture!"

She shook her auburn head in mock despair.

"When my daughter Mimi was born, Tiny Maxwell, a sports writer for a Philadelphia paper, gave me a graflex camera to take her picture. Like all proud parents, I wanted a record of my baby, so I was glad to get it. The first ones were awful—focus wrong, light bad, and so on—but I kept at it and finally got fairly decent stuff. I wasn't a real camera fiend, like Paul. I simply shot a picture of her when she looked cute. That would never satisfy Paul!"

Paul was a child actor, working alternately on stage and screen, when he got his first camera, a Brownie. At the studio, he always had his head under the camera cloth belonging to the still man, or his eyes squinted into the finder of the movie camera, so without realizing it he picked up the technique.

"I snapped records of stage tours, or off-screen studio shots," he related, "and I remembered that five years ago when Mrs. Kelly and I took a trip to South America. On the ship, which happened to be a German one, they had little shops on one deck and in one I noticed a German camera, a Rolloflex, the kind that's so expensive over here. It was on sale for \$53, because you paid no duty, and I bought it.

"The very first picture I took, in the harbor at Havana, was amazing. Since then, wherever we have gone, I've taken a camera. I use motion picture film in my Rolloflex and get 36 shots on a roll instead (Please turn to page 92)



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Sally Eilers

One of Hollywood's prettiest and most popular girls gives a gay salute to the smart Summer season in clothes and accessories as appropriate as they are chic

Glamor School photographs of Sally Eilers by Ray Jones.



Above, Sally wears a natural linen sports dress which zips up the side, has a low square neckline, and flared skirt. Matching the brown red belt is a brief handknit sweater with short sleeves and bolero length. Brown beret, sports bracelet add to the saucy effect. Right, Sally goes nicely nautical in the dependable blue denims girls dote on: shorts topped by mess jacket fastened with large gold anchor buttons, over a red and blue printed cotton blouse. Sally's blue and white linen sandals match her cap. Far right, spectator sports outfit with true chic—the dress fashioned of rough homespun linen in a smart shade of rust, with large patch pockets outlined in saddle-stitching; waist-length jacket of white linen, and toyo hat. Sally's handbag and sandals are of rust patent leather.



For gala afternoons, Sally Eilers wears, at right, a black French crepe frock scattered with bunches of blue and yellow tulips, and black cartwheel sailor of shiny straw. Below, clever shirring makes Sally's beige frock notable, and black accessories—hat, handbag, gloves, shoes—supply the accent.



Over a sheath of black crepe girdled by a Spanish red jersey sash, Sally, at right, wears a pert bolero jacket stitched in an interesting design of beauvais embroidery in white. Her pouch bag has a long loop handle of carved shell. Below, Sally's pet Summer dinner gown, its effectiveness created by gay Roman stripes.





One of the smartest girls in Hollywood, Gail Patrick has a very definite style sense all her own. On this page she models for us the favorite costumes of her Summer wardrobe. Far left, her white kid-skin swagger coat tops her pet print. Her hat of white toyogrosgrain to match the background of the print. Left, Gail's most striking Summer evening gown, an orchid print with extreme decolletage in back, and a scarf draped across neckline in front and falling gracefully off shoulders.

William Walling

Gail Patrick's Style Parade



Above, Gail's printed frock of red and white with grey top-coat lined in matching crepe. Left, linen tweed sports dress brightened by bright red patent leather belt and red cartwheel. Far left, Gail's short jacket of glistening skunk and her severe black straw turban are so smart!



cheap ones aren't worth having. I'll stick to this."

Then I noticed the shelf in front of his mirror. It boasted one extremely moth eaten powder puff and a very tired comb with a tooth missing. These, I gathered, constitute the sum of Bill's equipment for making himself handsome for the pictures. And this is the chap who spent \$250,000 on a house, equipped with all sorts of fantastic gadgets for his convenience and amusement: the man who, it is generally conceded, owns one of the most impressive and expensive wardrobes in the world. Well, you just never know.

And now consider another equally curious case. That of Merle Oberon who frankly confesses that she hates to spend money on—of all things!—dresses. She frisks about in simple, six-ninety-five numbers, looking, one must admit, very chic indeed. The funny part is that with these she is as likely as not to be wearing priceless jewels, and she frequently envelops the entire ensemble in the costliest of fur coats.

Of course, Lupe Velez has been famous in Hollywood, for years, for displaying a fortune in jewels with a \$1.95 sweater. But there is a story about Lupe which I like better. It seems that a friend of Lupe had been lecturing her about saving her money, about the value of economy. The friend, therefore, was gratified one day when she received a telephone call from Lupe, begging her to come and help her shop for bath mats. "They are wanting to charge me too much!" Lupe complained.

The friend deserted her busy office and dashed, hopefully, to Lupe's rescue. "They weesh me to pay \$5.95 for that!" Lupe exploded. "I theenk eet is worth \$4.95. No more!" The kind friend intervened, a compromise of some sort was effected, and the pair set off for lunch. On the way out of the store, Lupe spied a blue and yellow Chinese rug. "How much for thees?" she asked the salesman. "Eleven hundred dollars," was the bland reply.

"You send heem to my house this afternoon," Lupe directed, while the kind friend tore her hair.

"Why not?" asked Lupe, innocently, as they set forth for lunch. "I saved money on the bath mats, didn't I?"

Maybe it's right to save pennies on bath mats and tea towels and to spend your dollars on rugs with lovely, satisfying colors! Maybe Lupe has the right idea.

The economies of the men seem to be more mundane, although they are sometimes (*Please turn to page 89*)



Ginger Rogers' idea of relaxation is to do a bit of plain or fancy sewing. See our story to discover what Ginger does with her last year's clothes. Merle Oberon, left, lounges and looks over scripts in sweater and slacks; she's so economical—about some things! Pat O'Brien, above, is just an old hat-hoarder. Pat hates to invest in new felts, and he never does, until Mrs. O'Brien insists.

Here's Hollywood in News and Pictures

By
Weston East

The Joel Pressmans step out often, but seldom are photographed together—Claudette Colbert's doctor husband usually objects when cameramen try to snap them. Here they are at the theatre.

International



LUISE RAINER may be having difficulty with her English, but there's nothing at all wrong with her sense of humor. As evidenced by her new nickname for Bill Powell. She calls Bill "Flash" on account of he's never been known to hurry and simply drives her crazy on the set by taking his time about everything.

WHO says movie stars are always so extravagant? Claudette Colbert, believe it or not, has been driving the same car for the past seven years and has only just now traded the old one in on a new model.

BOB TAYLOR has acquired a new fan. And it's none other than Brian Donlevy. It all started the very first day on the set of "This Is My Affair," in which the two boys are working together. Shortly after Bob and Brian had been introduced, Bob was confronted with a rather difficult scene. Strolling over to Brian, Bob asked: "How would you handle that situation, Brian? After all, you've had a lot more experience than I have. I'm simply stumped!" And Brian figured that any guy

who was regular enough to admit he had something to learn, in spite of the fact he's the country's favorite star, must be pretty regular! Whether Bob knows it or not, he's surely made a loyal friend for himself.

MARLENE DIETRICH is getting a bit bored explaining about all those medals which decorate her car since she returned from her trip abroad. Truth is, they represent her membership in the various European automobile clubs she acquired while touring.

THE rumor is going around that the Bill Powell-Jean Harlow romance is definitely cooling. Needless to say, neither Jean nor Bill will say anything on the subject—but then they never have!

FRANCIS LEDERER lost so much weight on his recent personal appearance tour around the country, the first thing he did upon his arrival on the Coast was to engage a room at the large ranch on the Mojave desert, where he stayed when filming "My American Wife," so's he could fatten up a bit. And it did the trick, too. He has gained about ten pounds.

DURING the preparation for the last three pictures he's appeared in, Clark Gable has been sitting in on all story conferences. Studio executives feel he is a real help in working out details for baffling situations and more than welcome his presence. In fact, Anita Loos, who has been working on "Saratoga," insists Clark has one of the best story minds in Hollywood.

ONE of the workers on the studio lot dropped over on the "Zola" set the other day to watch the progress of the picture. Paul Muni, as is his custom, was seated in one of the stage chairs—silent—unseeing—living his rôle of Emile Zola. As the onlooker stood there, he told me, Zola—not Paul Muni—slowly rose and moved his chair to another position, moving exactly as the character would do. Just then, Muni observed him, and smiled—a far-away smile. "How did you ever achieve such a perfect make-up?" the man asked. Muni smiled again. "I had nothing to do with it, my boy," he replied. "It was all done by the make-up department. I am simply the guinea pig!"



The gala Warner studio party brought many screen luminaries together. Here we find Olivia de Havilland, Beverly Roberts, and Director William Keighley enjoying the food and festivity.



Joan Blondell and Dick Powell proved a merry as well as graceful couple as they danced to the snappy rhythms of a swing band that enlivened the brilliant gathering of screen celebrities.

Beauty news from Hollywood hints at a revival of the vogue of beauty patches for make-up contrast

By
Elin Neil



Fair Faces for Summer



Jean Harlow's lips wear a fashionable lustre, following their natural outline. Her powder goes on only where she needs it.

BEAUTY patches are coming back in style again, so it's rumored! Personally, we're willing to wager our bottom dollar that this Summer will see plenty of those little black dabs of court plaster worn to bring out the beauty of coloring in complexions.

Our strongest reason for believing in the immediate future of beauty patches is the little black spot intriguingly placed on Jean Harlow's chin, forming such a charming contrast to her fair skin, grey-blue eyes, and famous blonde hair. Jean's power to start a beauty fashion rolling into popularity certainly has been proved in the past!

Besides, the time is right for a revival in beauty patches. The new vogue for light-toned, English-type complexions is rapidly replacing the sun-tan rage. If you've carefully protected your face from sunburn to keep it fashionably fair, you'll feel like proclaiming your victory to the world. And there's nothing like a contrasting black spot to focus admiring attention on a peaches-and-cream skin!

Fashions in clothes, hairdress, and make-up are ultra-feminine. And so are beauty patches. Actually, there's nothing new about their glamor. That goes back to their

first appearance during the gayest days of the French aristocracy when chivalry was at its height.

Court plaster got its name because it was used originally by titled ladies at court functions. Outwardly, that little black patch brought out the beauty of Milady's fair skin and powdered hair. But it had another purpose. It served as a signal to her lover when the formality of the occasion and the fine points of court intrigue kept her from speaking to him privately.

For instance, a beauty spot on the right temple might send the message "You may meet me after the ball tonight." Or if it appeared on the lady's left cheek, her knight could be cheered by the news that a pre-arranged rendezvous in the garden would be kept. A beauty patch on the chin might signal the warning "Do not appear too attentive—we are being watched."

As a means of communication, beauty patches have been superseded by the telephone and telegraph. But a tinge of romance still clings about them, and their power to accentuate the beauty of one's coloring is as great as it ever was. We're all for their revival in the interests of beauty and even as a signal system if the occasion or mood calls for something more subtle than a phone call.

The fashion for femininity and soft make-up that's swept down upon us demands an extra amount of skin care. A light-toned complexion simply must begin with a clear, smooth skin.

Just because it's easier to have a nice complexion in Summer, when you're getting outdoor exercise and being relieved of the drying effects of artificial heat, is no excuse for taking a vacation from beauty care. In fact, you should take advantage of the season and get your complexion in tip-top shape when it's easiest to do.

Your appetite is less on hot days and you don't need the heavy food that's so likely to be reflected in an excessively oily or blotchy skin. Fresh fruit and salads, especially those made of raw vegetables, are grand for complexion beauty. The extra water you feel like drinking to keep you cool will help make your skin clear and fresh. Substitute a glass of cold milk for the extra cup of coffee you took to warm you up on cold days. Too much coffee makes skin sallow, while milk is a very definite beauty aid.

Incidentally, something very new on the beauty horizon is an all-purpose cream made of oils extracted from fresh milk. It was first made by a dairy company and

delivered with the morning milk. The demand for it became so great that it's now sold in stores all over the country.

Faces need soap-and-water washing in hot weather more than any other time. Perspiration brings to the surface impurities from within and attracts dirt from without. So see to it that your face gets a thorough washing at least once a day.

If your skin is dry (and exposure to the sun does have a drying effect), follow the soap-and-water washing with a film of lubricating cream. You don't have to leave it on all night, which we'll admit isn't so comfortable when the thermometer is hovering around the 90's. Ten or fifteen minutes is as long as you need to leave any lubricating cream on your face, as the skin will absorb all the oil it's capable of using in that length of time.

Protect your complexion with an anti-sunburn cream before you go out in an off-the-face hat or frivol bare-headed on the beach. You can get a type of anti-sunburn cream that makes a flattering make-up base at the same time it protects your skin from the sun's burning rays. It's non-greasy and just a thin film does the protective job.

If you want to "go tan" in a becoming and painless manner, take it gradually. Use

a sun-tan oil to give you an even tan without the preliminaries of soreness, redness, and peeling.

Summer make-up should be much lighter and more sparingly applied than when your face spent most of its time under cloudy skies or artificial lights. The one exception is when you're matching a coat of tan. Then your make-up should be deepened accordingly.

Bright sunshine and outdoor exercise lend color to your face, so apply your rouge with a very light touch. Use as little powder as possible to avoid the "streaky" look moisture gives to an over-powdered face. It's an excellent Summer habit to carry a little bottle of liquid cleanser with you so you can give your face a quick clean-up before you apply new make-up.

And here's a very important beauty "don't." Don't be guilty of using a dirty powder puff, whether you have a clear, fresh complexion you want to keep or a poor one you're trying to improve. It's so easy and inexpensive to keep a clean supply of puffs on hand. You can get them at the five-and-ten cent store, and don't forget those little puffs in your vanity case. You'll find them in whatever size and shape you need to fit your vanity.

Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 27

Miriam's cordiality, so radiant that even icebergs can't take it, he finds himself on the floor with a glass of champagne in his hand discussing delightfully abstract things with Gloria Swanson and Miriam's hairdresser. Of course these dropper-inners from out of the night may be down to their last sou, and usually are, but they are never dull. Dullness is the one thing Miriam cannot tolerate. "They are so interesting," Miriam says of her lame ducks, "one evening there were six different nationalities. A pianist from Vienna, a young painter from France, and a Red from Russia—I don't know how he got in but there he was, and when we were burning the brandy on the plum pudding he suddenly shouted, 'What is dis ting you call Tanksgiving?' Oh, I explained it to him beautifully, the Puritan Fathers would have been so proud of me, and when

I finished he took a second helping of plum pudding and said he thought it was a good idea. He became the life of the party and sang Russian folk songs until the neighbors objected."

Whatever you may say about Miriam, and I have said plenty when she has gone vague on me, and me right smack on a deadline (Miriam has absolutely no appreciation of publicity), she certainly does more than her share towards bringing gaiety into the lives of the poor bewildered writers, musicians and artists stranded in Hollywood.

The night I was invited to eat the pig that was just about to walk out of the icebox was the first time I had been to Miriam's new home, which is high up on a hill-top that looks down on Beverly Hills and has a magnificent view of the city and the valley and the ocean, miles

away. It was formerly the John Gilbert home where once Ina Claire and Virginia Bruce were mistresses of the manor, and before then—when Greta Garbo basked in the sunshine when she and John were carrying on one of Hollywood's most turbulent romances. Miriam bought the house a few months ago, much to the surprise of her friends who never thought she would "settle down" in Hollywood, Miriam who adores New York and foreign capitals; and with Harold Grieve as the decorator she has been transforming it into a vision of delightful simplicity. Gone are the fancy tiles, the beamed ceiling, and all the Moorish grill work which were the pride and joy of Californians before the Eastern Invasion of five years ago. The idea is not to be Spanish now, just simple. In Miriam's dressing-room at the studio are two vases, 18th Century Chinese, which she prizes very highly. They have a white base and rich, dark blue flower designs. The color scheme of her living-room and dining-room was inspired by these vases. The walls and ceiling are now painted this same soft blue. The draperies are of especially woven hand-blocked linen with a tobacco-brown line drawing on a white base. And I have found in my batting about that there is nothing so lovely as that Chinese blue and nothing so soul-satisfying as linen drapes—I must have linen drapes at once.

The rugs in the living-room and dining-room, as are all the rugs in the house for that matter, are of specially woven thick white material. The entrance hall is of tobacco-brown with the same kind of linen drapes, and here and there are touches of blue in the decorations. The kitchen and breakfast-room are especially attractive, being French Provincial. All the decorations, dishes, furniture, pots and pans are as nearly like the genuine French as possible. Miriam had her bedroom and dining-room furniture shipped out from her Sutton Place home in New York—the former mahogany and the latter walnut. The draperies in her bedroom are hand-woven linen with natural linen color base with a plaid design of chartreuse and deep blue. There are books everywhere—



James Cagney, now all set to make his next picture, calls at the studio to visit his friend Stuart Erwin, and Glenn Tryon, who directed *Stu* in his latest film.

Miriam is, with the possible exception of Sylvia Sidney and Madge Evans, the most avid collector of books, both old and new, in Hollywood. Name it, and Miriam has read it. On a rear terrace is a swimming pool around which are placed lounging chairs and tea tables, and nearby a tennis court. There is also a wine cellar, and if you think you can ever trip Miriam up on the vintage of a wine you have another think coming to you. Don't ever bet with her, it's fatal. At Miriam's you are served the proper wine at the proper time and in the proper glass. And next to a bore Miriam loathes a person who takes gin to the table. Miriam loves food and wine and beautiful service. Her Anna, a Czecho-Slovakian, she will tell you, cooks divinely in four different languages. *Wiener schnitzel, leberbraten, schabziger, mandeltorte, les pommes aux marrons, crepes suzette*, what dreams, what dreams!

Miriam's dinner party that evening was more or less typical of Miriam's usual small and informal buffet dinner parties. Everyone had been invited at the last minute, and there were many more men than women as Miriam likes it that way. Miriam talked a mile a minute, she may be from Georgia but she does all right with tempo, and radiated such gaiety and charm that if anyone happened to bring a mood with him it vanished—*poof*. "I want to see your new picture," someone said, though all "shop talk" is frowned on at Miriam's. "Well, you certainly won't have any trouble," our hostess replied, "I hear that there are always plenty of seats in the theatre when a Hopkins picture plays it. Do you think I'm slipping? Should I begin to worry? Oh, please have one of these delicious *hors-d'oeuvre*. Anna will be so hurt if you don't." That girl absolutely refuses to take her career "big," as is the custom on these sun-kissed shores. As a matter of fact I have often suspected that Miriam, though a superb actress, doesn't wish to take her career at all, for every time she gets two dollars ahead she sweetly says, "Now I must let my soul catch up with my bank account," and runs off to Europe to have herself a lot of fun.

Bridge tables are never dragged out after dinner at La Hop's (the boys at the studio nicknamed her that) for which I am truly thankful. Nor does Miriam get up and suddenly announce, "Everybody get pencil and paper, we're going to play games." No, Miriam doesn't believe in forcing things down her guest's throat. She thinks everyone should be allowed to do what she or he wants to do, and the hostess should be a help, not a hindrance. That night she had a roaming guitar player and a fortune teller. The guitar player was given stiff competition by Ernst Lubitsch who settled himself at the piano and played Viennese waltzes for hours. Mady Christians danced a few of them and then decided it would be more fun to discuss modern art with Charles Boyer. Rouben Mamoulian prowled around in search of victims upon whom to display his hypnotic prowess that usually doesn't come off. Sulka Viertel, Ethel Borden, and the Basil Rathbones discussed plays. One of the Gershwins un-seated Lubitsch at the piano and played the new Gershwin music from "Shall We Dance." Billy (Austin) Parker and Charles Brackett exchanged compliments on their new scripts. Billy is Miriam's ex-husband, though I don't know why she took the trouble to divorce him as he is constantly with her. Jean Negulesco and Pat Paterson decided that a set or so of night tennis was exactly what they needed. Miriam was ecstatically happy—she was gay, witty, and abstract.

When more informal parties are given, Miriam will give them.



Make your beauty a gift of Corday's Voyage à Paris perfume.

A DASH of devilishness along with romantic sweetness makes Corday's "Voyage à Paris" an ideal perfume for Summer's big moments. It's as alluring and feminine as any girl could wish. Yet it's spiced with an adventurous tang that suggests the thrill of a real trip to Paris and the anticipation of grand and glorious experiences one expects to find in that gay city. The flask is a perfect beauty—an ultra-modern affair of crystal clear glass, worked into levels that remind one of the decks of a ship. You'll find Corday's "Voyage à Paris" at all the better department and drug stores.

A REVEALING spotlight brings arms and legs out in the open now that Summer's here. And that presents a problem to most of us—how to keep arms, legs, and underarms satiny smooth and free from disfiguring hair. A perfect answer is Neet. It's a tried and true cream hair remover that's kind to the skin besides being thoroughly effective. Neet does much more than remove the hair at the skin level. It destroys hair well below the surface so it stays out of sight longer. And it doesn't encourage bristly regrowth because that remaining particle of hair under the skin is smoothly rounded off, not sharp-edged. So when it finally does come to the surface, it lies flat instead of standing up like a man's beard. You can get a small tube of Neet at a five-and-ten cent store or the full size at your favorite drug or department store.

A SHORT-CUT to beauty that gets you there is called "Ambrōsia." And if its name makes you think of nectar of the gods—that's just the way Ambrōsia Cleanser makes your skin feel! It's a fragrant, smooth, wonderfully refreshing liquid that does a grand job of deep pore cleansing in

Femi-nifties

Beauty's Place in the Sun!



For a clear, fresh skin, use Cuticura Soap every day.



Be proud of your legs, kept immaculately hair-free with Neet.



New Glazo cream polishes tip your fingers off with beauty!

a jiffy. You simply moisten a piece of cotton with Ambrōsia, rub it gently over your face and neck—and *voilà!* Your skin feels and is as fresh as a daisy. Your pores are clean and free to breathe during the night. Or they're ready and eager to receive your favorite lubricating cream, provided your skin's the dry type that needs oil replenishment. (Ambrōsia also has a Dry-Skin Cream for this purpose.) A purse flask of Hinze-Ambrōsia is ideal when you need a quick facial clean-up between work and a dinner date or when you're travelling light. It will make your rouge go on evenly and your powder stay where you put it.

BEAUTY-WISE girls who've acquired the daily habit of washing their faces with Cuticura Soap are seldom embarrassed by blemishes! The very first rule for complexion beauty is cleanliness. And Cuticura Soap gets right down into those pores and cleans out the waste before it has a chance to cause blackheads, pimples or disfiguring blotches! It's made of the purest ingredients, pleasantly perfumed with natural flower odors and delicately medicated. Cuticura Soap lathers abundantly, and it's so refreshing you'll find it a sheer delight to use in your bath as well as on your face. If you already have irritations, roughness or redness to mar the beauty of your skin, you'll welcome Cuticura Ointment, a fragrant, creamy emollient, for the quick relief it helps to bring.

GLAZO'S gift to Summer beauty is four perfectly grand new shades of liquid nail polish that will put your fingertips in tune with the season's

smartest costumes. They are all cream polishes that give your fingernails the smooth, rich glow that's so fashionable right now. "Thistle" is a misty pink with brown undertones and harmonizes with pink, green, brown, beige and gray. "Rust" is on the brownish side, too, a subtle rusty-red that plays no favorites in flattering fair or sun-tanned skin. "Dahlia" is a dusky blue-red that's ever so smart with navy blue, black, wine or pastel shades. The real aristocrat is Glazo's "Imperial," a rich new red with its depth of color misted over in the modern manner. The popular Glazo polishes, Natural, Shell and Flame, are now available in cream form, too.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Montgomery

Continued from page 22

"It would be silly to say I will not play another light comedy rôle. But I'll not play a sap again if I can help it! As for this part, I believe they'll take it if it's properly done. That's entirely up to me. I'm not worried about anything else. I feel that the change, radical as it may be, is a healthy one. I certainly needed a change, and I'm sure this feeling is not confined to myself, but heartily shared by audiences."

What you can't share is the feeling that Mr. Montgomery is giving himself, undeservedly, a parting kick from the rôles he has played so capitably. You wonder how long, oh, Bob, how long?

"I've been doing them for five years, ever since 'The Big House,'" he hates to say. "It has been the same old thing, over and over again, just 'the usual Robert Montgomery part,' till I feel people are sick and tired of seeing me in it. That's why I fought so hard and long to get this part. Anything for a change."

Watching him in a scene, you have noticed still another change in Mr. Montgomery—an Irish accent.

"I came by that honestly," you are surprised to hear. "My people came from Ireland, near Belfast, so I'm an Irish-American."

When you remark that this explains his lively sense of humor, he grins: "No doubt about that. But there's another explanation for my speaking like an Irishman now. On the stage this part I'm doing was played with a Welsh accent, probably the most difficult of all. Anyway, I was sure I couldn't manage it, so I switched to Irish. After all, it makes no difference with this hotel bellhop who becomes a murderer. What's inside him is the only thing that matters. I'm always curious to know what makes people tick. Once you find that out you've learned something important. It helps you to understand them, to see through the outside, the 'front' they put up. And it's the little things that tell the inside story. No matter how much a person may try to hide his emotions, a slight expression, a single unguarded motion, will give him away. I always have my eye out for seemingly trivial things. Let me catch something that a person doesn't think I see and I'm dead on to him. I once watched a national golf champion during a game. He was supposed to be wholly without nerves, a man of iron, just a great irresistible driving machine. But, watching him, I saw his hands working nervously. To the crowd generally, with its eyes on his face, he was afraid of nothing. But from those tell-tale hands of his I could see he was scared stiff. And have you ever noticed a pianist who hasn't played for some time walk into a room where there's a piano? Do this sometime, and after awhile you'll see his fingers begin to twitch. He wants to get 'em on that piano. It's the same with this lad I'm playing. He wants to get his hands on people's throats."

Curiously, your collar tightens and you find yourself easing it. Then, both ears open: "Some little touch, a mere glance or nervous gesture, may be far more revealing than words. A thing of that kind happened on a trip to Honolulu. Two stowaways were discovered and hauled out of the hold. To have them taken off we hove to for a ship coming this way. As those poor devils waited on a lower deck in the night they seemed utterly indifferent to everything and everybody. A number of us who'd been dancing now stood staring down at them. They looked up at white

shirt-fronts and jewels, but gave no sign they saw anything. I wondered how they felt as the lights of the approaching ship drew nearer. Then one of them glanced up again and just straightened his tie. It was a terrific gesture that broke your bloody heart."

Sympathetic, this man Montgomery. Could his sympathy possibly extend to the youth whose diabolic crimes he now was committing?

"I think he is to be sympathized with, if only for the reason that he asks for no sympathy. Considered professionally, he is a type to appeal to any actor because he acts for the benefit of himself. First and last, he is an exhibitionist. His world is a



Clark Gable and "Mr." Montgomery chatting in Bob's dressing-room.

stage and he the only player on it. He is instinctive rather than mental. He can be explained only by the fact that he is blessed, or cursed, with a too active imagination that has no intellectual limits at all. He doesn't know where to stop, so he stops at nothing, even murder."

When you go Mr. Montgomery one better by mentioning double murder, he is active with the argument: "I don't think two killings make you any dirtier a murderer than one. It's the penalty this boy must pay that counts. This is made perfectly clear. What happens has none of the elements of mystery. It's just a matter of suspense—how soon they'll get him. Meanwhile you study *him*, not his crimes. If you can show—and that's what I'm trying to do—what makes him tick you can also show when the mainspring will snap. It's just a question of time. The rest is melodrama. And why not? The world is full of it, always has been. I suppose melodrama really began when the serpent entered the Garden of Eden and that it assumed a violent form when Cain killed Abel. No wonder, then, that actors should want to take a crack at it. Look at Charles Laughton—he's doing very well for himself in it. Of course, Laughton probably could play a sweet, gentle butterfly-catcher equally well, but he wouldn't get half the kick out of it. And don't forget Henry Irving—who could? He loved melodrama, particularly 'The Bells,' in which he murdered a man. It is significant that Irving

made his first American appearance in that play and that it was the last thing he did in England just a night or two before he died at Bradford. Now if a great actor like Irving could make so much of murder why shouldn't a humble 'ham' like myself try it?"

No reason at all, of course. And when you are taken out to watch another scene of "Night Must Fall" it seems quite jolly, so it does. For there in her wheel-chair is that rare old English actress of 72, Dame May Whitty, chatting gaily to you of the day she first came to this country with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, while Mr. Montgomery waits to get a strangle-hold on her, and the thoroughbred Rosalind Russell, who barely misses being Public Victim No. 3, filling in her spare time with a clever bit of impromptu tap dancing.

"Lovely persons," admiringly remarks Mr. Montgomery, back to his pipe and dressing-room, for all the world as though his charming associates made murder a pleasure. "They'll soon be hysterical, poor dears, but that's to be expected. It's only natural that people should be unsuspecting till the unexpected happens. Then it hits them like a thunderclap. The shock's the thing that makes drama. But the leading up to it is what makes it interesting in this case. That's the skill of it all. There's nothing sinister about the boy. He simply matches his wits against others who are no match for him. It's all in the bean. Here you have the difference between the new and the old form of melodrama. Mere physical violence has had its day. That day ended when audiences no longer cared whether the train ran over the girl or the girl ran over the train."

Letting his pipe suit the action to the words, Mr. Montgomery puffs like a locomotive. Presently, through the smoke, he observes: "Both the stage and the screen have changed, so perhaps it's high time I did! I should have liked to play this seemingly innocent killer on the stage. Yes, I've a longing to go back to it. It's the love of the theatre that makes a person go on the stage, but it's the love of money that makes him go into pictures. This is particularly true of young people. When they love the theatre they don't ask how much they're going to be paid. They want to know what sort of part they're to be given. But the moment anyone has an offer to come to Hollywood the first question is, 'What salary do I get?' I'm no different from others. At the same time I'm not content to go on playing the same kind of part simply for the sake of money. And I can thank the stage for the part I'm now playing. If I hadn't happened to see the play in London I'd still be playing 'the usual Robert Montgomery part.' Not that I'd kept at it everlastingly. I still want to go back to the theater, if only to do a play between pictures now and then."

"I very definitely want to play *Cyrano*, and I want to play it on the stage. It's only there that it's possible to give a complete performance. In pictures it simply can't be done. But I'm hoping as I've never hoped since coming to Hollywood to do something worth-while with this part, something to justify the decided change I've made. My hopes are based on the fact that it gives me something to think about, instead of amiably doing the sort of thing that demands no thought whatever. What audiences will think of it, of course, I've no means of knowing. But it is reasonable to suppose their minds will be filled with the terrible menace of murder. Same here. For a long time I've thought of nothing else."

"Has anyone tried to murder you?" is your anxious inquiry.

"No," he laughs, "but after this picture they probably will."

Hang him, more likely—hang him with new laurels.

A Real Day with Tyrone Power

Continued from page 29

that he is honestly thrilled with every evidence that he is "registering."

He and I went on out to the porch that overlooks a small, enclosed back lawn. Breakfast, and Tyrone eats heartily in the hope that he'll gain weight, was served by his excellent cook.

"Well, it's this way," he said when I complimented the food. "I didn't always eat regularly when I was trying to get a break in pictures. And I enjoy eating regularly—and well!"

His pride made him persist in tackling Hollywood without financial aid from his mother. She was teaching dramatics in Cleveland and he came West when his father, particularly noted for a Shakespearean repertoire, was signed for a film lead. Before the picture got into production his father died—in Tyrone's arms.

"I'm going to move once more," Tyrone admitted. "We've been here almost a year, which is a record. But I'm looking in Beverly for a larger house. Here the garage is under mother's bedroom and I waken her when I come in late and go out early. Anyway, living in Beverly will be more like living, won't it?"

Being with Tyrone, I was beginning to sense, is living as you've always meant to live. Dreams are materializing fantastically for him and shortly you, too, are gulping with excitement. Other stars have to recapture big moments; he's having all of his right now.

"In one year I was in and out of ten different apartments," he was confessing next. "After my father's death I stayed on in Hollywood. After a while I hung on. I got a stock contract at Universal which paid just enough for board and room. Richard Cromwell used to stop by and give me a ride to the studio. But I quit that embryo drama school because it wasn't leading to screen rôles for anyone in it. Father had left me a little money and gradually I was down to one room and not too much food as I tried for parts in pictures. I couldn't even get extra work!"

Fortunately the stage, after a two-year assault, was kinder.

"Now that mother's with me after our having been apart for five years I want her to have the best."

But having the best revived the memory of Uncle Frank.

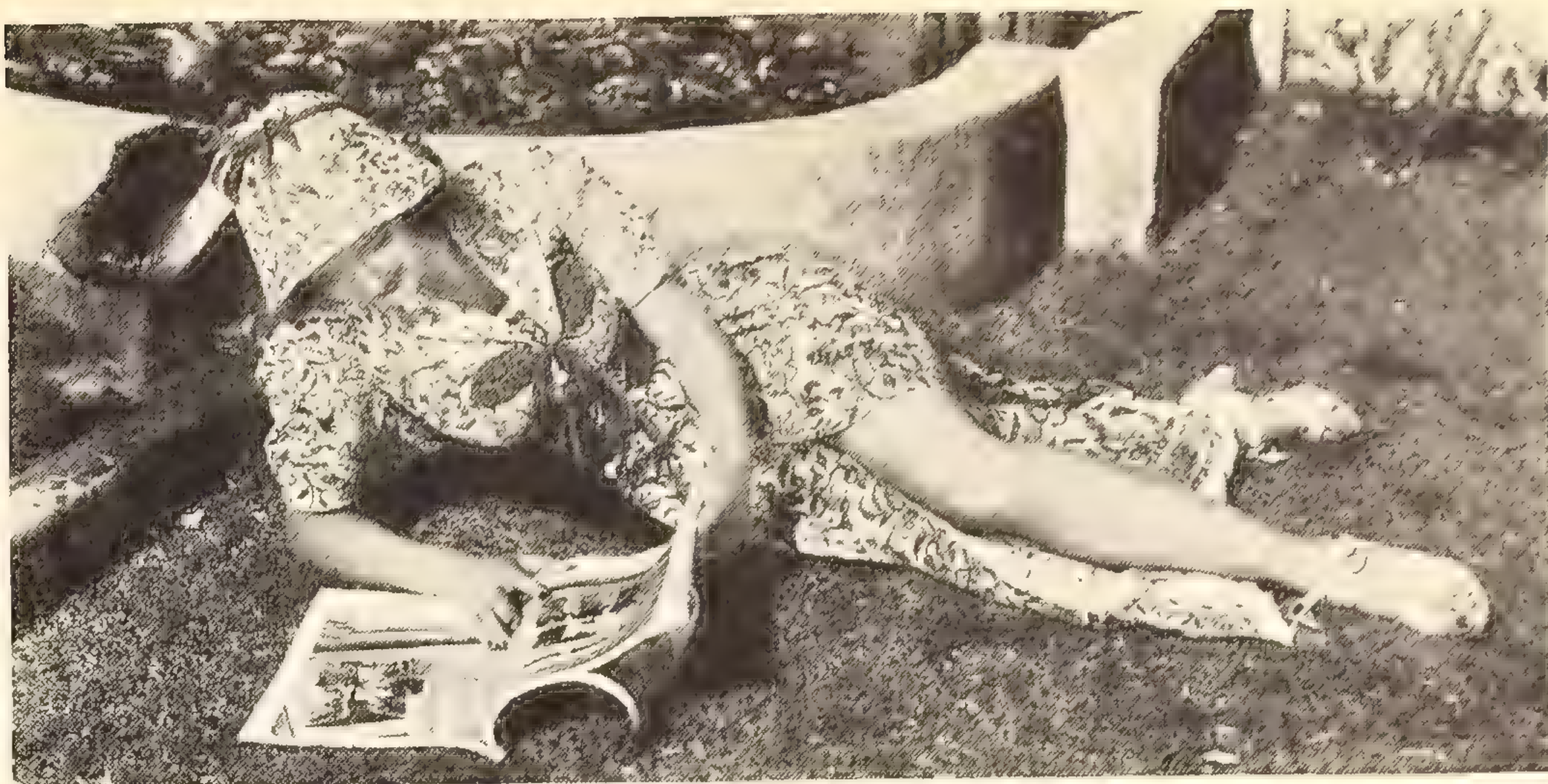
"Can you drive downtown with me? I've got to see Uncle Frank!"

A person so important to Tyrone was a person I knew I should meet. While Tyrone put on a suit I glanced around his own room. Two huge photographs of Sonja Henie were autographed in the tenderest of terms. They dressed up the masculine simplicity of the bedroom.

Out to the garage we sped, and climbed into his Cord. It's an all-black convertible model and Tyrone, being anxious to tan, keeps the top down most of the time. As we hurried down Wilshire Boulevard he admitted, "I usually am guilty of a silly stunt. I stick the morning paper into the car and whenever I get to a stop signal I grab my journal and read while I'm waiting. Then the horns commence behind me to bring me back to earth."

But by now I could no longer suppress my curiosity as to the purpose of this jaunt.

"Oh, pardon me," cried Tyrone. "Uncle Frank's the banker! I mean he isn't a real uncle. Nor a banker, for that matter. He was my father's attorney and so as soon as I got my contract I remembered what respect I'd always had for him and his



Lounging in her own back yard, Bette Davis makes herself comfortable beside the decorative pool, and is herself right decorative in a gay and cool summer outfit.

opinions. I went to him and asked him if he'd handle my salary. After all, I know what poor business men most actors are; I want to save something. Consequently I'm on a budget that's not so large as I'll bet you imagine. All bills go to Uncle Frank and I just have a little each week for a few personal expenses. The only time I've been on the carpet was when I sent all those orchids to Sonja." When Sonja left town for a skating tour Tyrone impetuously wired her a bouquet of orchids for each exhibition. "The florist," Tyrone recollected happily, "didn't present the bill to Uncle Frank until I'd been able to send quite a few bouquets! I'm not extravagant, though," he added. "I've been accustomed to stretching actual cash and I still stretch it."

Uncle Frank proved to be a genial guardian. Tyrone conferred with him about the move to Beverly. "Since my option's been taken up, I really should get out there. It'll be keen for mother not to have to sleep over my car coming and going. We can find a place, reasonable enough, that'll have a swimming pool. Carl, down at the athletic club, has recommended more swimming for me, you know. And then we can

have a small playroom, with room for a badminton net. I have to return some of these social obligations I'm acquiring!"

"My boy, I don't need all that sales chatter!" Uncle Frank beamed and Tyrone, hitherto diplomatically grave, chuckled outright. "You may look for a larger house," continued the sage of the Power funds. "But better let your mother do the looking, and better have her say it's for herself. If you go around they'll raise their prices on you."

Whereupon we left the office building, Tyrone attempting to be nonchalant under the admiring stares cast his way by everyone who saw him.

We'd lingered over breakfast and it was nearing 11:30 as we crossed Western Avenue, half-way back to Hollywood from Los Angeles. I learned then precisely what's a treat to a movie star.

"Do you mind if we stop in at Westmore's for a few minutes?" Tyrone questioned. "I feel like a bender."

I coughed impolitely. "At a hair and wig establishment?"

"Sure! That's where I get my hair cut. When you're on a picture a haircut has to be a delicate proposition; it must be just a snip and a snap so you're in a state of *status quo* for the camera. But now I don't have to work for two weeks. So I'm going to be sheared!" At my look of horror he amplified. "You don't think actors like those long haircuts that are foisted on them in the name of Art, do you? They're like wanting to scratch yourself and not being able to. So whenever I'm certain I won't be looking into a camera for a spell I have me a hair bender!" His face was ecstatic.

He didn't say that he had to get to a telephone, too. But before he embarked on a haircut he made a call. And then luck was with me once more. There was no booth.

He dialed.

"May I have Miss Henie, please?" An impatient bit of foot-tapping. "Oh, Sonja!" If Sonja didn't practically swoon at his ardor she isn't normal. "Can you have lunch with me? No—?" He stamped out his cigarette. Despair gripped him. "But I'd planned on it; I haven't seen you for so long." (Not since last night.) A pause. A sigh. Intent listening to a lengthy interpretation of the emergency that had evidently arisen the hour before. Slowly but distinctly Tyrone's face went into high. He was exultant, his voice tender. "I've two places to take you this evening, Sonja!"

Like Caesar entering Rome, he turned around to me. "Shall we," he laughed, "have a haircut?" I'd hate to look in a mirror; Tyrone didn't dare be too rash himself, but he encouraged my barber and I fear I've a convict contour. "Awfully



Good bowling! Tyrone Power plays the alley game often, and expertly.

cool for the summer," Tyrone kept muttering.

So no wonder I accepted his bid to lunch.

I don't know whether the Vendome will appreciate this, but Gable and Taylor prefer drive-in stands for mid-day refreshment, and Tyrone doesn't give a hoot for the movie colony's most expensive noon rendezvous, either.

"Let's drop in at Schwabs'," he proposed. Schwabs' is the drugstore at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Laurel Canyon Road. We parked in the pseudo-marble-fronted market next door and climbed upon stools at the soda fountain counter. We got the last two vacant spots. The clerks smiled as at an old friend; only half the customers were in danger of falling off their stools. He was, it appeared, a pretty habitual visitor. He walked in quietly, without an air of Here-I-Come.

There's nothing that betrays a snob more than a soft-pedaling or denial of everyday work in the past. Which made Tyrone's conversation over our double-decker sandwiches and milkshakes of special interest.

"A drugstore's rather homey to me," he said. "When I was in high school I worked in one after classes. At first I rode a motorcycle, delivering. Then I progressed to the soda fountain. I could leap over and give these fellows a lesson in sundaes! You know, I come here to buy the new magazines because I used to pore through the magazine stand in that store back in Cincinnati."

"I'm not methodical now, but I was then. I kept tab on things—for my own satisfaction. For instance, I bought ordinary composition books and then charted which cigarettes were selling best, what request was made most often, and funny things like that. But I really was serious when I was ushering. Oh yes; I ushered in a movie theatre on my high school nights. For two years, anyway. And I kept confidential notes. I recorded the box-office receipts for each picture; I wrote down the names of the director, producer, cameraman, scenarist, and designers. I even wrote a review of each film, analyzing its appeal."

When Tyrone makes up his mind on a goal he studies all possible, pertinent factors, obviously. No matter how far he is from his objective.

"A real estate agent mentioned a particular house out in Beverly that he believed I'd like. Will you come along and look at it with me?"

Would I! Tyrone's unabashed vitality makes him extraordinarily stimulating. Being with him when he considered a new home was next to picking out a star residence for one's self.

So we skimmed out Sunset, passing the "moderne" shops that have cropped up on both sides of the Trocadero. "I like the informal downstairs room there at the Troc more than the main dining room. It's cozier, I guess."

Only after that remark of his was I at last aware that the radio had been going all the while we'd been in the car. Tyrone turns a radio on whenever he's near one, most always to classical music. But he rarely listens. The music subtly soothes him.

"I've a hunch the rent will be too high here," he remarked *sotto voce* as he rang the doorbell of a near-mansion. "It isn't pseudo-Spanish, thank God, but . . ." A butler bowed. Yes, the lower rooms might be examined by Mr. Power. Madame was still asleep, so we'd have to return later to inspect the second floor. The swimming pool in the garden, a miniature Eden, fascinated Tyrone.

"It reminds me of exercise. Can you come to the Polar Palace with me?"

I could. And clear across Hollywood we skimmed; distances are nothing to the dynamic souls like Tyrone. En route I re-



The Robert Youngs enjoy an evening of dancing at a Hollywood club.

membered how I'd played tennis with Robert Taylor and ridden horseback with Clark Gable, on days with them. Sharply I remembered I couldn't ice-skate!

"But I never ice-skated in the East," Tyrone reassured me. "After I met Sonja I decided I should at least be able to stagger around a rink. I came down here every afternoon for several weeks; I got in a great deal of 'ground-work!' Now I can skate backwards. Haven't tried it for months, but after Mount Rainier and skiing I'm in the mood. I'll demonstrate the trick."

It was the slack hour. He was glad, because he'd no sooner pushed off impetuously than his backward-skating fizzled. He landed even as you and I!

But he could take it. Indeed, if you'd been there you'd have had to take it also if you, too, were a novice. He likes chums whose perception is quick, mentally, and who are game, physically. I strapped on skates. Floor to the right of us, floor to the left of us, floor behind, before, and most of all icy floor *beneath* us. Oh, what ground-work we got in! Tyrone was tempted to do a figure eight. "Sonja will be amused when I flash this. She taught me to ski up there on location. I'd never tried before and didn't know a ski from a butterknife. I'm not telling her about my skating until I master the elementary figures."

When you court the girl who's held the world's ice-skating honors since she was eleven you're biting off something to even glance at a skate. But the abandon with which Tyrone sailed forth to ultimately pose as a sit-down striker was splendid. And it *would* be when he was accidentally sitting most eloquently that he'd be finally besieged for autographs. Smilingly he obliged and everyone was delighted at finding him such a sport. Would you let your public see you sprawling?

"I became used to being tossed about in high school. The lads were not beyond tossing a fellow down a flight of stairs; they had a zest for wrestling on the slightest provocation. I recall when some conspirators nonchalantly shoved me into a locker, with a tremendous bearskin coat fighting for the space. I nearly smothered in the half hour I was inside howling for help. Nice crowd. Wonderful training for ice-skating!"

But his eyes had leapt to the clock. It

was 3:30. "I'm due for my work-out with Carl at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Are you still with me?"

I was, but if there was going to be any more strenuous conduct I was going to watch it.

Carl, the veteran trainer so many male stars go to, gave Tyrone an exhaustive routine. It seemed exhaustive to me, that is. He did time with a heavy medicine ball, did complete exercises, chinned on bars and punched at bags. Some fast sparring and Tyrone wound up with a swim in the pool—and so did I.

On our way out of the locker rooms he reached for his pocketbook. "To see if I can buy us a cocktail apiece!" A ring rolled from it and glistened on the cement. Tyrone retrieved it so hastily I was suspicious.

"Secret pledge from Sonja?" I asked.

He grimaced. "Forget you chase celebrities, Ben! No. A fan sent me this and I always carry it for luck. Can't wear it, because it's too small. The girl who sent it said it had been given to her great grandmother in Roumania, by a gypsy. Said it assures the wearer of health, happiness, and success. It arrived a month ago with a letter concluding, 'I think you need this more than I do!'"

And that demanded a Martini, no less.

"I favor The Tropics," Tyrone declared. He would, for it was a jaunt to Beverly again. (Uncle Frank: Don't you ever check his gasoline consumption?)

Who should we run into there but Loretta Young, playing guide to visiting relatives. The Hawaiian cocktail room took on a sparkle as screen boy met screen girl. Having done two films together, Tyrone and Loretta are starting a third after he does his big scenes with Sonja.

"I hear they previewed our new picture," Loretta beamed. "They say there was applause for the flower shop sequence."

Tyrone groaned, feigning misery. "But I had nothing to do in that part."

Loretta retorted, "Why, yes, they had the cameras on you for that one line. Don't you remember it?"

"I wonder," he mused, "which angle the close-up there—"

"Why, my angle, Tyrone! No doubt they selected a gorgeous focusing on *me*."

She laughed, and so did he. Loretta explained, "Tyrone can 'rib' better than anyone in town. The director, Tyrone and I were having lunch at the studio as we were finishing on that picture we've been talking shop about. The director and I had been congratulating Tyrone on the variety he's had in his assignments. 'Yes,' he informed us solemnly, 'everything has been ideal. Although I haven't had much luck with my leading ladies.' Well," gasped Loretta, "I'd been kidded like that fifty times before, but never so convincingly. I couldn't help a double-take. He was fresh! Of all the nerve!! Then I looked him in the face and the darned fool was roaring."

Tyrone interrupted. "The 'rib' that lingers on with me was the one pulled on me about getting my contract. 20th Century tested me in New York and advised me they'd inform me in two weeks if I'd do. I was shrouded in suspense. Three weeks dragged by, and no message. Then one matinée I received a wire from the New York head of the company, instructing me to contact my manager because the test was excellent. I almost let the show go on without me, tussling with the telephone. The manager phoned back that no one at 20th Century knew anything about it. It was a 'practical' joke!" We all moaned. "However," topped Tyrone to cheer us up, "two days later the company did sign me after all!"

Loretta and her party leaving—with Tyrone you do meet such interesting folk—he glanced at his lapel watch. "Six o'clock!"

Dinner's on at home in another hour. If you'll join mother and me I'll play hookey from my piano lesson."

"Your what?"

"Why, didn't you know I'm giving myself a jazz course? I have the book, the fancy chart all Technicolored so I match my fingers with certain shades! Scientific and painless—no scales. I'm trying to develop a swing base. When I was a child I murdered 'The Jolly Postman' and now I murder my favorite piece."

"Which is——?"

"Have you no detective strain at all?"

Don't you ever go sleuthing? What could it be? Not 'Blue Hawaii.' Of course it's 'One In A Million.' And once in a million tries I nearly get it right on my piano."

The dinner was the kind you'd have every night if you were a star.

The date for which he ditched me afterwards was with the heroine of his pet tune. He was escorting Sonja to the bowling alley on Wilshire Boulevard where he plays two nights a week. He's the second-best bowler among all the actors in Hollywood and that way she has of sitting all evening while he embarrasses his competitors is a tip to the femininity he finds

behind her championship fame. The other place he took her, for a nightcap, was for a brisk drive to the beach for a whirl on the roller coaster.

The denouement, Tyrone, is this story. You're a celebrity yourself, pal. (Or are you a pal anymore?) You told me to sleuth it up when I was in the very act of *Charlie Channing* on you!

The day has been the most exhilarating day you can have in Hollywood, because everything you've thought can't happen in these times is busily happening to Tyrone Power all at once. Everything swell, I mean.

How the Best Laughs Are Born

Continued from page 33

he would always have Phyllis Haver sit in the projection room with them. Phyllis would laugh at the beginning of the film and pretty soon everybody there would be roaring with mirth. They'd leave the room convinced they had just seen the funniest comedy ever put on the screen.

"As a matter of fact, Phyllis has a laugh that's a cross between a fog horn and a hysterical maniac; and, in reality, without their knowing it, they were laughing at her laugh, rather than the picture itself. Fortunately for Sennett, they didn't get onto themselves."

William Powell nearly choked on a gulp of tea. "I remember that laugh," he chortled. "There's nothing like it in the whole world. Speaking of tricks, Sonia Karlov played a nifty on Cecil B. DeMille that has never quite been equalled."

"Sonia's real name was Jean Williams, and she hailed from New York. She tried extra work for a while but didn't get anywhere. Finally, a press agent friend sold her on the idea of impersonating a Russian actress, with a thick accent, and settled on the name of Sonia Karlov."

"He brought her to the attention of DeMille, who bit on the idea of her being a Russian star and signed her to a contract. Sonia kept up the impersonation for almost a month after signing, and had everybody in Hollywood believing she actually was a great star from Russia. Her accent was perfect. Some newspaperman who knew her in the east met her one day, though, and the great impersonation went up in smoke. DeMille was a good sport about it, and kept her on, even though Hollywood got a great laugh out of the affair at his expense."

"I think the funniest gag I've ever heard in Hollywood," Colman grinned, "is the one of the late Wilson Mizner giving away his car to the curb man at one of the big Chinese Theatre premieres."

"Mizner and a friend, both in tail coats and top hats, pulled up before the Chinese Theatre in what was probably the most disreputable wreck of a Ford left in California and got out with great dignity. As they started to leave the car, the theatre curb man stopped them."

"'You can't leave your car here, sir,' he told Mizner."

"'Why not?' the writer asked."

"'Because it's in the way here. Other cars have to draw up with guests.'"

"'Very well,' said Mizner, solemnly and grandly, 'then I make you a present of it.' And before the astonished chap could say a word, Mizner and his friend walked into the theatre."

"Doug Fairbanks once had a duck presented to him as he stepped onto a train going east," Baxter reminisced, between bites of chocolate pie. "Charlie Chaplin sent it, and with the duck was a note setting forth its many virtues."

"Thinking to top Chaplin's gag, Doug gave the fowl to the conductor, with instructions to have the chef prepare it for his (Fairbanks') dinner. Then he sent the comedian a long wire, dwelling on its delicious flavor."

"Immediately a wire came back: 'For the love of heaven, why do you have to like duck? Your eating it set me back \$800.'"

"The duck was a famous trained beastie, and Chaplin had rented it from its owner. Naturally, he had to reimburse the man for the full amount."

Powell chortled again. "Dick Arlen, Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields pulled a gag on Jack Oakie about three years ago that had rather far-reaching consequences," he contributed.

"Jack was thinking of building a house in the Toluca Lake district, where the trio had homes. Over a cocktail one afternoon, they thought it would be amusing to start a 'Keep Oakie Out of Toluca Lake' movement—as a joke, of course—and immediately set about having a few signs painted carrying that slogan. They put these up both on their own lots and about the neighborhood."

"Some of the local papers heard about it and ran stories, kidding the idea. They

even used a few photographs of the signs, some with Jack in the picture, others with Arlen and Crosby. Eastern papers got hold of the story, however, and took it seriously. One big metropolitan journal, I remember, carried the headline, 'Oakie Banned From Exclusive Film Colony'—another, 'Oakie Blackballed By Celebrities.'"

"The whole thing created such a furore about the country that Jack received several thousand letters from fans crying out against the injustice accorded him. Jack, of course, thought it a grand joke, and even now has one of the signs hung in his home."

"I always like to think of Gloria Swanson as the little gal who couldn't get a job." Warner Baxter stopped to light a cigarette and call for the check.

"At the height of Gloria's fame, when her name stood at the top of the heap, she made a bet with Thomas Meighan that she could go the rounds of all the casting offices in Hollywood and be turned down for a job at each window. Tommy agreed, and Gloria started out, dressed as any extra girl might dress."

"That night, she returned, triumphant. She had applied to every casting director and not one had given her any encouragement. Several had even informed her she



Pause that refreshes the make-up! Madeleine Carroll replenishes her lip rouge while Ronald Colman waits to continue a love scene in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

wasn't the type and advised her not to waste her time trying to get on the screen."

"I have time for just one more story," Colman declared, "and that is the hoax that was played on Sid Grauman and all the other first-nighters by a press lad at one of Sid's most elaborate world premieres."

"Professor Albert Einstein, the scientist, had just arrived from Germany that day and although Sid had tried to get him to attend his opening he had declined. Im-

agine Sid's surprise, then, when, that evening, as all the notables were arriving, he chanced to glance into a Rolls-Royce town car and saw whom he thought to be Einstein.

"He hopped over to the car and opening the door himself grasped its occupant's hand in warm embrace. Then, he escorted him personally to the microphone, had him introduced over the air and saw to it that he was seated promptly. With the honored guest was the young reporter whom Sid knew intimately.

"The next morning there appeared a story which must have made Sid's blood run cold. The man whom he had greeted and welcomed as Einstein was, in reality, a little tailor from Main Street, who resembled the celebrated scientist most amazingly, and the hoax had been planned by the innocent-looking reporter."

As the three friends arose, Baxter again addressed Colman. "You haven't answered my question yet, Ronnie. What's—"

"Mister Baxter," Colman spoke eloquently, "the answer is—NO!"

Hollywood Holiday

Continued from page 55

THE STORY SO FAR

Marsha Drew, script girl, goes to a popular café for dinner with Keith Knowles, one of the leading stars of the screen. But the evening is spoiled for Marsha, because Keith imbibes too freely, and returning in his car there is a collision. Rumors about the accident reach the studio, and Marsha is discharged. Though she has been out on one date only with Keith, she knows she loves him. But during the long, trying days when she searches unavailingly for a job, she never sees him. Her money gone, her confidence shaken, Marsha is aimlessly walking along a street when she sees a car bearing down on an elderly, somewhat feeble man. She leaps forward and throws the man and herself clear of the car. He reveals himself as the father of one of Hollywood's most important producers, and insists she must come to dinner that night and meet his son.

any one and not having any lunch money, anyhow.

At lunch, the days they ate off the lot, she met writers from other studios. They were interesting, too. Writers suddenly became people. Before, they had been just part of the set-up of the studio. Now, they were warm, friendly human beings. A bit erratic, some of them. Most of them jolly and generous and amusing. Marsha tried to talk about herself—so that they wouldn't see what an amateur she was. Few enough of them asked questions. They were too interested in themselves to worry about what had happened to Marsha Drew, the newest writer at Greater Pictures, before she even came to Greater Pictures.

Salary. One hundred and fifty dollars every week! It seemed unbelievable—another unreal thing—a part of that picture in which she was living again—a Hollywood holiday.

Luckily, Marsha didn't owe any money—mostly because she hadn't known anyone from whom she wanted to ask such a favor. So she started right in spending her money. And, when you haven't had any money for a long time, that is a beautiful thing to do. Marsha was sorry because money had to be that important—but important it was—there was no getting away from that.

First of all she moved into another apartment. A lovely, sunny apartment—without a disappearing bed in the place. There were two rooms—three really, if you counted the perfect little kitchen. The bedroom was furnished in Monterey style, with light, rather rough wood furniture and gay chintz. The living room was a bit plain but the walls were a rough cream, the furniture covered in plain rust-colored linen or in a gay pattern. It was fun to come back to

this apartment and to feel that it was really hers. For a while, anyhow!

She bought some new clothes. Plain sports things for the studio. She was glad she was slender so she could wear ready-made clothes easily. She liked the little tailored short-waist dresses which were so easy to find during her lunch hours, little, plain pull-down hats and loose coats. She bought a new polo coat of soft tan camel's hair.

She got a new radio. The old one was so tinny. This one was small and not at all bad looking. She wished she could afford to have a built-in one. Maybe, some day she could have one like that.

Before long she was able to make a down payment on a car. A new car. A Ford. Shining and black and very sleek. She had never owned a new car before. Owning a new car gives you a fine feeling of having real things belonging to you. Wearing her smart new clothes, driving the new car far into the country or out to the beach on Sundays and coming home to the gay little apartment. That was living!

So was working in the studio living. Going over sentences until they said almost what she wanted them to say. Biting hard at the end of a pencil as she tried to get her thoughts marching.

It was hard work—and it was fun at the same time. More fun, certainly, than she had ever had working. If she could only make good at it! She didn't mind long



Loretta Young in just the proper setting for her colorful costume, modish for all its Moorish origin.

hours—she was used to that. She didn't mind hard work—concentration. But there was the fear that maybe she wasn't really a writer, after all. Maybe her few ideas would disappear—and there she'd be, with all of her lovely dreams of writing unfilled!

At the end of six weeks—before she had finished her first picture—her contract was renewed for three months. And with a raise in salary! She worked harder than ever. At the end of three months more she was given another raise—and a six months' contract—with promises of more raises and better pictures to come.

Her first picture was all right! Everyone said so. Not an important picture, certainly, but a nice little comedy. For her next assignment she was put with Horace Murk, an experienced scenario writer.

Horace was nearly fifty. He had started in with silent pictures and was one of the few survivors who had been able to make the grade successfully in pictures that required dialogue as well as action. Even now, his dialogue was none too good—as the studio knew. But his camera knowledge was unlimited. He was a conceited little fellow, fat, with a mussed-up look, almost humorless. But he knew so much more about writing for pictures than Marsha did that she welcomed him eagerly.

They worked long hours. They quarreled over little things. On the whole, though, Murk was willing to take Marsha's point of view. He knew that if he didn't have a successful picture soon he'd be out on his ear. Marsha looked like a winner. He decided to play along with her.

The next picture, still unimportant, was well-liked. Murk wanted to form a partnership—for work only. So many successful couples worked together! Marsha didn't know what to do. She didn't want to work with him always. That was certain.

The studio solved things. They put Murk to work on a Western—and let Marsha write by herself again.

She felt a little surer of herself now. She was given a well-known short story to put into scenario form. This was fun!

Evenings weren't as much fun as day times. She had made friends at the studio—but she was a little afraid of friends, now, out of business hours. She went to the movies. She went to restaurants. But it wasn't awfully gay.

A girl alone in Hollywood—any place—is bound to get pretty blue—unless she is the sort of girl who prefers being alone—and Marsha wasn't that sort. What could she do?

She had thought that money would make all of the difference in the world. It didn't make all the difference. But it did do a great deal. You can't be quite as miserable if you're living in a fresh, gay, colorful apartment and wearing good-looking, well-fitted clothes and driving a brand new car, and having a job that you like, as if you're alone and penniless and without friends. But you need not be so awfully happy, either. And Marsha wasn't happy.

And then she saw Keith Knowles! She saw him quite by accident. He was driving his smart car—in perfect condition, now, and he passed her. He didn't even see her

*"The snapshot wouldn't
let me forget her"*



"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

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yellow box—Kodak
Film—which only
Eastman makes.



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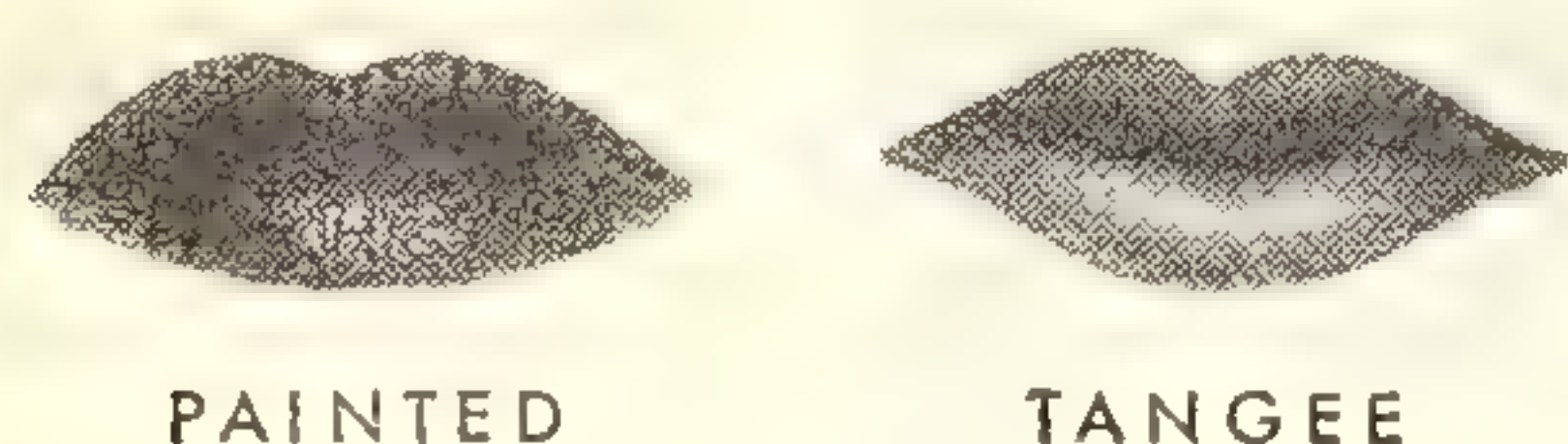
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Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Powder Desired

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ SU77

—but the sight of him gave her a curious glow of happiness! Where *had* he been all the time? She had pictured him gay in the various night clubs, with women showering attentions on him—and now it occurred to her that she hadn't even seen his name any place in a long time—and it is unusual for a Hollywood star to stay long out of the local society and gossip columns.

It is silly, of course, to be in love with a man you've known only briefly—and who is far out of your own circle. Marsha knew that. She knew that it was just as silly for her to be in love with Keith Knowles now as it had been when she was a script girl. And yet she was in love with him! She knew that. There was no use even trying to deny it. She loved him just as much as she had that evening they spent together. She knew, now, that underneath her whole life, the days she had been so miserable as well as those, now, when she should be content, the color and the personality of Keith Knowles was a part of her, deep, perhaps hardly ever even in her conscious mind—but there just the same. What could she do about it? She shook her head. Nothing at all! That was the worst of it!

One of her pictures went into production. She could walk out on the lot and over to the set and watch it being made! To be sure it was only an unimportant "B" picture—and she would share screen credit with two other writers, at that; but, in a way, it was her picture. She had had the original idea. She had written some of the dialogue.

For the first time in her life she felt a sense of power. No wonder stars get conceited and self-centered when their whole world revolves around them! Marsha was nothing, even now, in the industry—or even in the company for which she worked. But here *her* lines were being said by real flesh and blood actors. A director told the actors how to say *her* lines. Electricians, cameramen, a hundred others were busy working on a picture which had originated in *her* brain. She was to have many pictures to her credit in the future, but never would she get quite the thrill out of them as she did those first days when she actually sneaked in on the set and stood there—really of less importance than when she had been a script girl and watched pictures as part of her job.

Three more pictures, all adaptations—and a full year rolled by. Marsha's salary had doubled. She had a new, well-furnished office now. She was definitely an established writer.

She took a small house—and, with the help of a clever young decorator, bought new furnishings for it. Gay things. Lots of book shelves for the books she was accumulating rapidly—for so much of the time it was more fun to stay home and read than to go to the places that were open to her.

She had made friends during the year. Plummer Hallett had invited her to parties at his house and there she had met people who, in turn, had invited her to other parties. Some were gay. Some were dull. All lacked something—and Marsha knew what they lacked.

The writers at the studio invited her on parties, too. And here she met more writers and actors. Men made engagements with her. It was no novelty, now, to be invited to have dinner in the few good restaurants in Hollywood. She wore good clothes, felt at home. And yet these engagements lacked something too.

She knew what the lack was. She had known, ever since the day she had passed Keith Knowles in his car, even though he hadn't seen her. She was in love with Keith, still, and the fact that this was obviously a hopeless love didn't keep her from loving him. All it did, really, was to

make her less interested in other men and, because of that, undoubtedly less interesting to them.

Plummer Hallett called her into his office one morning. She went in, no longer the frightened little novice, but the experienced scenario writer, capable, a bit sure of herself, just as eager to do good work, but with a certain belief that she could make good, if given an even break.

"It's about a picture for our new English star, Beatrice Andrews," he said. "It's her first picture. And we're spending a lot of money on her, as you know. We've bought the stage success, 'You and I Alone' for her." He paused. "We picked you out to make the adaptation. I hope you'll do a good job. I said I knew you could get the woman's angle. We're counting on you!"

Marsha was touched and delighted. Hallett had given her her first chance. Now he was giving her a really big opportunity.

"I'll do the very best I can," she said, eagerly.

She did. She worked as hard on the play as she had ever worked on anything. Working hard makes you forget you are lonely. And, besides, she had a very real desire to do a good piece of work.

And, as she worked, a curious thing happened. Almost without knowing it, the man in the picture became Keith Knowles. It was not only a good Keith Knowles part—it was the perfect Keith Knowles part—as good as the parts he had had when he first became a star. The woman's part was good, of course. But it required a man's part equally as strong.

After the usual number of conferences and rewritings, the scenario was accepted. It would be all ready for Beatrice Andrews when she arrived.

Marsha heard them discussing the masculine lead. They talked of the various stars and leading men that were under contract to Greater Pictures or who could be borrowed. And Keith Knowles' name was never mentioned! A few were discarded as impossible for the part. A few others were not available. Finally, three were chosen tentatively, to await the pleasure of the English star.

Beatrice Andrews arrived. She was spoiled, petulant, the typical visiting star, who had to show her importance by frequent fits of bad temper.

In her first tests she fought with half of the people in the studio. Later she increased this percentage. But here she was! Money was invested in her. Publicity had been sent out about her. And there was the picture, ready to be made.

Within a week, for obvious reasons of her own, Miss Andrews eliminated all of the men chosen to play opposite to her. And Greater Pictures didn't know what to do!

Hallett was worried. He said something to Marsha about it. And Marsha took all of her courage into her hands and dared make a suggestion.

"Why not put Keith Knowles into the part?" she asked as casually as she could. Hallett looked at her curiously.

"Funny you should have said that," he answered. "When I read your play I thought of Keith Knowles. Of Keith Knowles of a few years ago, that is. The Keith Knowles today, as you must know, is a drunkard. I don't believe he could be trusted with a part like this—even if he were able to photograph acceptably. You can't be drunk night after night without it's showing in your face, you know."

"Maybe, if he had this chance, he could come back," Marsha said.

Hallett looked at her again.

"I'm afraid that is the optimism of inexperience," he said. "You don't drink much, do you?"

Marsha had to admit that she didn't.

"That's why you don't know what drink

can do to a man. It breaks down his backbone—the very fibre of his success.”

“I bet he could make good—if you believed that he could,” Marsha said. She heard herself pleading for Keith Knowles—and was a little amazed at her own boldness.

“I’m afraid we’ll look over the other possibilities first,” Hallett said.

Marsha saw them suggest and dismiss practically every juvenile and every young male lead or star in Hollywood. And then Hallett said to her, “We’re calling your friend, Keith Knowles, in for a test. You know him?”

“Yes,” said Marsha.

“Know him well enough so that you could sort of, well, promise that he’d stay sober on the picture?”

Marsha hesitated. She knew she didn’t know Keith well enough to promise anything about him. She had been out with him exactly one night—and he’d been drunk then. But she did love him. And she had learned, since her talk with Hallett, that unless something changed for him pretty soon he’d definitely be on his way out. She smiled up at Hallett. And she knew fully what she was saying—and what it meant to her—to her word of honor, to her reputation.

“Yes, I’ll promise. He’ll stay sober. I’ll—I’ll see to that,” she said.

Keith came over to make his test. He was sleek, beautifully groomed. Marsha wondered how he managed to look so well. She was sure the test would be satisfactory.

He was surrounded by a dozen people. Hallett. The director. Miss Andrews, who evidently liked him. A couple of Greater Pictures officials. She wanted to talk to him. Didn’t know what to do.

As Keith was leaving, Marsha joined



The bride who takes a walk is Ann Sothern, on her way to the set.

the group. She went up to him cordially, said “Hello,” as if she knew him well. Keith looked at her, and looked perplexed for just an instant. She felt terrible! What could she say to Hallett if he didn’t even remember her? And then, “Hello!” Keith

said, “I didn’t know you were over here. How are you?”

“I’m fine,” she said, and went on, hurried: “I’d like to talk with you. Just a minute. Before you go.”

She never knew quite how she managed it but in ten minutes he was alone with her in her office. Quickly, she mapped things out for him. Told him something of her rise. Then about the picture. And finally of her promise.

“You did that for me?” he said. “Well, I’ll be damned!”

“And you’re going to make good! It will just about ruin me here if you don’t,” Marsha said.

“But why?” Keith asked. “You hardly know me. I *am* a bum, really. I’ve been drunk every night for two weeks. It took everything my valet and a turkish bath could do to get me here. I wouldn’t have promised a thing,” he went on.

“I’ve already done the promising,” Marsha answered. But she didn’t say why she had done it. Nor how frightened she was about the whole thing.

“All right, I’ll put myself in your hands,” said Keith. “And it’s going to be hard work, too, but I’ll do the best I can—if you really mean you want to help me!”

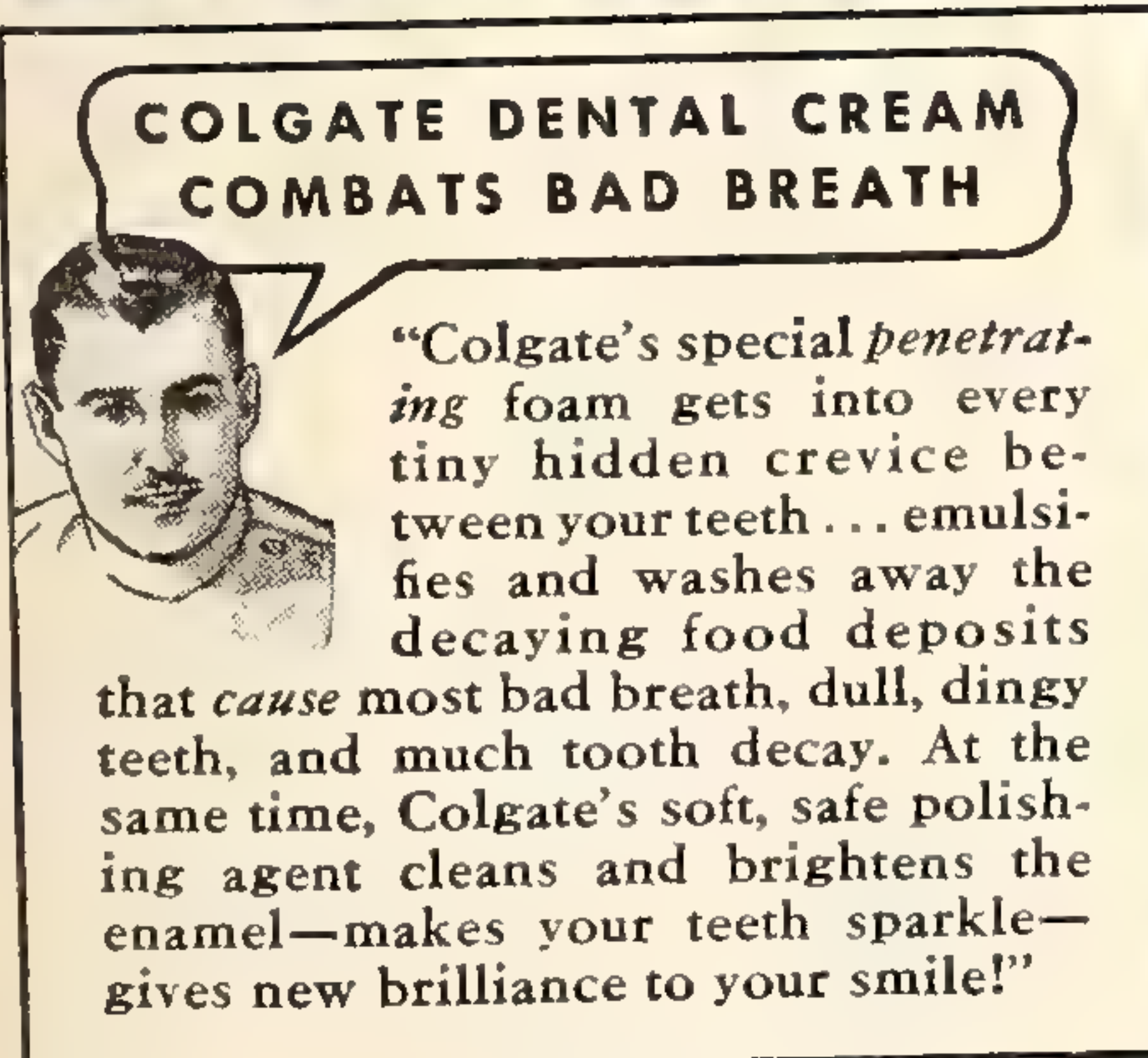
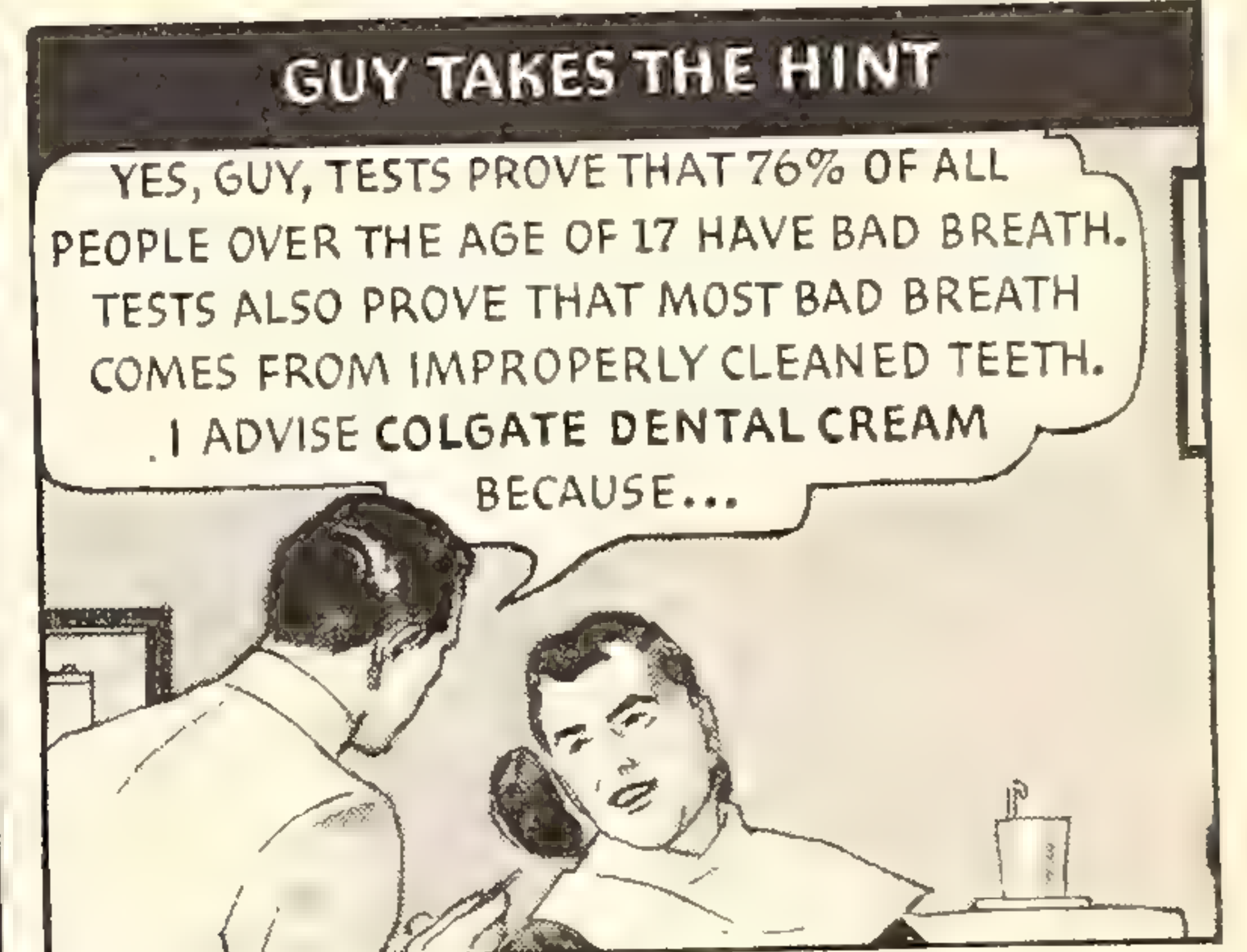
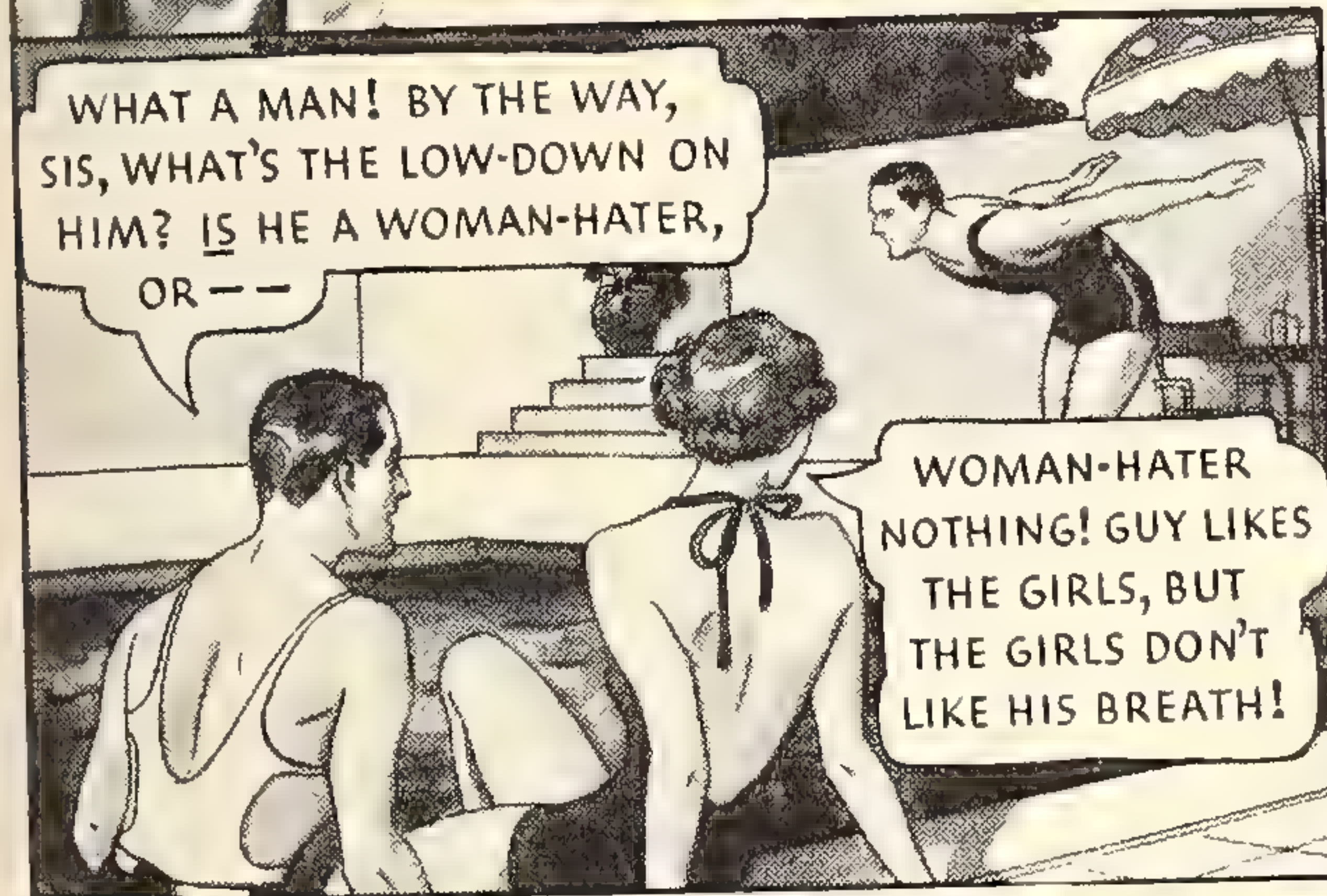
“Of course I do,” said Marsha. She knew she really did.

They weren’t easy, those weeks. Beatrice Andrews pulled all of her temperament, which ranged from temper to trying to attract Keith by using every fair and unfair attack.

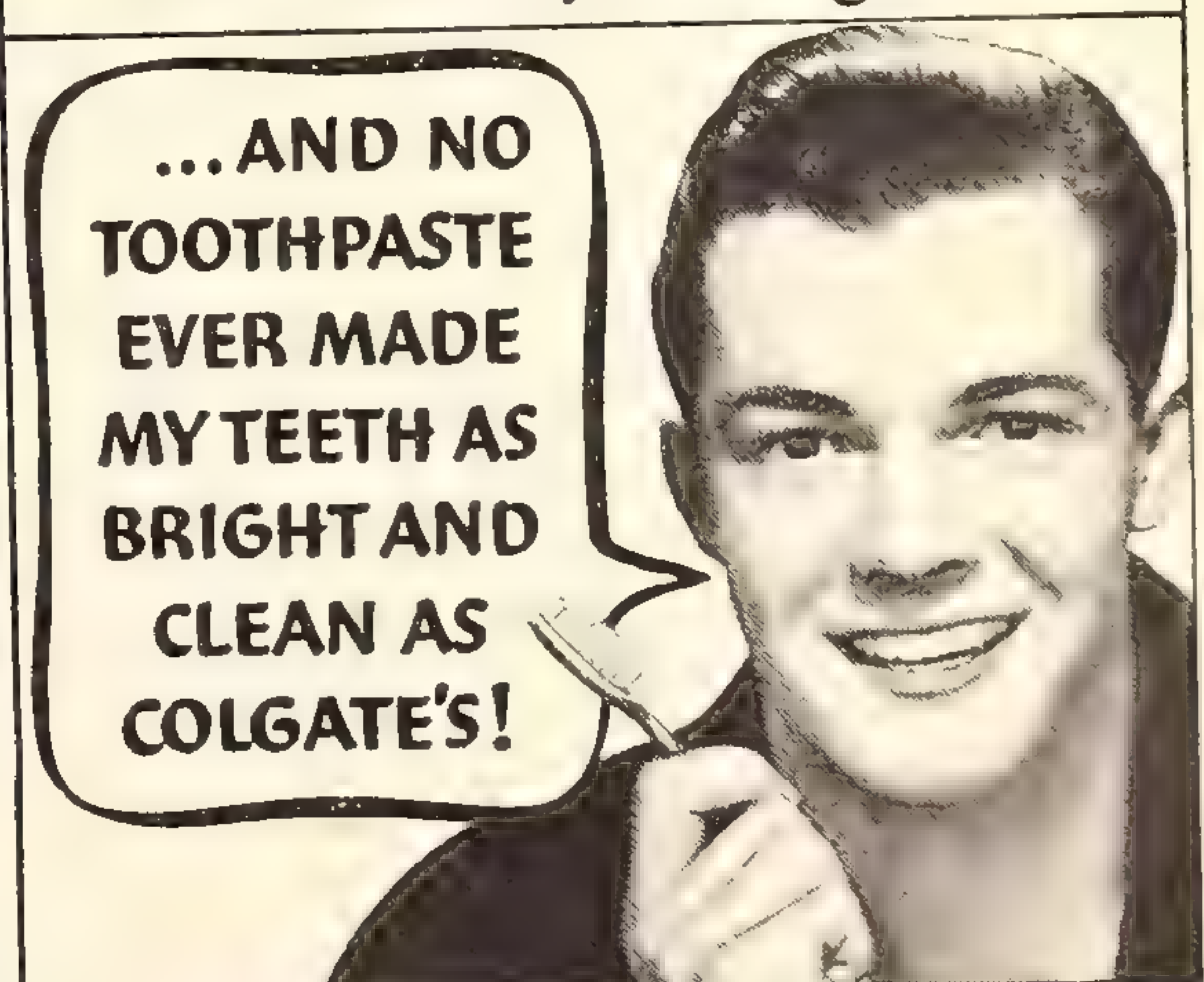
Keith wanted to drink—and he didn’t hesitate to say so. Marsha used all of her knowledge of feminine psychology—and wished she knew more. She felt a combination of jailer, mother, sister, maiden aunt and girl friend. She was nearer tears than happiness—though it was happiness even



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Jane Heath

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to be near Keith; to be his companion.

Keith didn't drink! He fussed and he fumed. He had something pretty near jitters. But he didn't drink. He took Marsha with him every place he went—and she was surprised to see how the crowds melted away when Keith, sober, didn't treat everyone in sight to anything they wanted to eat and drink.

Keith was cross. He was unreasonable. Marsha felt that he hated her most of the time. But he didn't drink.

The picture progressed. The rushes were excellent. Hallett congratulated Marsha.

"Everyone is so pleased with you for the suggestion—and for keeping Knowles sober," he said.

"The picture isn't finished yet," said Marsha. She was still worried.

Keith never gave her a kind word. But he took her every place. Once she would have thought it near Heaven to eat dinner with Keith every night. Now she hoped only that she wouldn't say or do the wrong thing. If only the picture were finished! Then she would have kept her promise—and Keith would have made good again!

The picture was finished. And she had kept her promise! And Keith did make good! Everyone said that he did a wonderful piece of work. Better than Andrews, really. He had not only come back—but he was better than ever. He looked better. Acted better, too. Offers would pour in on him again. If he could keep this up there would be no more talk of Keith Knowles being on the down trail. Keith was a success again.

Marsha was working in her office. On a new story. A story for a young girl star. She was biting her pencil, and, in between sentences, she thought of Keith. It was all over! She had helped him—and now he knew he could stay sober. He knew he didn't need her any more. And she'd go back to the calm, lonely days she had had before.

There was a knock on her door. She said "Come in." The door opened. And Keith stood there. He smiled.

"Nearly through?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Why?"

"Time to quit. You're having dinner with

THE END

me tonight? Surely you are, aren't you?"

"Why tonight? The picture is finished."

He looked at her a long time before answering.

"You went with me only to keep me sober for the picture!"

"I thought that was the idea."

"Then you don't care anything about me. I had an idea—"

"What?" asked Marsha.

"Well, that you thought something of me. I was conceited enough to think that was the reason. Now I see it was only on account of that old picture of yours."

"Weren't you with me because I kept you sober?" asked Marsha. "I thought that was the reason. You've been as cross as a bear. No fun. If—if you had wanted to be with me—"

"I'm sorry I was such a bear. I won't be any more. I—I want to be with you all the time," Keith said.

"You mean that I'm to be a sort of guard?" Marsha asked.

Keith came closer, took her in his arms.

"I had hoped it wouldn't be just that," he said. "I thought if you'd—if you'd marry me," his voice broke just a little, "that might make everything all right."

"Do you want to marry me because you're grateful?" Marsha asked. "Because you don't have to do that, you know."

"I do know," said Keith. "No, it just happens I'm in love with you. I've compared you to a couple of hundred girls I could—or couldn't ask and you seem to be the only one I care anything about. It's purely selfish, you know. But if you could think of a little thing like getting married—maybe right away—"

Marsha did think of it. She knew what it meant. Keith undoubtedly would drink again—and have to be treated with the greatest kindness and understanding. He undoubtedly would look at other women—and that would require understanding, too. But he was Keith Knowles—and Keith was her boy, the only person she had ever loved. And that part seemed too wonderful to be true. She closed her eyes as he kissed her.

"Yes, I could think of getting married. I like thinking of getting married," she said.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

SWEET-MILK DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs (beaten lightly)

1 cup sugar

1 cup milk

½ teaspoon nutmeg (Burnett's)

2 tablespoons melted Crisco

3 teaspoons Royal baking powder

3½ cups flour

Mix the dry ingredients. Beat the eggs with the milk. Add sugar and shortening. Add the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Turn onto a floured board. Roll to one-fourth inch thickness. Cut with a doughnut cutter. Fry in deep fat (375°—380° F.).

"But I don't get time to cook now—and I won't until the new 'Broadway Melody' is finished," mourned the famous dancer. "I've gone out at night three times since I arrived in Hollywood, and I'm always having to turn down invitations to go somewhere. Sometimes boys I know—not in pictures—come in for dinner, if I haven't an early call, but that's rare. Then Abby sometimes gives us her Spanish Chocolate Pudding, which is one of my favorites."

SPANISH CHOCOLATE PUDDING

6 eggs

¼ lb sugar

3 ounces grated Bakers chocolate

1 pint cream

1½ ounces Knox gelatine

Beat the yolks of the eggs, put them in a bowl with the grated chocolate and sugar and cream. Stir these ingredients well and pour into a double boiler. Stir *one way* until it thickens but do not let it boil or it will curdle.

Strain into a bowl, beat ½ pint cream until thick and stir in the dissolved gelatine. Mix this with the chocolate cream very lightly and pour into a mold which has been oiled with olive oil and put on ice to harden.

"I don't know why it is, but we seldom eat raw fruit at our house," said Eleanor, presently. "When I was little, I remember we used to eat an apple or an orange or a pear in the evenings, but now we seem to go in for fruit juice or applesauce or stewed apricots. Nobody told me to, it just happened, so don't say it's my diet!"

She laughed and her dog Ruggles came dashing across the room to leap into her lap.

He put out his black paw to me, widened his jaws politely and gave a swift short bark.

As much as to say: "That's all for today! You can go home now!"

So I went!

Love Laughs at Royal Intrigue

Continued from page 31

"Did you leave him—dead?"

"Not very!" Again Gil's laugh came quickly and short. "He was cursing heartily."

"Cursing?" The Cardinal sighed as he opened a drawer in his great desk and took out a silken purse. "A futile exercise, my friend, widely practiced but entirely ineffectual."

"Even if one happens to be a churchman and does it professionally." Gil parried.

"Aha!" the Cardinal smiled. "A pretty thrust! With that tongue you might have made a churchman yourself."

"My life has been full of narrow escapes, Your Eminence." Gil bowed as he accepted the purse and Richelieu's eyes narrowed at the arrogance of the man and his words.

"I suppose you'll rush to the tables and lose it all."

UNDER THE RED ROBE

A New World Picture
Produced by Robert T. Kane
Presented by 20th Century-Fox

THE CAST

Gil de Berault.....Conrad Veidt
Lady Marguerite.....Annabella
Cardinal Richelieu...Raymond Massey
Marius.....Romney Brent
Duchess of Foix.....Sophie Stewart
Duke of Foix.....F. Wyndham Goldie
Father Joseph.....Lawrence Grant
Count Rossignac.....Haddon Mason
Baron Breteuil.....J. Fisher White

Adapted from the novel by Stanley J. Weyman. Play by Edward Rose. Screen play by Lajos Biro, Philip Lindsay, J. L. Hodson. Directed by Victor Seastrom.

"Oh, no, Your Eminence." Gill stuffed the purse confidently into his pocket. "I'll rush to the tables and double it!"

Even a cardinal couldn't help that smile of amusement as he watched him stride toward the door; then suddenly he remembered.

"Berault!" There was only the iron in his voice now. "You heard I had issued an edict against duelling?"

"No, Your Eminence." Gil's lips twisted. "I was away, fighting a duel by Your Eminence's orders."

"That was in the service of France." The Cardinal's voice reproved him. "Four thousand noblemen were killed in duels last year, my own brother among them. I'm determined to put an end to it. I mean this, Berault."

"But if I fight from sheer force of habit?" Gil smiled.

"I'll have you hanged," The Cardinal assured him as he turned back to his desk.

He sighed as he studied the papers Gil had brought him. It was as Richelieu thought, the Huguenots were trying to get English money for a general uprising, and his mouth was set in a forbidding line as he asked the captain of his guard to be sent for. Then as always when his mind was troubled he picked up his flute and began to play. And he played on after the captain stood before him, studying the music as if it were the only thing in the world that interested him.

He didn't look at the officer when he spoke at last.

Back in his heart again!

...SINCE
I'VE LEARNED THIS
"LOVELIER WAY"
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!

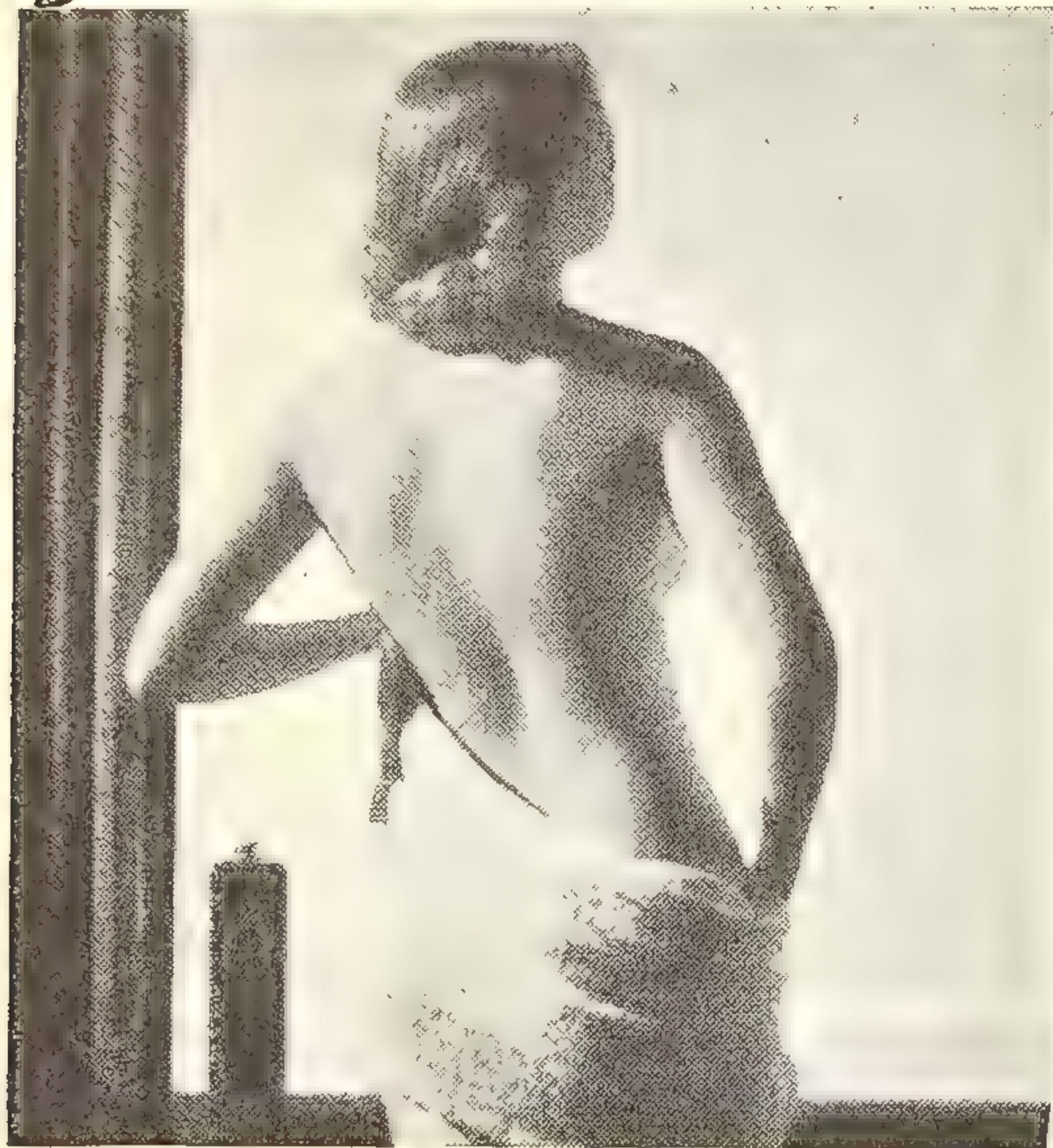
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"I saw the Marquis of Marcell in my anteroom. Arrest him. The Count of Montdenis is here too. Arrest him."

Almost as if he hadn't spoken he picked up the flute again and the melody came louder and piercing sweet, but not loud enough to cloak the murmurs of excitement that came from the anteroom beyond the study door as the Captain of the Cardinal's Guard arrested the two noblemen whose names had been written on the papers.

Richelieu turned then and answered the unspoken question in the eyes of his secretary.

"Yes, Joseph. They will hang." And then as the gentle old priest gasped a little and closed his eyes that had looked too long on the pain of the world, he said fiercely: "Now tell me I am ruthless."

"You *are* ruthless." For all the calmness in the old priest's voice there was courage there too.

"Tell me I am cruel." The Cardinal persisted.

"You *are*."

"And rightly." It was almost as if Richelieu was arguing not only against Father Joseph's inclinations for clemency but against his own inclinations. "Those men are traitors, followers of that arch traitor Duke Edmond, plotting the ruin of all that I have toiled for ten years to build up. At this very moment Edmond is across the Spanish border raising money in England to back the enterprise. If I am not cruel, Joseph, we shall have the South in flames again and civil war in France."

The old priest's hands lifted.

"God forbid!" he said fervently.

"God, and my cruelty!" And again the Cardinal sighed as he picked up the flute that was always there to solace a mind grown weary of intrigue.

It was as Richelieu had known it would be with Gil, and it was to the gaming rooms he went that night, his heavy purse lying before him as he looked at the cards Lieutenant Brissac of the Cardinal's Guard had just dealt him. Luck was running with his cards as it always ran with his sword and the scowl on his adversary's face deepened as he swept in pile after pile of gold pieces.

"Marked cards!" Brissac flung down his hand as his last gold piece followed the others across the table. The others laughed because Brissac's poor sportsmanship was a byword in his regiment, but there was no answering laughter in Gil's eyes as he sprang to his feet.

His left hand reached over the small table and grabbed Brissac by the chin and the room that a moment before had been alive with laughter and raucous voices was so still that the slap of Gil's glove could be heard in every corner of it.

Everyone sprang to their feet then in protest of Gil's challenge to a duel. And Brissac paled and whimpered. "But the Cardinal's edict!" he protested.

"Fight, or I'll flog you through the streets!" Gil shouted. Candlelight flickered on clattering steel as Brissac drew his sword to defend himself and down the length of the room the men fought and always it was Brissac who retreated and Gil who pursued until at last his sword pierced the other's shoulder and he wiped it contemptuously on a table cover.

Gil was taken to the prison and he had expected that—but the Cardinal's edict that he should hang was more than he had bargained for.

So there came the morning when he stood with his throat bare and his hands tied behind him, watching the two Huguenot noblemen who preceded him as they mounted the gallows. Then rude hands pushed him upwards and he stood with the blue sky over him and he tried to think that his luck was still holding with such a

clear day of Autumn to die in though he thirsted as he had never thirsted before, for life and the old lusty way of living it.

Then a horseman came riding as Gil would have ridden himself, furiously as if there were not a moment to spare, and there *was* no moment for even then Gil was feeling that small weight of the rope knotted under his chin. And then even his quick wit failed him and he was unable to believe when he heard the Cardinal had decreed he was to live.

He was glad of that half hour he had on the ride back to the Cardinal's palace so that he could take hold of himself once more and be his old, laughing, swaggering self as he stood before Richelieu again.

"For the present, your sentence is suspended," the Cardinal said slowly.

"Better my sentence, than myself, Your Eminence." And again there was that mockery in his eyes.

"I'm not at all sure of that, but I'm giving you a chance to prove it." The Cardinal's words came reprovingly. "By serving France as you have never served her before."

There would be another duel, the Cardinal went on, and then as Gil's eyes brightened, he smiled a little. But of wits this time, he assured him, and Gil's face fell only to smile again when he was told he would have good need of his sword too. For it was to Duke Edmond's castle he was going, to gain the confidence of the Duke's wife and sister so that when Edmond visited them as was his habit, he could arrest him and bring him back to Paris.

"Should they find you out you'll be lucky if they give you a quick death," the Cardinal threatened. "And if you fail *me*, I'll promise you a slow one."

"I always get my man," Gil said slowly. But his face darkened as the Cardinal sent for Marius, the young man Richelieu told him was to be his servant, for it was not to Gil's liking to be spied upon.

Gil was too furious to speak as Marius followed on his heels to the postern gate where two horses were already saddled and waiting.

"Can you ride?" he shot the question at Marius as if he begrudged even those few words.

"Yes, Master." The boy stood there grinning.

"Can you use your hands?"

"Oh yes, Master!" The grin widened. "You'd be surprised."

"Well, the sooner we start, the better. What's the time?" Gil glared at the boy as he searched his pocket for his watch, only to see the lad grinning as he held it. "Here, that's my watch!" he shouted. "Where did you find it?"

"In your pocket, Master. It's just four o'clock."

"When?" Gil bellowed the words so loud one of the horses wheeled.

"When you were asking whether I could use my hands."

"The devil you did!" Gil reached out his hand. "Give it to me!"

But the boy's hands were already empty. "I have. It's in your pocket." And again there was that impudence in his words and grin to bedevil Gil on the long ride to the Duke's province.

Then at last they stood on the bank of a turbulent river and on the other side rising against the night sky was the castle, as strong and impenetrable as a fortress.

"This is the place to cross." Gil looked down on the madly swirling water rushing over jagged rocks.

"Master!" There was piteous appeal in the boy's voice. "You'll never get across it alive. I couldn't."

"No." Gil smiled wryly. "That's why I chose it. Goodbye, my lad, and tell the Cardinal the next time he gives me a faith-

ful dog he'd better choose a water spaniel.

There was that sudden cold as his body hit the water and the force of the current carrying him down stream and hurling him against the rocks so that even his strength seemed powerless against it, and there was that moment before he pulled himself on the other shore when he thought he would have to give in. So he was not shamming altogether when the Duke's men found him apparently unconscious and carried him into the castle.

He opened his eyes to look into blue eyes as deep and as darkling clear as the night sky had been in that moment when he had been almost sure he would never see sky nor stars nor moon again; and he thought this woman standing there holding a candle high so that its light made a halo on her hair the fairest woman he had ever seen.

"Brandy" she ordered, and he saw then the other, more timorous woman who was with her, and the middle-aged serving woman holding a butcher's knife as threateningly as if she meant to cut out his heart; and remembering his part then, he groaned and closed his eyes again as a servant came in with a glass.

"Thank you, Madame," he whispered as Marguerite lifted the glass to his lips, and her eyes danced as she smiled at her sister-in-law for it was evident that the man had confused her with Elise who was the Duke's wife. Then that ever-present fear that must always be with those whose lives are lived with danger and who know they are hunted made her voice come sharply: "Who are you?"

"Raymond de Barthe, Madame." And his head went back on the pillow as if even that effort had been too much for him. "I was attacked and thrown into the river."

"Do you know where you are?" And then as Gil nodded she went on. "You will be Duke Edmond's guest until you recover."

She watched as the man helped Gil from the room, then her low laugh came: "Not a very clever spy; he took me for Edmond's wife and you for me!"

"Do you think he is a spy?" Elise whispered. "He looks like a gentleman and he must be brave to swim the river in flood."

"We'll soon find out," Marguerite said tensely. "Have Pierre send a pigeon to Paris. Ask them if they know anything about a man who calls himself Raymond de Barthe."

It was hardly an hour later that she was sure her first instincts about the man were right, for just as she was about to sit down to supper with Elise, Louis came in to them with the warning that their guest was prowling around the castle.

With her small head flung high Marguerite went in search of him.

"What are you looking for?" she demanded.

"You will never forgive me." Gil bowed before her. "You will think me very ungrateful."

"Possibly." Marguerite's eyes smoldered. "But since you see fit to explore the house at night, you had better tell me."

Gil seemed to hesitate a moment as if he were afraid of hurting her. "Food, Madame," he said then, and Marguerite couldn't help that small laugh that came with her relief.

"You certainly need not die of hunger here." She was easier with him now. "Louis," she turned to the servant, "the gentleman will have dinner with us."

She questioned him closely as they sat over their food and wine and sometimes Elise, who was more timorous, flushed at the forthrightness of her queries.

"Are you journeying just for pleasure?" Her question came lightly but Gil saw how her hand tensed as she took up her glass.

"No, Madame, I am on my way to Spain." He seemed to hesitate. "I want to

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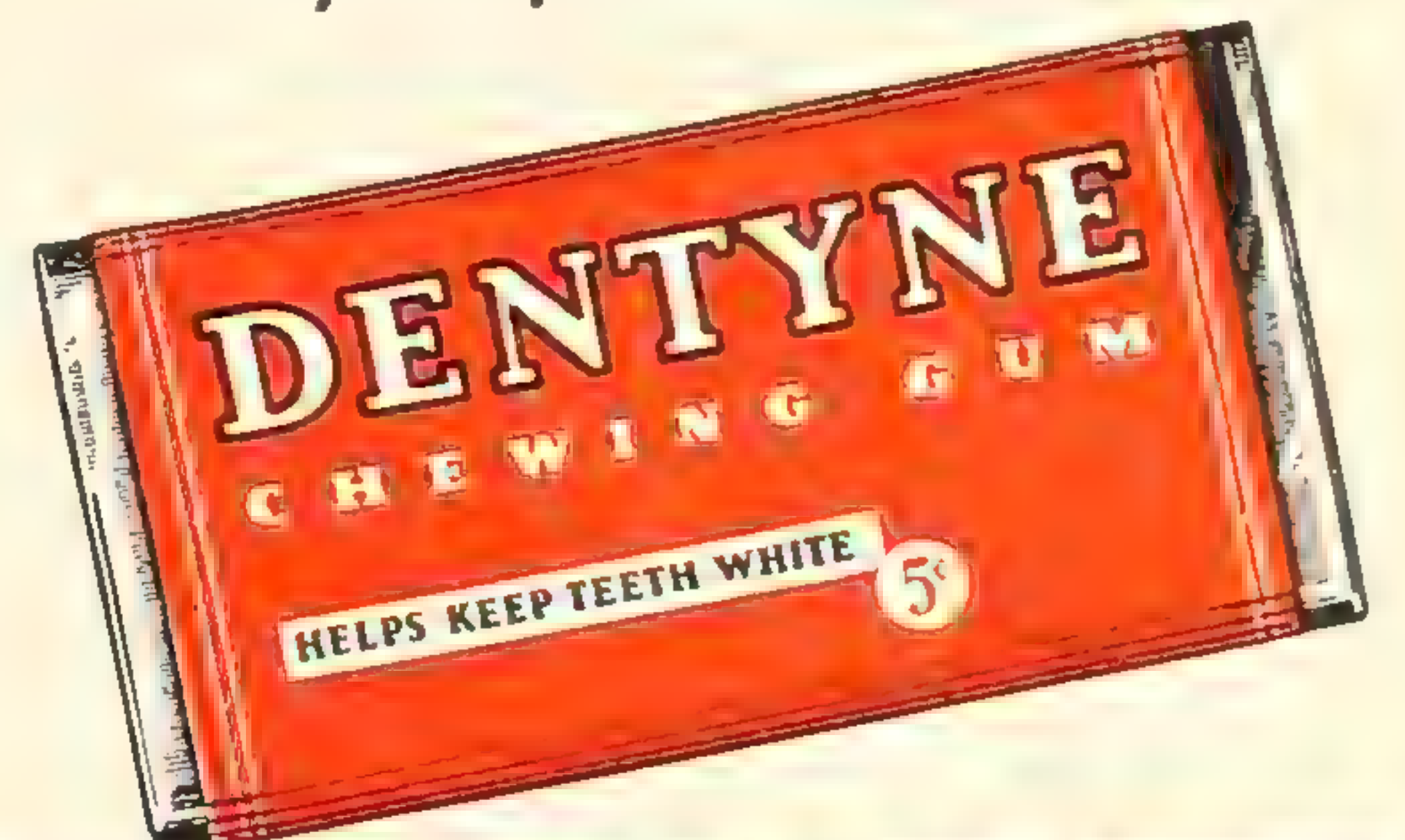
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see Duke Edmond. He may be glad of a good sword."

Before she could answer there was a frenzied ringing at the gate and Marius came rushing in followed by one of the Duke's men.

"Master!" He came forward eagerly as he saw Gil and the man's face froze as he saw him. But he recovered in time and spoke quickly, his words giving Marius his cue, so that it seemed the servant had been watering their horses when the master was attacked.

After they had gone to their room in the turret Marguerite laughed at herself for almost believing this man but on the morrow when she saw him again easy and smiling she wondered if her thoughts had not been too harsh in condemning him.

But there came the night two of her brother's followers came riding from Paris and she received them in the tapestried library and read the dispatch they had brought with them. None of their friends knew of any man by the name Gil had chosen to call himself.

At first she thought of letting the men take him with them when they left to join Edmond in Spain and allow her brother to decide whether the man was an impostor. But that was impractical, for they were taking with them a fortune in diamonds that the Huguenot ladies had given for their cause. And those diamonds were more important than any living one of them, for they were to be used to pay the wages of the army Edmond was raising.

She looked up horrified to see Gil smiling from the doorway and threw her scarf quickly over the stones and though she could not be sure he had not seen, she listened as impassively as the others to Gil's plea that he be allowed to go to Spain.

"But I thought you were happy here," she said after he begged again that he be allowed to leave with her friends. "Why this decision to go?"

"I'd better not tell you," he said slowly. "I am a guest in this house, you are the wife of the master of this house. Please don't ask me any more."

His meaning was unmistakable, and Marguerite couldn't suppress her amused smile at this man who thought he was making love to her brother's wife.

"Are you in the habit of running away when you fall in love?" she asked lightly.

"You are not afraid any more?" She tried to laugh but it broke and became almost a sob instead as she stepped back from him.

"No." He took a quick step towards her but she twisted away again. "You are afraid of me."

"So you are prepared to dishonor the master of the house!"

"I would face damnation if the mistress of the house cared for me!" he said, and then his heart went suddenly dead as he heard her laugh.

"The mistress of the house?" Marguerite laughed as she thought of Elise. "No, I'm afraid you haven't made much of an impression on the mistress of the house. I'm sorry to shatter your dreams, but I'm afraid she doesn't care two straws for you!"

She was gone then and only when she knew she was out of his hearing did the laughter leave her lips and something like a sob come instead. Oh, it was true what she had said. Elise didn't care a straw for the man and Elise was indeed the mistress of the house. But *she* cared, she, Marguerite! She cared so much that her heart almost broke from it.

It was the first time Gil had ever allowed a woman to flout him and his heart was filled with rage for her and all women. Now, for the first time since he had come there he was heart and soul for the thing he was doing.

While Marius watched him he fastened

a rope to the turret window. "Listen," he said tensely. "When I pull the rope you follow me down."

"Down there? I couldn't." Marius shuddered. "I've no head for heights."

"You've sworn to follow me like a dog, haven't you?" Gil laughed. "Well then, pull yourself together and follow me like a cat. You get eight more lives that way. Will you risk it? We've got to search the Baron's room and get those diamonds."

"What diamonds?" Marius grinned. "These?" And he held up the bag of stones Gil had seen on the library table. "It was easy, Master. I just squeezed past the Baron on that narrow staircase!"

The stones were safe under Gil's pillow that night and he laughed as he heard the beat of horses' hoofs on the courtyard below them and knew the men were off without missing the jewels.

Marguerite and Elise were sitting with their needlework the next morning when the Baron came back with the news of the loss of the diamonds.

"We must search every inch of the house, the room you slept in, the underground passage, everywhere!" she cried.

Marius grinned from behind the screen he had chosen as a vantage point and hurried to tell the news to Gil. It was important knowing where that secret passage was if they hoped to trap the Duke when he came; and they rushed outside, finding their way stealthily among the shrubs trying to discover the place where the Baron's horse was tethered which would be the logical entrance of the underground passage. But they could not know the Baron had already left.

"Can I help you?" A cold voice asked, and Gil turned to see Marguerite looking scornfully at him and then as he pretended amazement she went on coldly: "With your work as a spy, I mean. It's an ugly word, I know, but then it's not a very pretty profession, is it *Monsieur de Barthe*?"

"I know nothing about it, Madame," he said coldly.

"Oh, please!" Her hands went up in quick protest. "Abuse my hospitality if you like, but don't insult my intelligence. You got into the house by a trick, you came creeping down the stairs that first night with a lie. Unpardonable, Madame, but I'm hungry!"

"I was starving!" Gil said quietly.

"Starving for what?" she demanded. "Food? Or the information to sell to your dirty master?"

Gil drew himself up proudly.

"When I followed you just now," he said, his nimble mind improvising as he talked, "it was to repay in some small way the hospitality which you accuse me of abusing, with something which I think you lost, even before you lost your temper." And he bowed a little as he gave her the bag of diamonds. "I found them on a path up on the valley."

"Oh," Marguerite said softly and she looked at him questioningly.

"Do you mean—you want—to give me these?"

"Take them back," Gil said slowly, and he was surprised at the elation he felt in serving her.

It was that evening that soldiers came to the castle searching for the Duke. It was not the first time they had been there, but even now, knowing Edmond was not there, the old fear of them was in Marguerite's heart as they milled through the castle. But there was no outward concern to show how she felt until one of them brought Gil into the great hall.

Her heart failed then as they arrested him and after they had gone she ran to the great door and her hands pounded on it as though it were a human thing that could be made to feel her own hurt. Then



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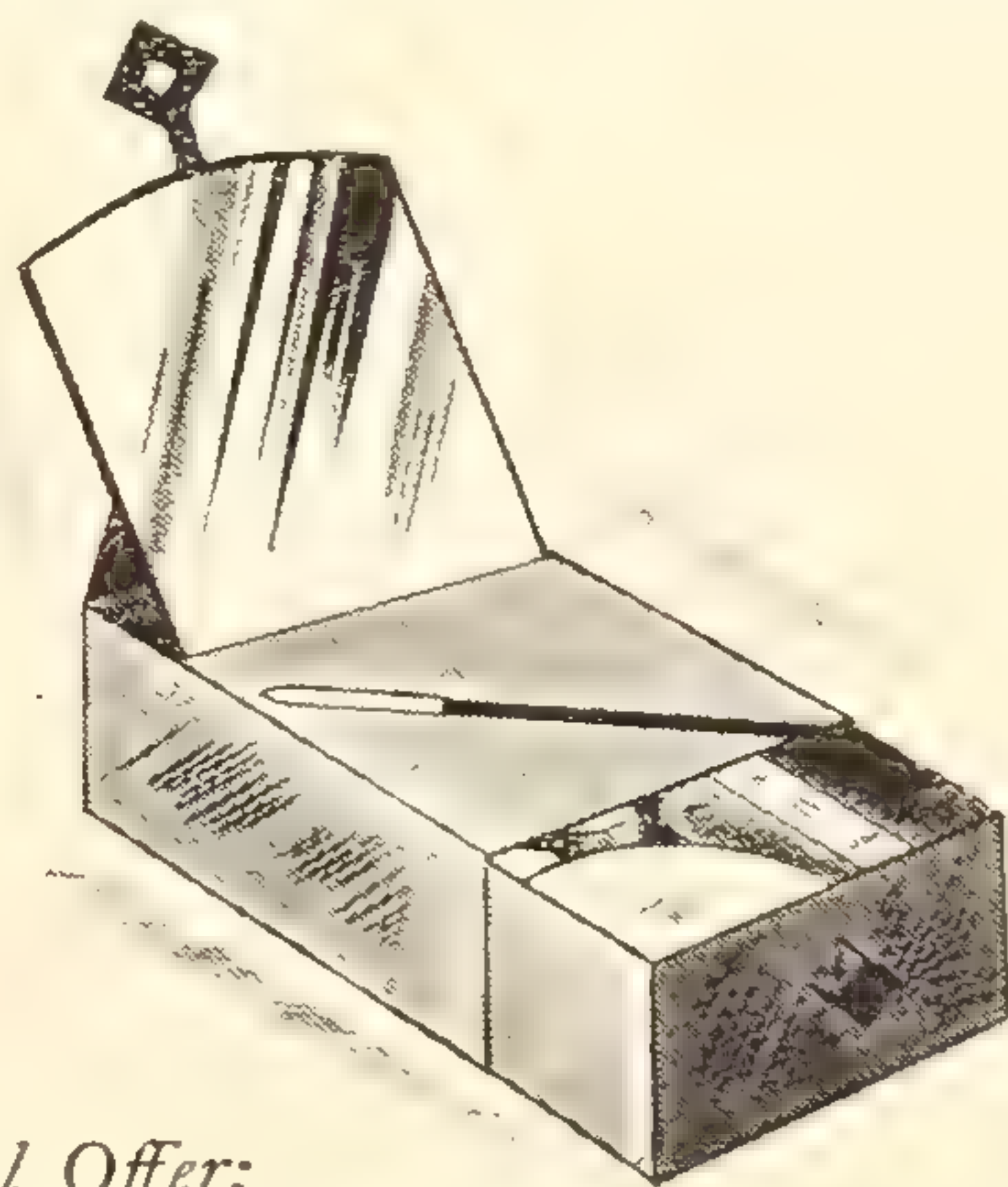
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she heard the shot. She could not cry then, she could only stand there wringing her hands with that new emptiness in her heart and the minutes passing so slowly that each one of them was an eternity of torment.

When she turned and saw him she thought at first he was unreal, as though she had conjured him out of her longing and heartache. Then when he spoke, she walked slowly over to him and touched his sleeve.

"It really is you!" Her words came between laughter and tears. "But the shooting—you're—you're not hurt."

"Their marksmanship was very poor." It hurt to look at her, knowing it was the last time he would ever look at her, real and glowing and alive. "Goodnight, Madame, goodbye. I have been here too long. I might bring danger on your house."

"No!" Marguerite said tensely. "The soldiers will be off again tomorrow and if they should return we can hide you."

"Don't tempt me, Madame," the man said slowly and then as she thrust her hands out imploringly, "would you have me stay?"

Her whispered, "Yes" came so low he scarcely heard it and then her words came eagerly: "I have a confession to make. I've deceived you. When you first came—remember—you called me Madame. You thought I was Edmond's wife."

"Well?" The word was torn from him half jubilantly, half fearfully.

"I'm not," she said simply. "That's Elise. I'm Edmond's sister. Are you glad?"

"Glad!" He was shouting now, his eyes eager as he stepped quickly towards her. And then for all the gladness surging through her she was frightened too, as frightened of her own beating heart as at the look in his eyes, and she turned and ran breathlessly up the stairs.

He caught her as she reached the door of her room and as his arms held her she no longer struggled against his kiss.

"I had to hate you!" she whispered. "Because from the first moment I had to love you. It makes me laugh when I look back. I thought you were all kinds of horrible things—"

"You were right." His face was tense as he looked at her. "I came here under a false name. My name is Gil de Berault and Paris could tell you what's wrong with it. It's the name of a gambler, a duellist. The Black Death—that's what they call me, a man not fit to lick your shoes!"

"You've left out something," she said softly. "It's the name of the man I love. What do I care what you have been? Your past is past. It is your hand, your eyes, your courage, your soul that belongs to the present and belongs to me!"

For a moment Gil bent his head against the softness of her cheek and there was forgetting for that space of the thing he had pledged himself to do. Tomorrow he would leave, his mission unfulfilled, and even though he never saw her again there would be peace in his heart that he had done the only thing he could ever do for her.

Afterwards he walked down the stairs and it was then he saw the man straightening as he approached.

"What are you doing in this house?" the stranger demanded.

"I happen to be the Duke's guest," Gil said loftily. "What are you doing here?"

"I happen to be the Duke!" Edmond said, and then his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears as Marguerite and Elise came rushing down the stairs and threw their arms around him.

Suddenly Gil found his voice again.

"Go back to Spain!" he had meant to whisper the warning but his voice came in a shout. "Don't ask me why—just go. Go, while you're safe."

"Safe?" Edmond looked at him puzzled. "From whom?"

But it was not Gil who answered. It was as if the castle itself were answering with that sudden hammering on all the doors, that thunder of hoofbeats in the courtyard outside.

"Soldiers!" Marguerite whispered horrified and Elise gave that small, horrified wail. "The passage. They're in the passage too!"

Marius came rushing into the room as Gil stood there horrified. And it was as if the sight of the boy galvanized him into action. In a second he had whipped out his pistol and advanced to Edmond.

"Duke Edmond!" His voice sounded strange as if it no longer belonged to him. "I arrest you in the name of the Cardinal. Give me your word of honor and you can come to Paris at your ease and as a gentleman. If you don't the soldiers will put you in irons."

At first it seemed almost as if Marguerite had not heard him aright; then it was as if her face slowly turned to stone with only the torment in her eyes to show she still lived. She stood so, straight and still, as Gil showed the Captain of the soldiers the order he had for Edmond's arrest and the men left.

There was nothing she had to say to him that night and there was nothing she had to say on the long ride to the North. Gil had sent Marius on ahead to tell the news to the Cardinal, and his heart was heavy with the thing he had to do.

It was when they reached the crossroads that led on the one side to Paris and on the other to Bordeaux that he asked to speak to her alone.

"You told me, not so long ago, that you would never judge me hastily again." For all his effort his words were torn with pain but the bewilderment in her heart sensed nothing but her own sorrow.

"Facts judge you, not I." Her words came bitterly. "I am not interested in anything you might say. But you might be interested in what I am going to say. Here are the diamonds." She thrust the bag at him. "They represent a fortune. The diamonds for my brother's freedom."

"You misjudge me." Gil's smile came broken in his own bitterness. "I never turned traitor to the hand that employed me, nor sold my own side."

"Then your life." The cry was torn from her and he saw her draw the pistol from the pocket of her riding dress and point it at him. He stood unshaken as she held it for that space that might have been a second or a year or a lifetime for all that either of them knew. Then with a little cry she flung it away. "I can't!" she sobbed. "God forgive me. I can't kill you!"

He put out his hand then and this time she did not tear herself away and his words came gently. "Listen to me. I came from under the gallows to arrest somebody who was an outlaw. If I had not arrested him, others would have done so."

"Would to Heaven they had!" she cried.

"Thank you for that." He tried to smile. "There is one course still open to me by which I can redeem my honor, to go back to the man who sent me and pay the penalty. I give your brother back to you. The road there leads to Bordeaux. He is free to go! Goodbye."

So it was that Gil went riding back to Richelieu. Only there was no Richelieu as he had known him when he returned. No powerful man, arrogant with his own might, only a broken old man who had at last lost the King's favor.

No longer did he have the power to reward Gil or any other that had pleased him. Marius told him that news when he intercepted him at the inn where he knew his master would stop to change horses.

But he still had the power to hang him. Marius told him that, too, and begged him not to go.

Richelieu sat in his study with the old priest who alone remained faithful to him. It was time for his morning reception but the great anteroom was still of the voices that usually buzzed through it. So it was to fall from the King's graces. So it was to know of what feeble stuff his sycophants had been made. He had been too cruel, the King had said, there had been too much bloodshed. Cruelty—bloodshed—the words were still ringing in his ears. And he had only thought to serve France as he saw best.

He looked up to see Marguerite standing there and he listened as she spoke and his smile twisted. So this was the reason for Gil's treachery, this woman with her jumbled phrases of entreaty and excuse, of courage too, he admitted grudgingly, and such love he had not known there could be between a woman and a man.

"So," he said at last, his tired eyes meeting her tearful ones, "I am to forgive him because he fell in love with you?"

"No!" Her head went up proudly. "But because he did your work and did it better than you. Because of him there will be no rebellion."

"Enough!" The Cardinal looked at her sternly. "I have already been too patient. Not content with stirring up trouble among your own people you admit having seduced my trusted agent from his duty. You came here today at your own risk. Joseph, call the Captain of my Guard."

Even as she was being taken away there were sounds of voices drifting in from the anteroom and Richelieu saw them all arriving again, the bishops and the gentlemen, the ladies and the courtiers, and so even before the King's message came re-instating him because of the great work he had done in suppressing the revolution without bloodshed, he knew that he had been recalled to favor.

And again it was Gil who in all that fine company dared show himself mud-stained and torn where brambles had caught at his legs and arms and stand before the Cardinal with his old arrogance.

"You're here because my power is gone!" Richelieu thundered.

"Yes, your power to reward me." Gil bowed. "But not to hang me."

"I promised you nothing so quick as a hanging," Richelieu said testily. "Your punishment shall be such that, before death frees you, you will have time to realize what it means to play false with Richelieu!" He turned to his secretary. "Joseph, fetch the woman!"

While he waited the Cardinal scrawled some words on a piece of paper and it was almost as if he smiled when Marguerite was led into the room and he gave it to her.

They read it together, Gil and Marguerite, and as they read it they felt life slowly coming back in their hearts again.

"The King's pleasure is that Lady Marguerite and M. Gil de Bereault retire forthwith to the demesne of Auch and confine themselves within its limits until the King's pleasure be further known."

They laughed together as they looked at the Cardinal's name scrawled in arrogant black letters on the bottom of the scroll and then they looked at the Cardinal, but already he had forgotten them.

For the great door leading to the anteroom was open, and men and women were bowing as the Cardinal stood in the doorway, his hand upraised in greeting. And as he moved slowly and majestically among them, it was the great Richelieu who condescendingly bowed to the favored ones among them. The powerful Richelieu, who had already forgotten how it felt to be old.

(The End.)



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Odorono Ice is so easy and pleasant to use, so dainty and so wonderfully effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow. 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

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*
ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

London

Continued from page 51



Rinse Off Unwanted Hair avoid bristly re-growth

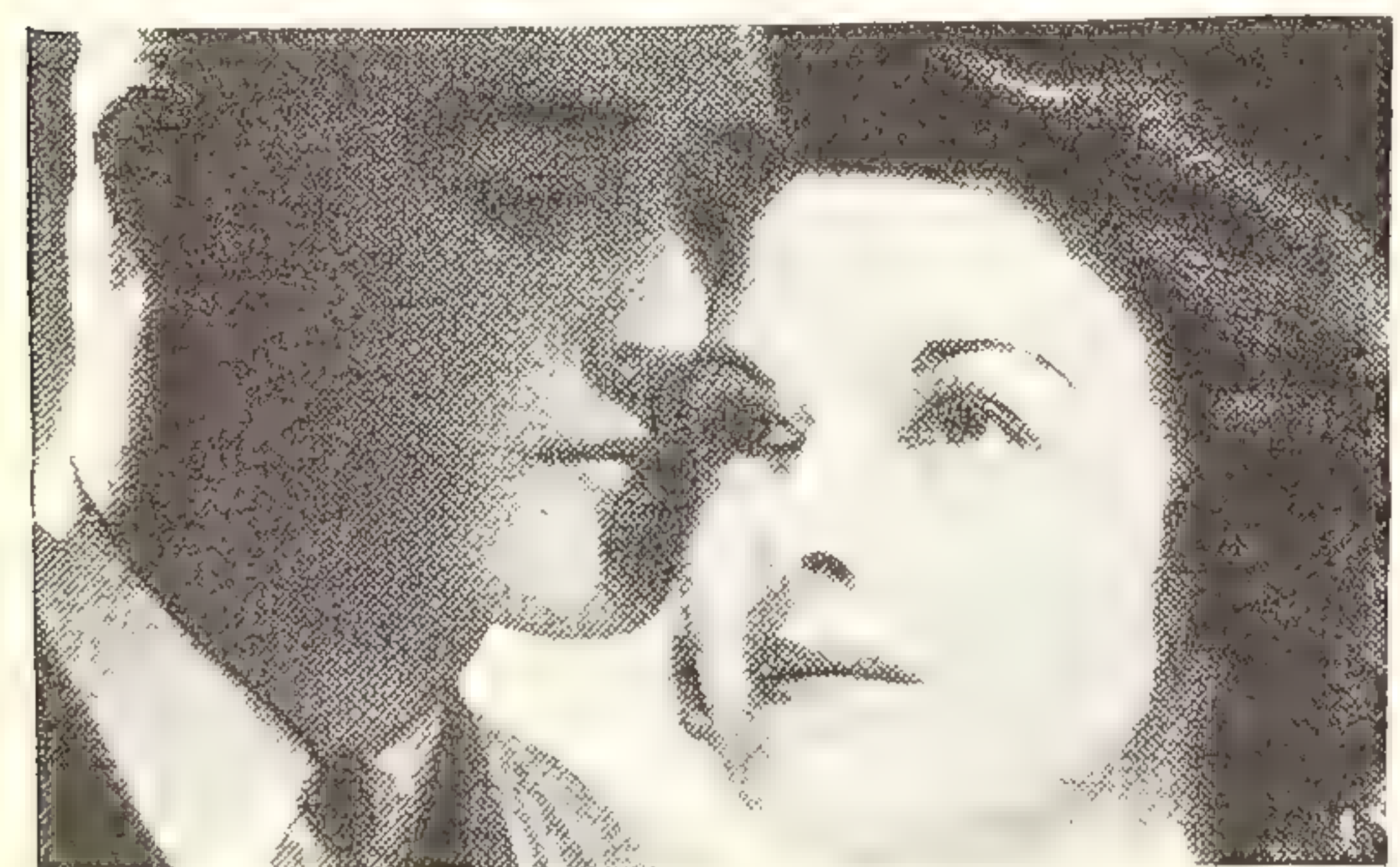
Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way—easy, sure, dependable!

NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

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ibath

Sarah herself and leading light at British Unity who will soon be starting work on their new historical film co-starring Anna Sten and the sinister-looking Conrad Veidt. At the next table you will notice the ubiquitous bespectacled Alexander Korda, delicately sipping vintage hock and entertaining a large party in his customary grand manner.

He's got handsome Laurence Olivier and Brian Aherne. Brian may announce he's "only good friends" with Merle Oberon but when she had her car accident he besieged the hospital so consistently they nearly had to provide him with a ward as well! He sends her books and fruit and boxes of roses every day and wrote her little notes each morning until she had recovered sufficiently to be allowed to sit up in bed and telephone. I hear Merle made the most enchanting invalid in her pale green pajamas and quaint quilted satin coat to match embroidered with her initials on the lapels in gold.

Even Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton have been commanded to dine *chez* Korda. (Nobody else could induce them to mingle in smart society haunts!) But the far-away look with which Charles is disregarding his *peche Melba* doesn't mean he is bored with the party. He is merely studying his fellow diners and adding new personalities to his repertoire. He spends hours in watching other people, noting the ways they behave and the little expressions that betray their real feelings. All the gestures and habits he uses in creating new characters on the screen are based on actual people Charles has seen. That astigmatic stare of *Rembrandt* was copied from the pre-occupied look frequently on the face of a world-famous English portrait painter today while the rolling nautical gait of *Captain Bligh* of "Mutiny on the Bounty" distinguishes a celebrated modern Admiral.

Now blink your eyes at the beauteous vision in midnight blue satin and mink cape just arriving, wise-cracking Glenda Farrell with her—no, it's not her twin sister, but her friend Frances Waverly.

Glenda is acting for Warner Brothers at Teddington in a film called "Have You Come For Me?" in which she plays with our diffident comedian Claude Hulbert. Between scenes she and Frances have managed to dash up to town and choose some Coronation souvenirs, including china tankards with wee musical-boxes hidden in the base so that they play *God Save the King* as you raise them to drink your beer (or fruit juice). Glenda is going to surprise her friends by having them passed round at her next Hollywood party.

Noel Madison's wife wanted to see our Coronation pageantry, too, so Hollywood's most hard-worked gangster took a vacation and brought her over; but he hasn't even been able to make the inevitable rubber-necking drive through the decorated streets himself. Immediately he arrived he was snapped up to do some menacing in the British studios, first to murder an old scientist in "The Man Who Made Diamonds" for Warners. Then he rushed off to Pinewood to level a gun at Jessie Matthews, assisted by Nat Pendleton. This happens in the new Gaumont-British "Gang Way" but characteristically Jessie escapes being bumped-off by charming her captors with a light-hearted song and some of that celebrated thistledown dancing.

Ann Harding came to watch Jessie at work the other morning. Since her recent marriage to Werner Janssen Ann has emerged from her country seclusion to be-

come a prominent personage in the more exclusive Mayfair circle. You see her with titled companions at fashionable theatrical first-nights and the other day she opened the Scottish Textile Exhibition, held in honor of Queen Elizabeth who was born in the Highlands. Ann was greeted by kilted children and given a tartan scarf by Sir Archibald Sinclair and a bouquet of pink carnations exactly the same as that which the Queen herself had accepted earlier in the day.

With flags and gilded crowns and illuminated Royal inscriptions everywhere you look in London, it's appropriate that the biggest new film of the season, the suspended "I, Claudius" notwithstanding, should be "Victoria the Great" for which Producer Herbert Wilcox and Radio Pictures are jointly responsible. It tells the intimate love story of the youthful Queen Victoria who had just ascended the Throne and her German consort Prince Albert and includes a pageant of the great historical events of the Queen's reign filmed in Technicolor.

As the Queen, Anna Neagle has achieved an amazing alteration in her merry personality, modelling herself on Winterhalter's priceless portrait that now hangs in the State Dining-Room at Buckingham Palace. Brilliant young Anton Walbrook is her Prince and veteran H. B. Warner plays *Lord Melbourne*, the famous Prime Minister. Five thousand extras will dance in the Court ball scenes, against gilded pillars and satin-draped walls faithfully reproducing the stately ballroom at the Palace, where this Coronation season Royalties and distinguished personages from all over the world are dancing at the balls given by Queen Victoria's great-grandson and his Queen.

Anna finds her part necessitates real feats of physical endurance for the weight of Royal robes, heavily ermine-trimmed and with long purple velvet trains, is itself exceedingly tiring, not to mention the quantity of elaborate gems she must wear and the massive jewelled diadems she has to support on her hair, duly darkened from its pale gold curls to Queen Victoria's true chestnut brown. Fortunately Anna is one of the fittest actresses in London, probably because she leads such a healthy open-air life at her country home in a quiet winding lane in Hertfordshire twenty miles north of the city purlieus.

Unmarried, Anna lives with her parents—her father is a retired liner captain and her real name is Marjorie Robertson. She rises at half-past six every morning and goes off hatless with her dogs for a brisk walk through the fields and woods before breakfast. She plays tennis and golf and squash-rackets and spends Sundays working in her garden, weeding, planting, trimming the bushes and spraying the roses with efficient enthusiasm. She says all the bending and kneeling and stretching which gardening entails is more beneficial to the figure than any set exercises ever devised.

There is nothing of the conventional screen star about Anna. She generally arrives at the studio in a knitted Jersey and tweeds or a plainly tailored white linen suit if it's hot. She never wears formal afternoon clothes, and her evening dresses are simply draped white or pale blue crepes and satins with just a single piece of jewelry. Over them goes a long dark velvet coat for she will never don furs of any description.

Yet these ultra-plain ensembles can look marvellously attractive on the woman with natural poise. When novelist Dennis Wheatly gave an evening party for Dolores Costello the other night, the guest of honor was graciously beautiful in a full-skirted dress of blush-pink lace, devoid of ornament but outstanding because of its perfect draping.

A Man's Woman

Continued from page 34

"It was a lot of fun, but utterly false. I played so many slant-eyed Orientals that I couldn't see straight, much less think straight. The joke of it was that I, of Scotch-Welsh stock, was so thoroughly Occidental that I'd never been out of my native West. I often wonder what would have happened to me if I'd started off on the other foot.

"It may sound incredible, but I had the part of the Virgin Mary—had it for three hours. Then they gave it to Betty Bronson. Probably a thousand actresses had been tested for the part. You see," and there is a barely perceptible twinkle in her eye, "they were very skeptical about casting a well-known actress as the Virgin Mary. I had sat in the casting office day after day hoping to hear someone say, 'come in, little girl, we have found you!' No such luck. Up to that time they wouldn't have me even as an extra. I'd probably not be on the screen today if it hadn't been for putting on make-up when last they did call me. Told not to bother about it, I knew they wanted to photograph the costume, not me. But the canny Scotch in me came out in a splurge of make-up which spared the studio no expense. And that was the beginning of my exotic career. For my sins, I went from the Virgin Mary to 'Satan in Sables.'"

Never mind. She now is funny enough to be a new Myrna Loy, and you congratulate yourself on the joyous change in her.

"My recent marriage has probably done more than anything else to change me in one respect," she is glad to say, "and that's socially. In the old days I was accused of not wanting to have anything to do with people and keeping to myself in Hollywood. Well, that was true. During all those years in which I was paraded on the screen in exotic parts I couldn't bear to face people. I knew they wouldn't believe in me because I didn't believe in myself. In the eyes of others you are what the screen makes you. This is inevitable. In a character which is utterly unlike your own it is impossible to be true to yourself. Try as you may you can't shake it off. So I didn't try. It has been pretty much the same in 'perfect wife' parts. Every time I met a real one I felt like apologizing to her and saying I hoped I wasn't setting a bad example for her husband, who might be making odious comparisons and finding only human imperfections in herself. I certainly didn't want to make things harder for the poor dear. Yet I couldn't help feeling she'd like to put ground glass in my food."

Nonsense. Doubtless any wife seeing Myrna Loy smooth things out for a blundering, helpless male saw herself doing likewise for her own husband, only to go home and fondly shake him down for a new hat, dress or some other small reward for her great kindness.

"Now I'm making another mistake, by playing six pictures in one year. This can't be done, at least by me, without becoming tired. But when the chance came I simply couldn't resist playing *Katie*, who, irresistible for many reasons, was doubly so, I think, because she is not a 'perfect wife.' For I can't forget that time—my poisonous past—when I felt I'd never get out of the 'type' rut.

"It is only now," she confesses, "that I've managed to be a bit less timid. Success has much to do with confidence in yourself. Still, it's not easy. Born in Montana and having lived on ranches as



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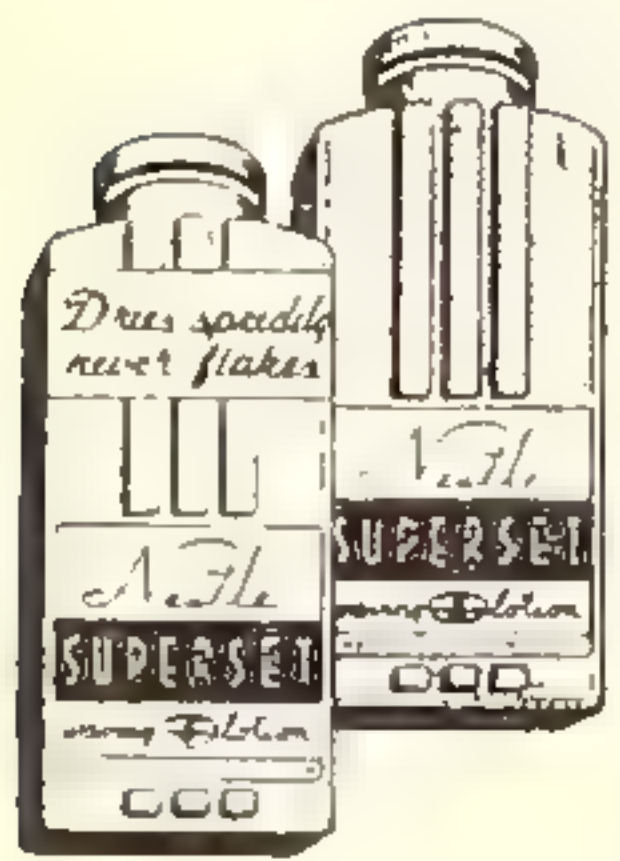
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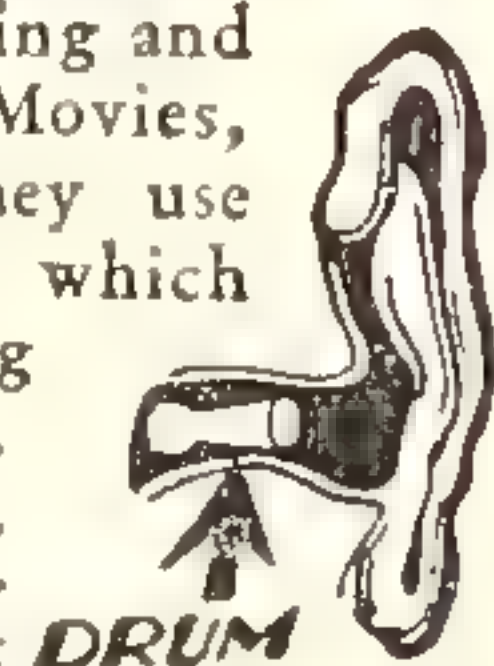
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Wide World

Lionel Barrymore's celebration—59th birthday, 54th anniversary of his stage debut, 27th year as film actor. Cheering him on as he cuts himself a piece of birthday cake are Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Jean Harlow.

a child, it was only natural I should be shy. Even in my school life I couldn't get away from shyness, though I always had a pretty definite idea of what I would try to make of myself. I knew I had to study things which would be of value to me in making my way. In this I was encouraged by my father. We were great pals, and somehow he made me feel I was to do the things he did. I'm grateful for that because at his death, when I was thirteen, I had the responsibility of a family."

No burden is implied, only a trust willingly accepted and resolutely carried out.

"Now that I'm no longer acting absurd, unnatural parts I'm quite satisfied with what I'm doing. In fact, I love it. And I'm no longer afraid of meeting people. When we get our house settled it will be a real joy to have them there."

Myrna Loy, actress, glows into Myrna Loy, matron.

"Love is selfish," she reflects, "but it is a forgivable selfishness. Because of this it has led to more happiness and more misery than anything else in the world. To be happy in it we must be sure of it. To be miserable in it means it is the greatest mistake we can make. It is said this mistake is often made in Hollywood. But it is a fine thing if you can make a go of it. To do this it is necessary to learn the use of compromise. This is especially true of professional women, who are apt to be spoiled. So much attention is paid them that they are likely to become intensely ingrown. Actresses have to devote so much time to themselves—or think they do—that it may be far more than is necessary. In remembering themselves they forget others."

Here Miss Loy's sympathy seems to veer from women to those fortunate men with whom she finds herself more "comfortable."

"I've never been deeply enough interested in actors to consider the pros and cons," she declares. "But I do believe the tendency of actresses to be spoiled has gone so far that an adjustment should be made. Other women with other interests adjust themselves to married life, so why shouldn't we? After all, a wife's a wife, no matter what her work. But from what little I have seen the actress has so little time to play and so much work to do in

Hollywood that she is apt to carry her work into her private life. I don't mean just talking it over with her husband, which is a perfectly natural thing to do, but making it such an endless topic and argument that the desperate victim may seek any means of escape from it. This isn't saying that the actor, if she happens to be married to one, may not be inclined to talk a bit about himself. But he is also interested in other things. For one, he has outdoor sports to take his mind off himself. But in either case it's a mistake for professional people to take the studio home with them. I've known of actresses who have their hair dressed at night. I think that's a terrible mistake. Coming home with my hair done up in pins and looking like the fretful porcupine is not a spectacle I'd want to inflict on my husband. It's not a very pretty sight. But it's one that many a Hollywood husband has to face. Across the dinner table from him is a strange and wonderful apparition by no means conducive to good appetite. This is a mistake which may easily be avoided. Surely, an actress needn't look a fright at dinner, of all times. Her family might have put up with it before she was married, but it's a little too much to expect of a husband."

Might as well expect him to live in a beauty parlor and like it. You quite agree with Miss Loy. "A man's woman," she emboldens you sternly to nod your head, assert your dignity, throw out your chest.

"I am not conscious," she modestly adds, "that marriage has changed me. But it has made me realize more than ever before there should be the greatest sympathy and understanding among professional people. Nothing less can bring about marital happiness in Hollywood. Perhaps this has been easier for me to find than for actresses generally because in Mr. Hornblow I have married a producer with separate interests rather than an actor with the same identical kind as my own. Though aware that marriage in Hollywood is said to be surrounded with difficulties, I must say I haven't found it difficult yet. However, I haven't been at it long."

True. Yet you feel sure Myrna Loy is the sort of beginner who has started something she can finish—don't make any mistake about that.

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Girls into goddesses... every graceful curve enhanced and controlled, in the Swim Suits of B. V. D.



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Swim Suits

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL
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Their Pet Economies

Continued from page 63

touched with sentiment. Clark Gable doesn't like to wear hats, refuses to buy a hat except under duress of some sort. James Stewart shares this idiosyncrasy with Clark, but Pat O'Brien really tops them. Pat will buy a hat if his wife insists. But he will never, never throw it away or give it to a deserving ash man. Pat would a lot rather give the ash man money enough to buy eight hats than to part with one of his own—which he objected to buying in the first place! The consequence of this is that there is a sizeable room in the O'Brien ménage which is practically filled with disreputable hats.

Joan Blondell's friends have tattled on her. Joan has a positive fetish for counting laundry and keeping track of prices. About every three weeks she decides that the laundry is cheating her, and she changes laundrymen. Well, of course there are just so many laundries in her vicinity so it isn't very long until she finds that she is doing business with someone whose name seems familiar. Can it be? It is! She is back where she started four months ago. But you can't daunt Blondell! She goes right on changing laundries in the pathetic hope that one day she will find one whose count tallies with hers.

Entertaining presents its problems for the younger set. Hollywood's party notions are so elaborate and expensive. The Warren Hulls lo-o-ove parties and gaiety, yet they feel that the family budget, at the moment, should not be stretched too far in the interests of fun. They have solved this problem by inaugurating a series of parties at which the guests are invited to the house for cocktails. Then the Hulls whisk them to the beach for a wiener roast or a steak fry. There is a tiny beer parlor in one of the beach towns which Warren simply takes over for the evening. A three-piece orchestra, beer and pretzels complete the entertainment and it is all very gay at about one eighth the cost of a party at one of the big night spots.

Bob Taylor, too, has had his entertainment problems since his sudden zoom to fame and its consequent popularity. After Bob acquired his really elegant house in Beverly, he found that it was going to cost him lots of dollars to equip the dining-room and bar for entertaining purposes. He was so appalled at the necessary outlay for china, silverware, linens, to say nothing of the service involved, that he simply threw up his hands and cried, "I'll take people out to dinner, at least until I am a lot richer than I am, now!"

My snooping also disclosed a number of rather surprising economies which had to do with clothes. Jeanette McDonald will *not* buy bedroom slippers. The dainty singing star possesses a pair of really disreputable, soft leather moccasins which she has had for years and years and which, she avers, she intends to wear about her boudoir until they disintegrate under her.

Fred MacMurray is a tie-hoarder. He has his ties cleaned and cleaned and cleaned until the despairing cleaner argues that they simply won't take it any more. Even then, Fred has to be convinced.

Anita Louise boasts that she hasn't bought a handkerchief for years and years. "I wait until Christmas," she said. "Some times I find myself along about November having to conceal really tattered squares of linen, which I am carrying in my bag. It's a sort of complex, I guess. I simply will not buy them!"

Luise Rainer won't buy stockings. If Christmas and her birthday do not bring

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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES
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her enough to see her through a season, then she just jolly well goes bare-legged until another gift day comes along.

Ginger Rogers hoards her dresses. She cannot be persuaded to part with even a tiny shred of anything she has bought and worn. "I'm saving them to make quilts," she explains. And, believe it or not, my darlings, she actually cuts them into little pieces and *makes* quilts. I've seen her making them, and right tasty quilts, too. But how can anyone use that many quilts?

Claudette Colbert has the reputation of being the most luxurious actress in Hollywood—one of the very few, for instance, who has a personal maid at home as well as at the studio. Columns and columns have been written about Claudette's exquisite mode of living, about her perfumes, her lingerie, her house and her boudoir. Yet Claudette has a pet, personal economy. It is fingernails: Claudette buys one of those inexpensive kits of manicure equipment at the drug store and does her own nails. "I don't know exactly why," she will tell you. "It must date back to something which I cannot recall—but I can't bear to spend money on manicures."

And Constance Bennett treasures old powder puffs. She has them washed and washed until they disappear. Then, when she simply must buy new ones, or do without any, she has the new ones washed before she uses them, "so they will seem old!" And this is the gal of whom it was once reported that she spent \$125,000 a year on clothes!

Josephine Hutchinson and Marjorie Gatenon exchange gloating notes over the money they save on beauty shop bills. Both

of these girls cut, wash, and wave their own hair, and attend to their own nails and whatever attention they think their faces require. Oh, they assure you, they save dollars and dollars every month.

And if Glenda Farrell comes to your house, please don't be surprised if she suddenly drops on her knees and comes up triumphantly with a pin in her hand. Just a common, garden variety of pin. "I like to sew," she explains. "And anyone who sews will tell you that she never, never has quite enough pins for the fitting process!"

It would take a psycho-analyst to tell you why these people have these peculiar fetishes for saving pennies. Karen Morley isn't poor and she isn't stingy. But she will drive blocks and blocks, waste gasoline and time and temper, to keep from leaving her car in a pay parking station. She can't tell you why. It is some peculiar quirk of nerves or forgotten, past experience.

I have seen Evelyn Venable, in her own living-room, rise and almost furtively turn out electric lights in some far corner where they were not really necessary to anyone. "I don't know why I do it, exactly," she will admit, blushing a little. "I simply cannot bear for that lovely light to be wasted. It isn't money. I can't save more than a few cents by being so careful. I do it in hotel rooms where it isn't costing me anything. It must be that light seems to me so precious a thing that it must not be wasted!"

I doubt whether Pat O'Brien's feelings about his hats are so poetic, or Connie Bennett's feelings about her powder puffs. But, whatever their feelings are, they are strong.

She Was "Discovered" Twice

Continued from page 23

Then they tried me for a part in Shirley Temple's picture 'Dimples,' I didn't get the part—nor another one they tested me for.

"I went to all the other studios in Hollywood, asking if they wanted a dramatic actress. Of course they didn't. By this time I thoroughly hated the place, but I didn't want to leave it beaten that way. Then I applied for and got the leading part in a stage production at a small Hollywood playhouse. Then and there I felt that I'd be very happy if I never heard of picture contracts again."

And who, we'd like to know, wouldn't feel the same way about it. But, only a few months later Doris Nolan was hearing about picture contracts. She was to be selected as a "new face" for a second time, and right in New York—the Ambassador Theatre to be exact, in a stage success called "The Night of January 16th."

You see, "The Night of January 16th" was an Al Woods production, and Al Woods had seen Doris Nolan playing at the little theatre in Hollywood. One of the keenest of the theatre's producers for seeking and developing new talent, Al Woods went backstage to see this young leading lady. He told her to come to New York and see him—nothing about railroad fare, mind you—and you shouldn't mind, for Mr. Al Woods is never rash about matters like that. Doris didn't mind. Her home was in New York, and she had the carfare. So she and her sister Gladys, her secretary and her companion when she's in Hollywood now, as then, headed East—and shed no tears as they saw the hills of fabled Hollywood fade into the distance behind them.

Back on Broadway, Al Woods was as good as his word, and soon Doris Nolan was rehearsing the highly dramatic leading

feminine rôle in his new melodrama. Came opening night, came success, and later came all the picture scouts for Doris Nolan. The first company on the line was Universal, whose Dan Kelley, casting director, was in New York on a play and talent searching junket. And he it was who persuaded Doris to sign on the dotted line for a return trip to movieland.

How's that for the perfect materialization of those countless wishes that surely must have been flung to the skies by the uncounted number of girls who were taken to Hollywood, cast loose again, and left only to pray for a sweet revenge which would find another company bringing the discouraged outcast back to the land of promise.

But you'll detect no suggestion of exulting revenge in Doris Nolan when she talks of her experiences. What's over, is over with so far as this girl is concerned—the present, the future they are her world. You can tell it by the sheer vitality, the eager interest, the very happy habit of seeing the fun in everything, so apparent in her.

Hollywood is making a star of her, but not a clothes horse. Not off-screen at any rate. This day she was very simply, unglamorously garbed in black; black suit, black hat set far back on her head, and forming a very simple but effectively contrasting frame for light brown hair, hazel eyes, and features drawn to a pattern indicative of character rather than prettiness. She seems taller than her five feet and five inches; and in manner, as well as bearing, she is utterly natural, unaffected, buoyant, and strikingly attractive.

Up to now she has played in three pictures. The first, "The Man I Marry," was no great shakes either as a picture or a vehicle for Doris Nolan. Nevertheless

Universal studio heads saw enough in the first few scenes she did to build up the part and definitely schedule her for the very ambitiously-planned "Top of the Town," a musical, but in it Doris so impressed Hollywood with her dramatic abilities that in the future she will have the kind of parts she's most interested in doing—dramatic characterizations. The latest picture is "As Good as Married," with John Boles, Walter Pidgeon and Alan Mowbray in the other important rôles.

The contract under which she is now working—it was signed by her mother as guardian, for Doris won't be twenty-one until come next July 14th—allows her six months' picture work and six months on the stage. She has another play to do for Al Woods, who by the way, with a little luck, might have had the neat little sum of \$20,000 handed him by Universal last Fall.

Mr. Al Woods lost out on the twenty grand when he produced "Arrest That Woman" last September. Doris Nolan had completed her first picture and came on to do that play for Mr. Woods. Universal was ready to start "Top of the Town," and they wanted their Doris Nolan back on the lot. They got nervous about it, and decided to offer Woods \$20,000 for her release from the play. Meantime "Arrest That Woman" opened—and not to cheers but slams in spades from the critics. Mr. Al Woods, of course, knew nothing about the \$20,000 in the offing. All he knew was that the customers were not showing up at his box office. So after living through seven performances, "Arrest That Woman" just naturally folded. The collapse of the show in no way reflected on the cast, nor particularly on Doris Nolan. Woods wants her back for a play next season. But for his sake we don't have to pray he will be precipitate and do what Universal nearly did, and rush out with an offer of \$20,000 for Doris Nolan's release—because Mr. Al Woods isn't precipitate when it comes to that kind of money.

You get accustomed to meeting comedians who are very glum, grave fellows, sad and dripping melancholy when they are not working at being funny. It shouldn't be, and isn't, surprising therefore to meet a girl who likes dramatic rôles, vital, even a bit purplish if that darkish ingredient is necessary to give them dramatic substance, but who, behind the make-up, is all gaiety, good-humor and fun-loving. Such is Doris Nolan.

Plied with many questions about her impressions of Hollywood, she answered most of them tentatively. But then she summed it all up in one hearty statement. "Personally," she said, "it's a great place for laughs—even mayhap, one big scream. The thing that bowls me over with the heartiest laugh is the super efficiency of the top men. Such efficiency when they're in the business environment of their own office suites! They press buzzers and locomotives steam over the rails, planes soar into the sky. It's colossal."

So far as the excitement of limelight honors is concerned, this glamor girl who doesn't work at being glamorous, finds its greatest amusement in seeing pictures of herself printed with the labels "beauty" and "glamor girl," and she admits perhaps looking that way in the pictures. The laugh comes, she says, when she thinks how much fussing has been made by the make-up people and cameramen and lighting specialists, to achieve the shining beauty these pictures show.

All of which, for all the modesty it may show, is not a rehearsed "line." If you'd hear her say it, you'd believe that too. Yet truth compels the report that there's glamor in her eyes and smile and the spirited toss of Doris Nolan's head, even without the make-up.

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Camera-Wise Paul Kelly

Continued from page 57

of 12, and then blow the prints up to any size I want."

Mrs. Kelly smiled down at him ruefully, as he sat on the floor of their living-room turning over boxes of prints.

"He hadn't had the camera long before he wanted to develop his own pictures," she confided. "I set my foot down. I had an uncle Bert who was a photographer, and all I can remember when I think of him is that he always had stains on his fingers. I couldn't stand that. My uncle Bert got to be like Gracie Allen's brother. I was always dragging him into the argument."

"Paul wanted to use the bathtub to develop his shots. I informed him some more about my uncle Bert. 'Do you care if I make a dark room in the garage?' he asked, patiently. So he bought a sink for \$1.50 and made his own outfit, me still going on about Uncle Bert. He showed me that they have things like clothespins to hold the prints when you dip 'em in the solution, so he wouldn't get his fingers stained. He made his own enlarger, using the lens of a box camera and the back of a tin box with a pulley arrangement so the action wouldn't be jerky. Really wonderful!"

Paul broke in to mention that he had just bought an Argus camera, because the price was so reasonable, and an Argus enlarger too.

"You need more than one camera, if you are really interested," he commented. "I have an exposure meter to determine the correct light, and a portrait lens attachment for the Rolloflex. I can take stills made by the studio, or lighting shots made by motion picture cameramen and remake them with the portrait lens."

"Look, I've just discovered this gadget for taking your own picture! It's a small affair that works like a clock spring. You set it on the shutter of your camera, (which you put on a tripod so it can't move), focus the lens on the spot you want, then release the *Auto Knips* (that's what they call the gadget), step into place, and when the spring reaches the proper spot the shutter clicks and your picture's made."

He offered me a selection of *Auto Knips* prints.

It is Paul's conviction that the candid feature of cameras has been overdone.

"I don't like this fad for running around grabbing shots of your friends off-guard," he declared. "Maybe it's fun in your own set to show Susie yawning and Jim picking his teeth, but it's not funny outside the set. It might prove very embarrassing to them later on."

"You see a lot of so-called angle shots in roto sections and magazines these days. Angle shooting is a fad, and I don't think it will last. It came about because publicists and advertisers had to invent something to catch the eye. They'd made pictures of everything they had to exploit, in as artistic a fashion as they knew how, and they had to have something new. So they developed the angle shot to arrest attention. When it gets over being a novelty, they'll drop it, because after all it's crazy. You can keep going back to look at beautiful pictures, but you don't bother with last year's gags."

"Old masters never painted from silly angles. They painted a thing as they saw it, and to my mind that's the way to take a picture. Why shoot up from the floor from under a table, as is done today? You'd never actually be down under a table un-



Shirley Temple thrills C. Aubrey Smith with a bedtime story.

less you were drunk, and if you were drunk, you probably couldn't see anything, anyway! Distortion isn't art!"

He grinned at a sudden recollection, and stopped his pacing about the room to sit on the arm of a chair opposite me.

"I've just remembered what seems like an argument on the other side," he said. "Do you remember the models of the fast racing cars of early days? The wheels were elliptical to show how fast the car was going. This came about because at the time the cars were built and pictures taken of them, no lens was fast enough to catch the wheels instantaneously. The film wasn't action film then, either."

"Tiny models of this racing car were exhibited everywhere, and the public came to accept the elliptical wheels as a sign of speed, so that today when the modern camera will catch cars exactly as they are, editors refuse to accept the shots 'because the car seems to be standing still'! So now they slow down the speed of the camera, if you can believe it."

Paul's Rolloflex is so swift that he can catch his dogs in action without blurring.

"The worst person I ever tried to shoot is our daughter Mimi," he observed. "She gets jittery waiting for me to snap the thing, and twists her mouth or puts on a fixed smile. But do you know I wouldn't be surprised if that kid turned out to be a pretty good photographer? She's interested. I told her the other day that when we get to the ranch, I might have to let her do my developing and printing because I'd be busy plowing, and she was thrilled!"

"Two in one family!" cried Mrs. Kelly. "Let's hope it's just a dream. I like him to have hobbies, but do you know it took him one whole afternoon to take a few shots of his polo ponies? He wanted two of them in one shot, and you can't, it appears, take a picture of a polo pony unless his ears are standing up. They wouldn't perk up their ears for anybody. I would have shot them as is, or let it go, but not Paul. One whole glorious afternoon, just for one picture!"

"But they look like cart horses or mules with their ears back," he explained, seriously.

"I never saw anyone so whole-hearted about what he's doing. The other day he decided to build a back on a truck so that he could carry all four horses to the polo grounds in it. He wouldn't stop for meals. He wouldn't stop for telephone calls, for anything. When it began to get dark, I went out to him."

"I suppose you'd like me to stand out here with a flashlight so you can work on this thing until morning," I began.

"That's an idea!" he cried. Which sort of gives you a clue!"

The Lone Last of the Die-Hards

Continued from page 21

nights, and is even considering a sun tan. Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny, who for years have been more a part of Broadway than the Astor Hotel, have both recently bought large homes in Hollywood and settled down to lead the life of country gentlemen.

Ruby Keeler, who used to be one of Texas Guinan's "give the little girl a hand" dancers in Broadway's loudest and gaudiest night clubs, has even forsaken the nine o'clock radio revelry of Toluca Lake and with husband Al and an adopted baby goes to bed with the chickens out on the Jolson ranch in San Fernando Valley. George Burns and Gracie Allen, those two gay cut-ups of vaudeville fame, have settled down in Beverly Hills and adopted not one, but *two* babies! After talking something awful about the small-townishness of Hollywood the cosmopolitan Marlene Dietrich is now taking out citizenship papers in California and will probably buy a ranch any minute and start raising oranges. That little city gal from Brooklyn, Barbara Stanwyck, who didn't know one end of a horse from the other until, sprinkled with beads, she had to sit on one for a Follies finale, is now breeding them by the dozens out on her ranch near Chatsworth. And those close to Garbo—who-loves-Robert-Taylor who loves Barbara Stanwyck will tell you that Greta doesn't carry on nearly so much these days about "tanking she'll go home." She's "tanking" about buying land in the sunshine instead. Greta will probably wind up by raising chickens in Van Nuys. How much for the Garbo eggs?

One of the bitterest of the Die-Hards was Miriam Hopkins who just reeked of New York and was a charter member of the celebrated "21" and the Colony. Sunshine made her sick, which was nothing compared with what movie people made her. She just couldn't hand Hollywood a thing, not even in a pinch. When everybody else was buying homes in California Miriam up and bought the famous Elizabeth Marbury house on Sutton Place in New York, and here she had her "salon" between pictures. But last winter something happened, I don't know what, but something. After a picture in London and a visit to the Continent, Miriam returned to Hollywood, long before her picture was ready to go into production, and casually announced that she was buying a home here. While her friends gasped in amazement she bought the John Gilbert home high up on a Hollywood hilltop and shows every sign of settling down there for life. There's a tennis court, and a swimming pool, and you can see Catalina on a clear day, and it's all quite, quite Hollywoodish. Why, Miss Hopkins! We are surprised.

And so all those non-conformists were eventually assimilated by Hollywood, all except one—Sylvia Sidney, the last of the Die-Hards. Sylvia, after six years of the cinema, continues to spend as little time in Hollywood as possible. She arrives in town a few days before production starts, (as she seldom has any wardrobe in her pictures she doesn't have to bother much with fittings), and with a sigh of relief leaves the day after the preview. She has an apartment in New York which is as near seventh heaven as Sylvia expects to find in this world. While all the other glamor girls in Hollywood are swishing around their estates in their silver fox and star sapphires trying to keep swarms of servants happy, (and I often wonder

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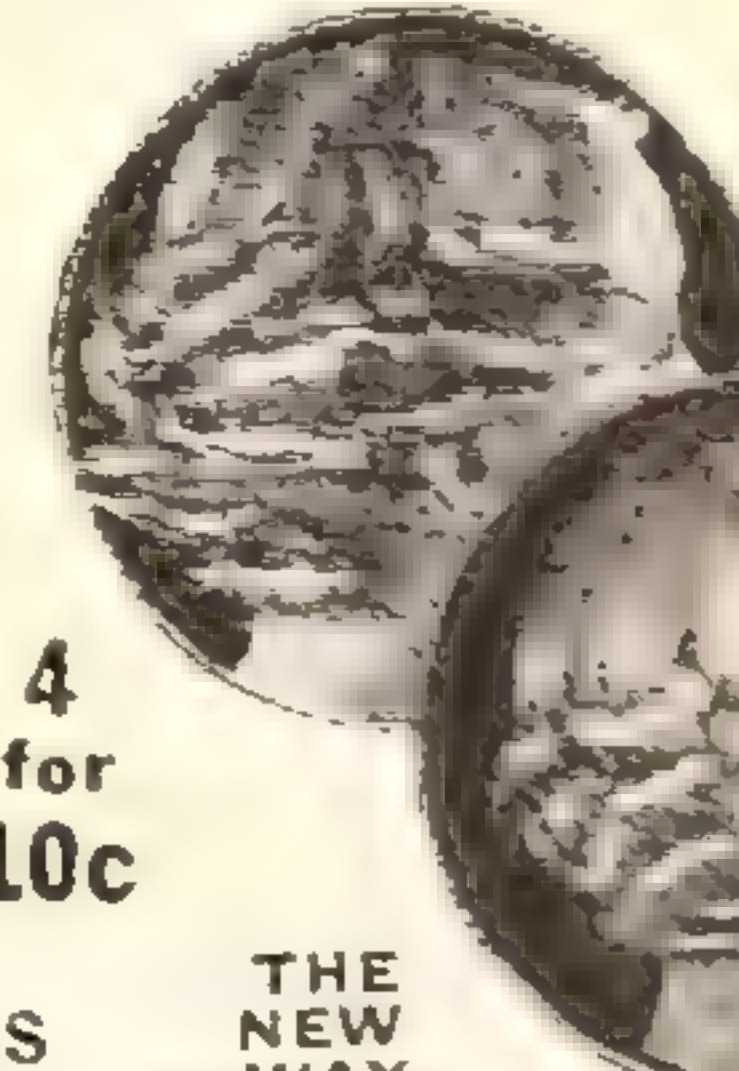


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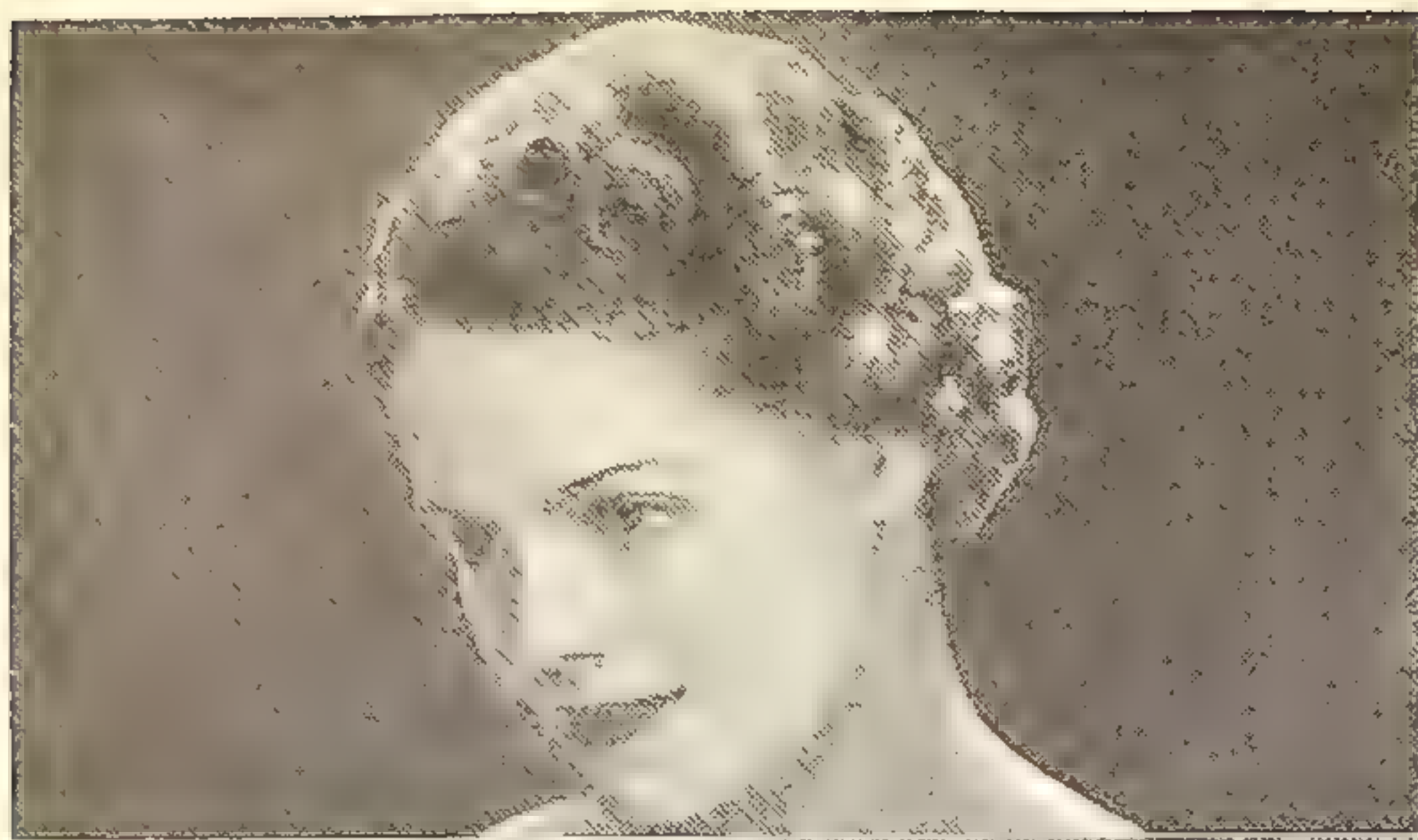
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where they expect to get the money to maintain these de-luxe menages when they "slip" on the screen—but that's their problem, not mine), Sylvia lives very quietly in a small apartment in a rather un-chic section and has but a single servant. There isn't a swimming pool. There are mice. And Sylvia may have to move. Furthermore, she refuses to dash through traffic in a gaudy car as if she owned the boulevard, she refuses to wear slacks and a beret and look like the devil when she goes to formal places, and she definitely refuses to go to the Trocadero every night with some giddy young man who dances the tango divinely, simply because it's good publicity. There's no one more fun on a party than Sylvia, hers is a wit rarely matched, but you won't often find her on a party.

All this individualism, and flouting of

make-believe, Loyalty and Truth are things that can't be easily swallowed, even in a champagne cocktail.

Of course you can't blame Sylvia's revolt entirely on Hollywood, because the little Sidney girl has been a rebel from 'way back. (Perhaps she should play *Scarlett O'Hara*.) Follow the leader was never her favorite game. As a matter of fact when she was a little kid in New York's teeming Bronx she wouldn't play games with the neighborhood kids at all, because she didn't like the neighborhood kids. Mrs. Sidney, hoping to make her little daughter more sociable, sent her to one private school after another, but Sylvia, resenting anything that took her freedom from her, usually managed to leave as quickly as possible. If she had to take orders she preferred to take them from the less exacting teachers in the public schools. Once when she was on tour with a Theatre Guild



Location conference! Director Al Hall, Frances Farmer, Bobby Vernon (gag man), Charlie Ruggles and Fred MacMurray talk over scenes they are about to film.

cinema ethics, is bad enough, heaven knows; but Sylvia, the adorable dope, laughs out loud right in the very face of Hollywood's most sacred ritual—the worship of Big Names. Sylvia just doesn't see why she should purr and gush over a lot of people she doesn't like just because they have Big Names. There has been a rumor going around for sometime now that if you want to be a successful movie star and get good rôles you have to bow and scrape when you see a producer, go to his parties if you are lucky enough to be invited, laugh at his jokes though you've heard them hundreds of times before, and flatter his wife who is a dreary creature. You've got to make pretty talk to the press, and be palsy with the photographers and the cameramen. But what the movie star has to say about the producer when his back is turned, and his wife, and the fan writer, and the photographer, is really something else again. And that, my child, is the good old Hollywood brand of Insincerity, a thing that Sylvia Sidney loathes with a fine and beautiful loathing. She just won't flatter where flattery isn't due. She just won't be seen with the Right People because it's the thing to do. Her favorite qualities in anyone are loyalty and honesty and zeal, and her friends are going to possess these qualities or else they aren't going to be her friends. Maybe it's because she is awfully young, though she really never was a child, but Sylvia has made an ideal of Loyalty and Truth—and in a town famous for its false fronts and

production she broke one of the coach's strict rules—she stayed out late with some friends—and was subsequently fired by the coach. Sylvia loved her part in the play, (she was fifteen at the time), and she wanted to remain with the Guild, and could very easily have done so if she had apologized to the coach and promised never to let it happen again. But not Sylvia. She thought she had been unjustly treated, her love of independence refused to submit to the iron rule of a silly discipline, and so she packed her bags and went home. Hollywood needn't think it can do what the Theatre Guild failed to do.

Because she doesn't waste her time and energy in Hollywood turning her smile on and off constantly like a hot water faucet, and because she doesn't spend her vitality and emotions talking to and being seen with the right people at the right parties, Sylvia Sidney has become one of the great dramatic stars of the screen. What Katharine Cornell is to the stage Sylvia Sidney is to the screen. Both her heart and her mind belong to the exacting art of acting. And she knows what every great actress knows, and that is that you can't dissipate your energies and your emotions all over the place and give a sincere dramatic performance on the stage or screen. Therefore she will not subscribe to the tenets of Hollywood. Let the glamor girls parade around in their silver foxes with toothy smiles plastered on their pretty faces, but just let Sylvia Sidney act. She'll be a Die-Hard to the bitter end.

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Hollywood Glorifies the Goof

Continued from page 25

solid, and eminent British barrister! I mentioned my enjoyment of his part in a small picture called "Hitch Hike Lady."

"Oh, yes. I went into that at ten minutes' notice. They first tried to get Eugene Pallette; then they tried to get Ted Healey. Failing everything, they just sighed, and fell back upon me. They knew they could always get me!" He moaned this sad story at me, lugubriously.

And now, I want to give you the little lady who, in a few short months, has raised herself to the eminence of Hollywood's Number One Female Goof! She is alone in her own particular line. This skyrocket of gofdom; this one, and only really genuine feminine example of the genre goof. Yes, clever reader; you've guessed who she is—Martha (Yeah Man) Raye.

She will tell you, candidly, that she has no illusions about "this pan of mine," but she will not Prate to you about her ART, yet hers is an art. An art relying not upon the lines she is given, but upon her own innate comicality,—a robust comicality, which, at any moment, you feel may impel her to tear down the scenery, and eat it!

Seventeen years in the show business, she is, today, a veteran aged twenty! When telling you this, she amends it with, "Yeah man, so help me!" My prophecy is that she'll be delighting you on the screen until she's sixty, or maybe older.

I saw Martha (Yeah Man) Raye at the Trocadero in Hollywood before she was "discovered." Had it been my business to "discover" people, I would have "discovered" her then and there, and hauled her off for a screen test. She had the most flexi-pliable face I had ever seen. The things she did with what she calls "this pan of mine" delighted me. I also noticed her legs, which can really bear comparison with those of Hollywood's most glamorous beauties. And Martha will never lay claim to that much-abused adjective!

Then there's Charles Butterworth. Charlie was working when I caught up with him, so I saw him on the set. He's a grave, rather sad, dignified man. He might be a conservative banker considering a loan. I caught myself wondering where in the world I could find any collateral. One can't imagine him, ever, in a gale of laughter. He is not, it would appear, very content with what he does on the screen.

"I hardly ever belong in the story," he mourned. "They just put me in here and there for a laugh; whereas comedy, to be sound, should be part of the story." True, of course, but not funny.

I reminded him of a favorite scene of mine in some picture or other, in which he fell into a bass viol, and was too tired to disentangle himself. And of another scene in which he was always pleading to be allowed to play his flute. He looked vague, not to say pained. Finally, he confessed that he couldn't remember either of them!

"You see," he explained in extenuation, "I have fallen into so many things, and they're always asking me to play some musical instrument or other." He was getting mournfuller and mournfuller. Then he almost brightened for a moment. "I really play the piano." Then he slumped again. "But they won't let me."

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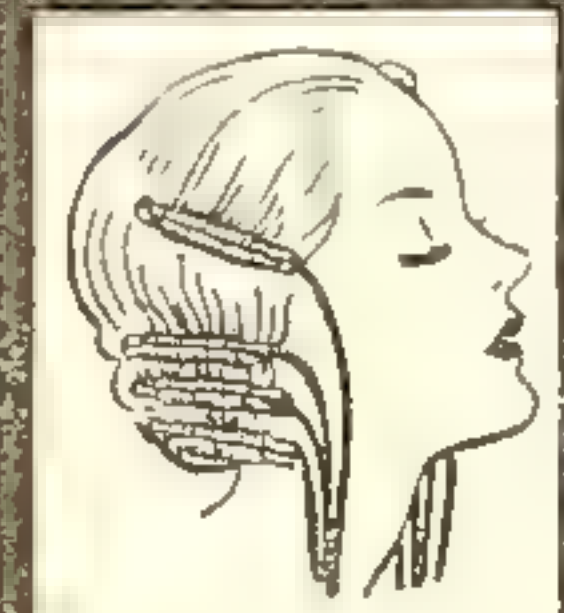
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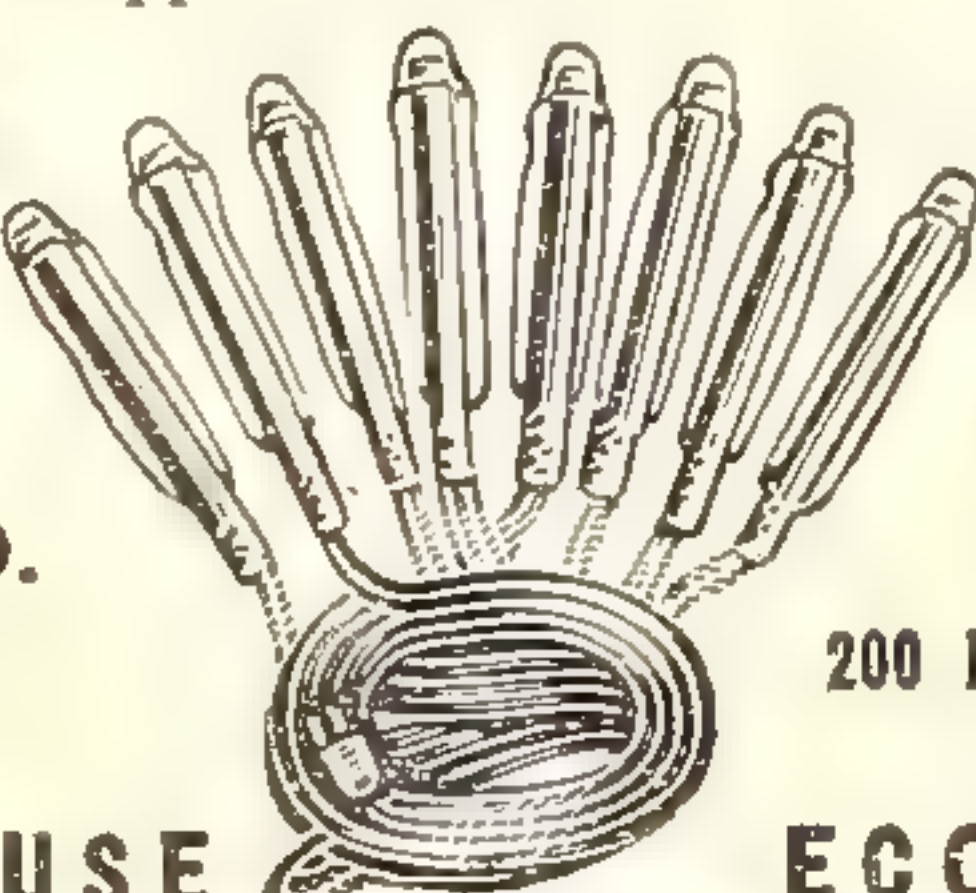
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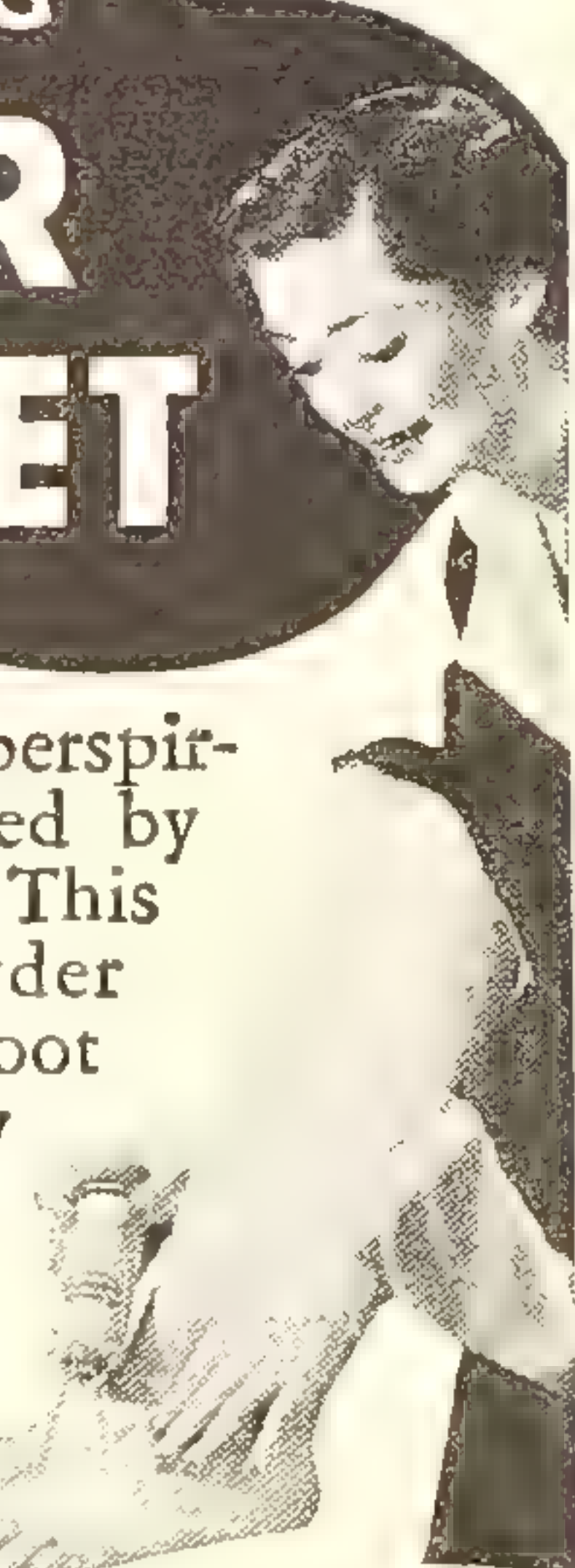


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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER



Butterworth brings us, with some logic, to the consideration of Roland Young. There, gentle reader, is one of our most expert goofs, *Uriah Heep*, notwithstanding. My first meeting with him, some years ago, was scarcely auspicious. As we approached his apartment, I heard a lady vocalizing with enthusiasm.

"Do you have to put up with much of that?" I bleated, brightly.

"Quite a lot," he intoned, seriously. "It's my wife!"

As a matter of fact, I have since learned that Mrs. Young is the possessor of a very fine voice, and has sung in concert and opera. He bore me no grudge. I've seen him frequently, since.

Roland Young is shyer, if possible, than Gary Cooper. He is, like Charlie Butterworth, oppressed with the sadness of life in general. Sometimes, when the burden of things becomes too much for him, he suddenly slides down a bannister, and feels better. He doesn't like Southern California, or going to movies. I asked him why he didn't like Hollywood.

"There is no zoo," he replied. His voice made it sound a devastating lack. In desperation, I asked him his favorite food. "Penguin eggs," he said, in a matter of fact voice; "they taste like shrimp."

"Why not just eat plain shrimp?" I enquired, nonplussed. "They're so much easier to buy, aren't they?"

"I don't know," he returned, looking blank, and utterly miserable.

Charlie Ruggles, a delightful goof, who has given us so much pleasure over a long period (oftentimes, in inebriated parts, although he, himself, frowns upon drink), startled us all by leaping forth, last season, in "Ruggles of Red Gap," with a sound and distinguished characterization of a roistering denizen of America's early West, and, suddenly, producers saw the necessity of glorifying not only his goof proclivities, but his ability as a character actor.

But the producers' discovery caused Charles no sleepless nights. He has been spending his spare time, and his goof-earned dollars on the most elaborate dog kennels in existence. When dog accommodations are more stylish, Charles Ruggles will build 'em!

What goof story would be complete



Arthur Treacher and Joe E. Brown like laughs and also their dogs.

without mention of W. C. Fields? Bill made his comedy reputation by becoming a symbol to each of us who has ever tried to fold (or unfold) a beach chair, or a portable ironing board;—the symbol of man's pathetic attempts to control inanimate objects. Whereas, this same sunset-nosed, pin-point-eyed gentleman possesses an almost hypnotic influence over inanimate objects which is the terror of hostesses and restaurant proprietors. If the conversation becomes stuffy, and he is bored, he is quite likely to rise solemnly to his feet, and begin juggling table silver, nut dishes, and coffee cups! After which, he subsides morosely.

"I detest," he explains (and means it), "to juggle!"

Fields is a genuinely funny man off the screen. He tells a sympathetic lady that he was born in London, and ran away from home to escape the persecutions of a cruel stepfather. Next day, he informs a newspaper man that he was born in Philadelphia, of an aristocratic family. A week later, you will catch him telling a startled group that he is a half-breed from Borneo!

"They don't want to hear the same story twice," he squeaks in explanation. "I try to make it different!"

Greatest Sports Thrills of the Stars

Continued from page 19

Some years ago Dolores was named Queen of an important bull fight in Mexico City. As was customary at such elaborate fetes, Dolores had to lead a parade of notables and gaily bedecked matadors around the ring just before the bull was loosed. She was mounted on a spirited white horse and was, of course, exquisitely gowned.

Suddenly the regal procession froze in its tracks as a wild bellow rent the air and the maddened bull crashed a flimsy gate and charged directly at Dolores! An alert vaquero dashed to Dolores' aid, snatched her into his arms and carried her to safety, but not before the mount she had been riding had been brutally gored.

Quite a sports thrill, that one. Yet Dick Powell claims his big moment topped it. It happened before Dick owned his own pool to swim in—and how he swims now! He was ten years old at the time and the setting was a sandlot baseball diamond on a hot Saturday afternoon in Little Rock, Arkansas. The *Red Dogs*, who thought they were pretty hot stuff, were leading the *Blue Tigers*, Dick's team, three to nothing in the ninth. The *Tigers* were at

bat with two out and the bases full.

Up stepped Tiger Powell to the plate, a spindly-shanked kid with a mop of curly hair. Strike one! A groan from his teammates as Dick's wild swing missed a mile. Strike two! Another groan. They might have known that undersized punk with one knicker leg dragging around his ankle would be a wash-out in a crisis like this. A long moment when the Red Dog pitcher wound up and let fly. Then—Crack! The pill went sailing over the fence for a home run and victory for the *Tigers*! Glory for a lifetime in one sweet swat.

Glory for a lifetime too in one swat for Tyrone Power, Jr.—a swat on the nose. Only this one happened on a gridiron five years ago in Columbus, Ohio, where Tyrone was playing half-back on a Cincinnati prep school eleven. The score was six to seven with the opposing team lined up for the converting kick which would change victory for Tyrone's team into a tie game.

As the ball was snapped, Tyrone charged in only to be clipped to a kneeling position by a defense linesman. The kicker connected with the pigskin alright, but a second later the pigskin connected with the

Power proboscis, bounced off, and rolled harmlessly away. Accident though it was, Tyrone nevertheless was the hero of the day.

Knowing as much as you do about Errol Flynn's hazardous experiences among head-hunters, monstrous reptiles, poisoned arrows and all, you'd guess, wouldn't you, that his greatest sports thrill was to be found among them? Guess again, for you're all wrong. He says it occurred in the peaceful land of tulips, wooden shoes, and windmills and was, in fact, his day in the squared ring when he fought in the 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam for the heavy-weight crown.

By the same token, Pat O'Brien, a handy lad with his fists, experienced his making a speech!

Each year one man, and one only, is chosen to make the speech that closes the banquet celebrating the end of the football season of "The Fighting Irish" at Notre Dame. In the past this signal honor always went to beloved Will Rogers. This year Pat was chosen.

Again, Big Game Hunter Clark Gable's peak ecstasy in thrills was reached not the time he drew a bead on a crouching mountain lion in a craggy Utah canyon but that day he lived through his first power dive in an airplane during the making of "Hell Divers."

Shades of tall-hatted Puritans and flintlocks! Fred Astaire, whom you well might imagine would thrill to a grand slam, bid and made, at a bridge table, hit the high moment of his sports life last year when he bagged the family's Thanksgiving bird, a wild turkey, on a shooting trip on the Arizona desert. His hunter companions solemnly vow Fred never before or since has reached such terpsichorean heights as the triple kick he executed in mid-air when the wily bird fell from his shot.

Tall tales are to be expected when fishermen gather to relate their prowess with the hook and line. Gene Raymond had pictures to prove the prize eighty-pound marlin he hooked off the Florida coast last year. And as it happens, I saw Freddie

March—who loves the turbulent sea to swim as well as fish in—land a giant dolphin in Tahitian waters the year before that. But David Niven had an entire staff of operators in a beauty shop to bear witness to his Isaak Walton triumph.

For many months David and Merle Oberon had been quietly feuding about fishing. Merle is a cagy gal with a hook and consistently had been beating him in catches in their bouts off Santa Monica. And, I daresay, rubbing it in just a bit.

Came the day when David landed a barracuda that put all her catches to shame. And of course, it would happen Merle was away that day in a Hollywood beauty salon having a facial, shampoo and wave. Whereupon David loaded the dead fish in the back of his car and raced for Sunset boulevard, grinding his car to a stop in front of the beauty shop.

"Tell Miss Oberon Mr. Niven wishes to see her immediately," he announced to the cashier.

"I'm sorry but Miss Oberon cannot be disturbed," she answered.

"Tell her I want her, *now!*" David thundered. "This is important. It's gigantic. Why, girl alive, it's colossal! Scat, and get her."

Wiping such excess cream as she could from her half finished facial, Merle hurried to the curb, badly frightened. Niven pointed to the dead fish.

"There!" he gloated. "Tie that one!"

Yes, they vary, these greatest sports thrills of the stars. To experience them in full flavor Andy Devine slew a mammoth Kodiak bear in Alaska; Joan Crawford negotiated a city block on roller skates without falling down; Ray Milland won a steeplechase in England as a member of the Cheshire Yeomanry; Ann Sothorn won a jacks tournament; Irene Dunne shot a hole in one in golf; Ginger Rogers maneuvered an aquaplane at forty miles an hour; Fred MacMurray won \$10 and the Beaver Dam high school singles in tennis; Lee Tracy piloted his schooner in the 5000 miles mainland to Honolulu race last summer; Katharine Hepburn was runner-up in the Connecticut women's state golf tournament; Jean Harlow skied down a hill at Arrowhead without falling; Chester Morris saw his young son, Brooks, win his first swimming race; Carole Lombard heard the stroke by stroke account of her friend, Alice Marble, winning a tennis championship; Deanna Durbin overturned in a lake and had to swim three miles to shore; Wendy Barrie had a horse fall on her; and Ruby Keeler broke 90 at golf.

Rather than by accomplishing some fine or courageous deed, Bing Crosby actually experienced his all-time high in sports thrills by *failing* to do something.

"I suppose you could call it a thrill," Bing admitted glumly, "making the world's prize jackass out of yourself."

You know, of course, that Bing owns a stable of racing horses and took an active part in the Santa Anita season just closed. In the course of the season he acquired a nag called Fight On. Now there isn't much point in owning a race horse unless you race him, so Bing entered Fight On one day in an unimportant event.

"Just a breather, of course," Bing meticulously and honestly warned his friends. "Save your money. He isn't ready yet." Thus, Fight On went to the post, definitely unloved and unsung. A few loyal University of Southern California students put two dollars on his nose because "Fight On" is the famous U.S.C. rally song, and for no other reason. Even Bing laid off.

So—Fight On miraculously romped home winner and paid a tidy little \$191 for every two bucks bet on her nose! That, I am afraid, will haunt Bing to his dying day.



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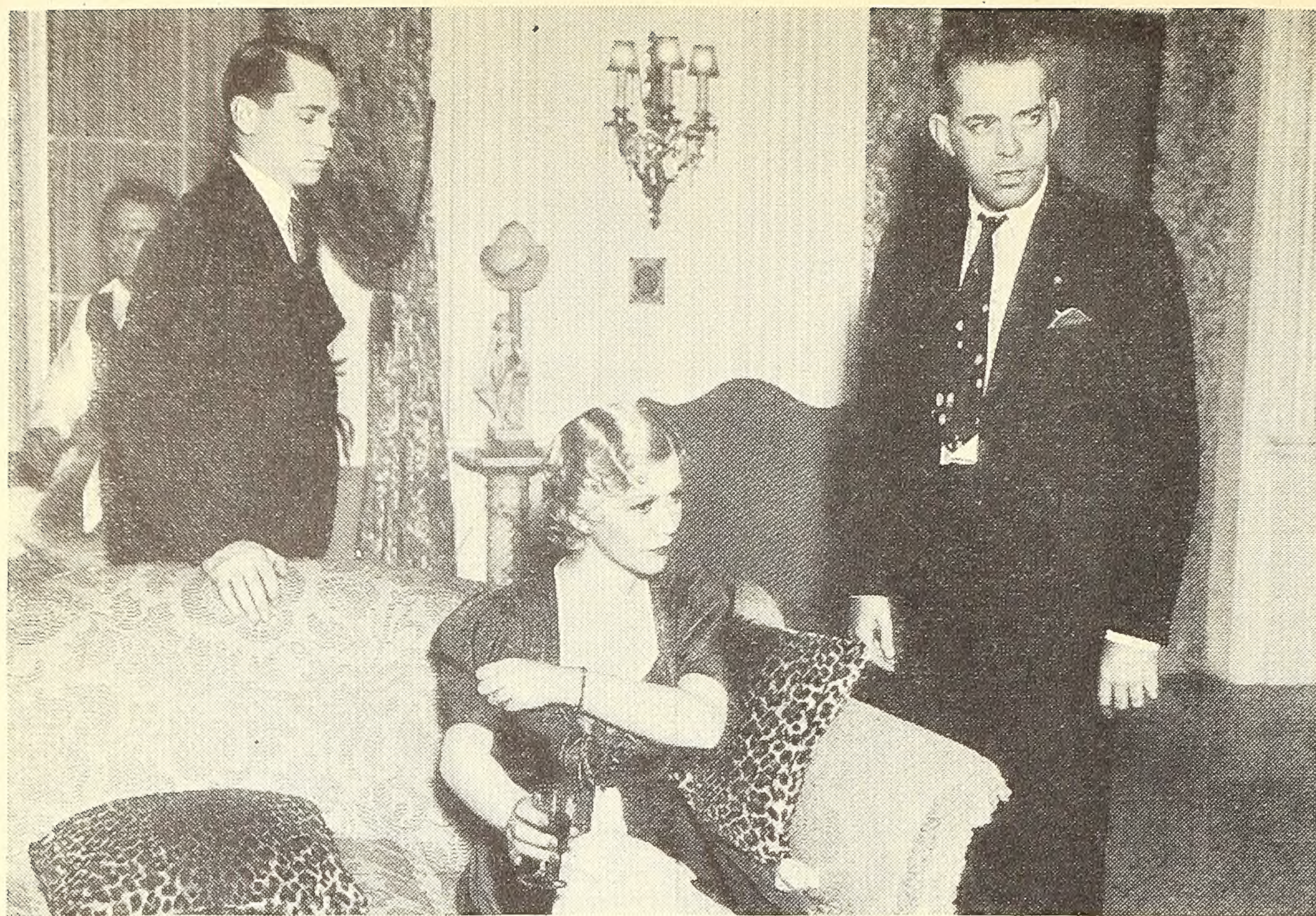
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The director demonstrates! W. S. Van Dyke shows Gladys George how he wants her to play a scene with Franchot Tone in her new picture, "They Gave Him a Gun."

Starving to Stardom

Continued from page 56

conferences they decided that a woman like *Carrie*—well, you know—would have to be built up to carry weight with men who went in for women—well, women like *Carrie*. This, they argued, was true to small-town tradition based, so to speak, on generous lines. Mine were considered stingy. This view of the case made it necessary for me to pad my part, not to mention parts. All were treated in proportion. In other words, I was padded from top to bottom—I mean from tip to toe—for I insisted that even my ankles should be made part of the build-up."

"Interesting," I granted.

"But warm," feelingly added Miss George. "As the picture was made during a protracted hot spell my inlaid union suit made me yearn to do my acting in an Alaskan sleeping-bag. And," all seriousness now, "one thing finally got me. Remember that scene where I give his toys back to the boy? Well, we played it over and over all one day out in the country where it was a hundred and thirty-eight. I was like a wet rag. Worse, my nerves were all shot. When I got home I cried all night. Next morning I was at the studio at eight, but it was two in the afternoon before we shot anything. I'd got the weeps."

Now Gladys George is no sob sister. There's something about her that tells you she's valiant as the *Carrie* she played. For she is utterly different from her sisters of the screen. Distinctly and definitely individual, she has a forthrightness which makes everything she says go straight to the mark. At the same time she is so human she can be hard-shelled and soft-hearted.

"I'm afraid," she demurred, "it's pretty much a hard-luck story. Now that my luck has turned I can hardly believe it. I'd got so used to the other kind that it was like second-nature to me. I've knocked about all my life. I was practically brought up in one end of a Taylor trunk. You see, my parents were on the stage, and I went on when I was three."

She's now thirty-two. But, pads aside, she doesn't look it. Nor have her twenty-nine years of work left any mark on her. Incidentally, keep in mind that plain, everyday word "work." For:

"When we came out to Los Angeles in vaudeville we went broke. Dad and mother couldn't get an engagement, so something had to be done. I was eleven, and never had done anything outside the theater. But I went to work in a Main street bakery—it really was only a stall that sold bread. I got six dollars a week and a loaf of bread a day. The money went for rent and the bread didn't go quite far enough. Across the street was a little restaurant, and the man who ran it was a steady customer of mine. One day I went over and asked him to give me scraps of meat for my dog. After that he saved them for me, and I went there every day. But I didn't have a dog. I took the scraps home, and the three of us ate them for ten weeks. It isn't a pretty story to tell, but it's the truth."

Perhaps it's this innate honesty of hers that makes her so honest an actress.

"We went broke again in New York when I was fourteen. Then for two nights a week at five dollars a night I plugged songs on Liberty Loan floats, singing twenty or thirty a night till my pipes went bad. We lived in a dingy flat on Eighth Avenue and bought our food at Paddy's Market—you know, things are cheap there. Just when it seemed we'd have to give up the habit of eating I got a job in a Thirty-seventh street restaurant. Now I'll give you a laugh."

She had one herself, then related:

"I was playing in a San Francisco stock company when I had a chance to go to New York. But I didn't have the price to get there, so an electrician at the Alcazar who'd known me since I was a kid lent me railroad fare. Thanks to him, I was recognized in 'Queer People,' then brought to attention in 'The Milky Way,' and finally made a star overnight in 'Personal Appearance.' But I didn't know what to make of it all when people, among them Ethel Barrymore, came back-stage to congratulate me. Now here's the pay-off: A man from a restaurant asked me to let him print my picture on the menu with a line saying 'I ate there.' 'Ate there!' I said. 'I worked there.' It knocked him cold. But I got a great kick out of having my picture on the

bill of fare of a place where I'd once been slinging hash."

"Know any other good stories?"

"Plenty of stories, but they're not so good. It was something every actor dreams about to have sixty-two weeks on Broadway in 'Personal Appearance.' And for the first time in my life I was getting what I could call a salary without choking over the word. Four years ago I was working in a Minneapolis stock company for fifteen dollars a week and living on fifty cents a day. I sent home the rest of my wages, and if I wanted to buy a toothbrush I had to ask the man to charge it. But it wasn't always so tough as that, for in Denver and Salt Lake City I had my own stock companies. At one time I was feeling so prosperous that I blew myself for a fur coat—on the instalment plan. I still owed fifty dollars on it when the sheriff walked in at rehearsal one day, pulled it off my back, and walked out with it. It wouldn't have been so humiliating if a bunch of actors hadn't seen him do it. Anybody who wants me to buy a fur coat today has to begin his talk by handing me a receipt."

It was just Miss George's sense of humor, I felt, that kept her from talking like a Hollywood queen.

"Don't you believe it," she protested. "Not that you don't need a sense of humor here. I know, for I'm not new to Hollywood, even if people think I am. After 'The Milky Way' in New York I was brought out here to go into 'Straight is the Way,' with Franchot Tone, with whom, by the way, I'm playing again in 'They Gave Him a Gun,' and it was a terrible flop. The only thing to do was pick myself up and go back to the stage. I was unimportant then. If there's any change it has come about by playing in 'Personal Appearance' on the stage, then playing *Carrie* on the screen. I wanted to make her lighter, but they wouldn't let me. What I tried to do was bring out her spiritual side and make her a real woman. So far as that goes, I'd tried to make other screen characters real. For a year I was in silent pictures with Hobart Bosworth, Lloyd Hughes, Thomas Meighan and others, and I would have been a silent star but for an accident. It happened in Hollywood when I was sixteen. I had a little apartment in Wilcox street and was frying doughnuts in an aluminum pan when it caught fire and exploded. Did that burn me up! Those doughnuts put me out of commission for six months. But by this time," she broke off, "you must think I'm full of food stories. Funny, isn't it?"

No. Gladys George has known what it means to go hungry through lean years when she was starving to stardom.



Beauty from Budapest! Franciska Gaal makes her screen debut soon.

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Joan Bennett



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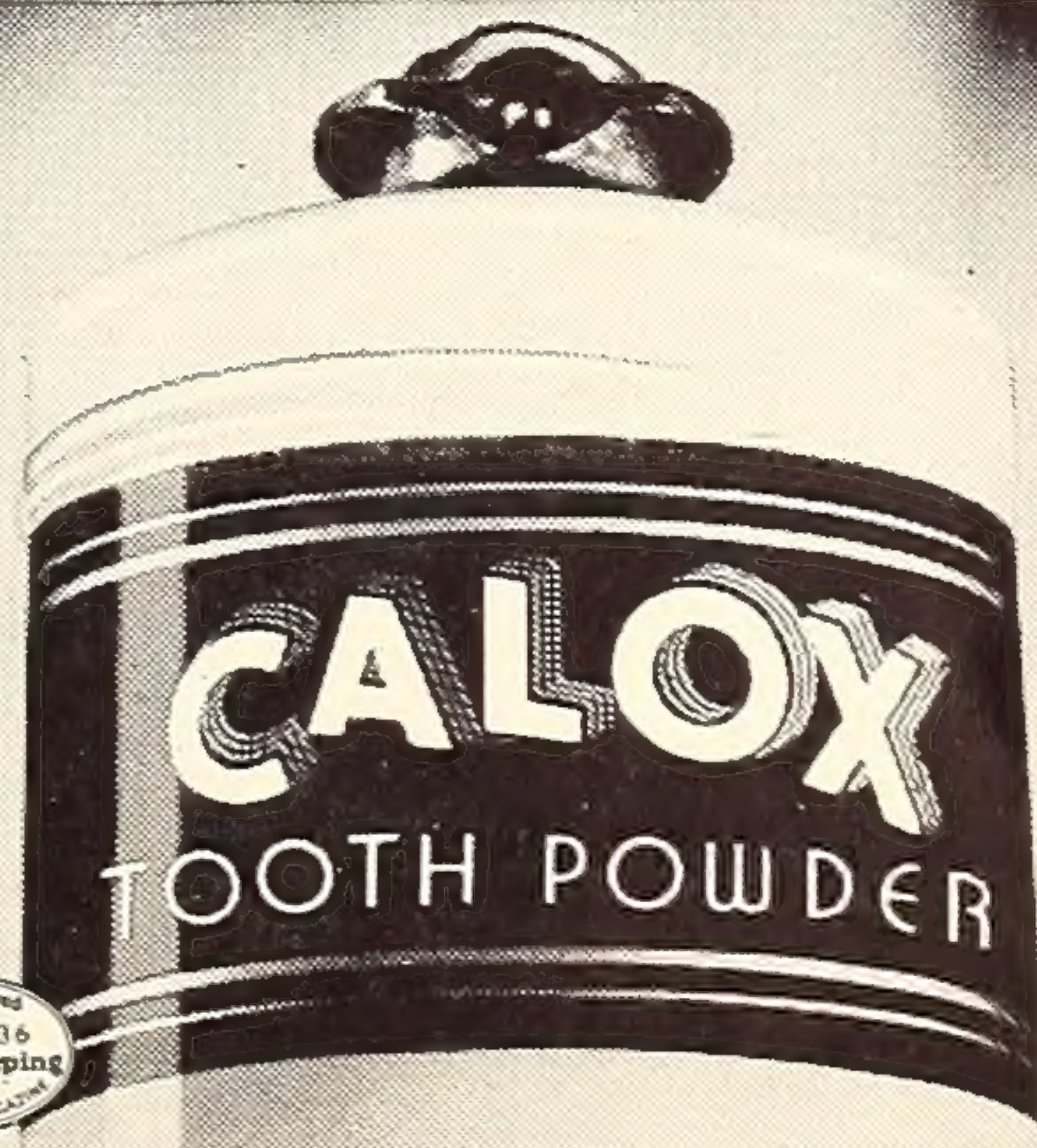
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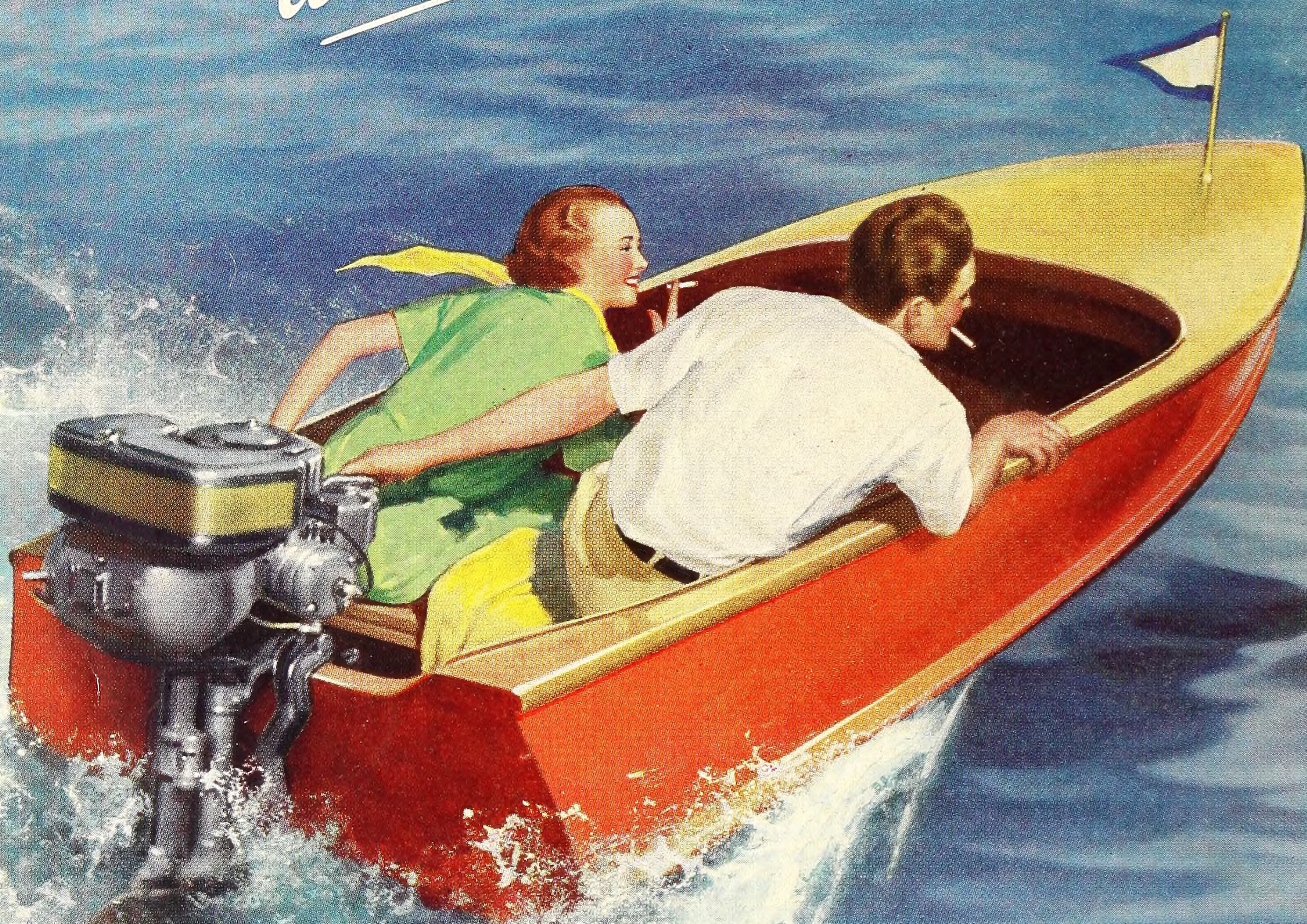


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